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A HISTORY OF PAINTING

II

TURNER

1775–1851

"CROSSING THE BROOK"

(National Gallery)

Painted in oil on canvas. 6 ft. 4 in. h. × 5 ft. 5 in. w. (1·931 × 1·651).

A
HISTORY OF PAINTING

BY HALDANE MACFALL

WITH A PREFACE BY
FRANK BRANGWYN

IN EIGHT VOLUMES. ILLUSTRATED WITH
TWO HUNDRED PLATES IN COLOUR

VOL. VIII

THE MODERN GENIUS

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TO

HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND

ARTIST AND LOYAL FRIEND

OF THE ARTS

THIS TRIBUTE

H. M.

FOREWORD

I UNDERTOOK, *in a reckless moment, to write this general survey of the* History of Painting *in a twelvemonth. On reaching this final volume I found the ground so vast that I had to fall back upon the generous goodwill of my publishers and beg for every week that they could allow me until the printing-press opened its inky maw. Indeed, it would ill become me to let the last volume go to the printers' devil without acknowledgment of the generous support that I have received from my friends and publishers, the firm of* JACK *of Edinburgh. I have strained their patience, their generosity, and their goodwill in every direction, and not least in the demand for space far beyond the limits of their original intention, the which must have been a heavy burden on their enterprise, and upon their dogged desire to place the* History *within reach of the ordinary man. To my friend* Leman Hare *my debt is also heavy. To the generous watchfulness and scholarly mind of* Mr. Archibald Constable, *of the famous house of printers, I here acknowledge my gratitude for his sportsmanlike hunt of errors throughout the huge work. To* Paul Konody *my thanks for checking the dates in this volume.*

Modern Europe is become so cosmopolitan, distances and barriers between peoples have been so narrowed and broken down—every year sees them more narrowed—that life is becoming Europeanised; for, when all's said, the English-speaking American and Colonial are in essence European, just as they are also leading Europe to modernism.

The achievement of the modern genius is so vast that within the limits of a single volume it has been but possible to give general movements and artistic intention; I have therefore treated of the master spirits of the age, the dominant figures, rather than attempted an exhaustive list of every personality of high talent.

My chief intention throughout has been to show the ordinary man, as well as the student, how Art has ever been developing a larger and wider orchestration of craftsmanship. This is not the same thing as affirming that genius ever increases in power. Art itself, the utterance of the sensed communion of life, is an affair of genius that any age or any school may bring forth in a great and vigorous personality.

Critics, who are nearly always what is termed highly cultured men, often with a heavy academic training, have nearly always, by consequence

of that very training, the inclination towards scientific utterance rather than the higher and far more difficult and complex and inborn habit of the employment of words artistically. Yet, whilst the gift of artistic utterance of words may not go with the sensing of the arts of colour or music or sculpture or the drama or the like, it follows nevertheless that if a man shall have been granted the faculty of sensing such arts deeply, he cannot express their significance until he himself shall have mastered the craft of words—the machinery of that art of literature which he must employ, and which alone will enable him to give forth the impressions aroused in his senses by the art, say, of painting. I do not say that a critic must first be a painter—I say that he must be a literary artist.

When we find criticism written by a man who has not mastered the emotional, that is to say the literary, use of words, we may take it as certain that he is concerned with Tradition and the Reason, not with Art. Let me put the difference between the logical intention of scientifickese or academese as against the artistic intention of literature in an example.

For instance, to create the atmosphere of the sea and ships the artist wrote, "They that go down to the sea in ships and have their business on great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep"; the academese would be, "Sailors exercise their calling at sea in ships, and since they conduct their operations upon the ocean, it naturally follows, as a postulate to the hypothesis, that the aforesaid perceive the works of the Lord and the wonders of the latter on the former." An artist does not employ such terms as "former" or "latter," for they appeal to the Reason, not to the senses; they compel an intellectual act of reference, whereas the aim of the artist is direct and forceful appeal to the feeling.

Now let us take Mr. Finberg *on* Impressionism—*mark you, not a casual scribbler for the press, but a man who has given precious years of life to try and discover Art. Impressionism is, says he,* "the attempt to eliminate all those elements in art which are due to the reaction of the intelligent self upon the immediate data of sense-perception. The aim of Impressionism is to get rid of what one eminent psychologist has called the noëtic fringe in a state of consciousness, to abstract from memory and see objects as simple visual elements. The Impressionist wishes to see objects as though he was looking at them for the first time, as though they had no meaning for him. The theoretic justification of this procedure is that, in stripping off the formative and organising action of intelligence, we isolate the pure element of objective reality; that pictures painted upon this principle give the real truth of Nature and are free from all those errors and distortions which the action of thought is supposed to

introduce into the irrefragably trustworthy elements of the given." *Now I am not jesting. This is not the petition of a Hindoo Baboo with a university education. This is serious academese. I say that the man who approaches works of art in such a spirit and endeavours to explain them in such a jargon, fails to sound the deeps of the significance of Art.*

Criticism has created an elusive jargon about Art; worse still, it has wholly misunderstood the significance of "Style," of "Æsthetic," of "Art"; it has set up Beauty as so elastic a thing that it is made to cover almost anything, and ugliness in particular. Rather than part with the parrot-taught phrase that Art is Beauty, critics will say anything, believe anything, ignore everything, trample on sense and truth, attack all that is vital in Art, rend the firmament in twain and see blackness in whiteness. They mistake the sensing of things for sensuality; they dread to confess the limits of mere intellect lest they appear vulgar—just as prurient men look upon the sublime fact of sex as something obscene. But it is in the senses, not on the frigid heights of the intellect, that all that is noblest and most godlike in man has its habitation; it is the senses that impel him to the courage and the adventure of noble acts, where the intellect would but send him cowering into the ditch of fear, chilled by the mere promptings of Reason. That is why no intellectual impulse is of vital value until it is flung into the crucible of the senses and comes out a changed thing, a vital significance, transferred into the high realm of the emotions. That is why academese and scientifickese are but a language cold as death, and the thought behind such things of scant value until reborn in the simple emotional experience that is fashioned by the artist into what can be felt in the senses, and thereby reaches into that supreme sensing of man that we call the Imagination.

To mistake a work of art as the map of a fact is to miss its whole intention.

In this volume I treat of the Modern movements. With Crome *and* Constable *and* Bonington *and* Turner *we enter upon a vast increase of artistic utterance which has affected the whole of painting wrought thereafter. And to attempt to understand Modern Art without* Turner *is to miss the whole basic intention of the achievement that has been so vital and profound across the face of Europe. The orchestration of painting as developed by* Turner *was stupendous.*

The artist must be judged as artist by the height and width, the depth and reach, the range of his emotional utterance; and just as Shakespeare in words is accounted the sublime genius of poetry in the measure of his astounding range, so in his eagle flight in the province of landscape-painting does Turner *stand forth as a very giant amongst men.*

FOREWORD

As regards Crome *and* Cotman *no art-lover's shelves should be without* Binyon's "Portfolio Monograph." *The foundation of any life of* Constable *must be on his friend* Leslie's *writings; but there are several good books upon his work by* Sturge Henderson, *by* Lord Windsor, *and others. The most complete account of his works is in the elaborate volume by* C. J. Holmes, *though this writer, like most scientific critics, must be discounted when he comes to estimate his art. On* Girtin *the best writer is* Lawrence Binyon, *who writes with charm.*

A constant source of confusion is the misuse of the words "water-colour drawing" and "water-colour painting" by critical writers. A "water-colour drawing" being the "staining" of a pen or line drawing, and wholly different from the employment of water-colour as painting, which is complete in itself. Of Turner's *life* Thornbury *held the key which might have unlocked to him the gates of immortality as a biographer; he published instead a slovenly jumble of falsities;* Ruskin *neglected the material, burying it under a vast mass of brilliant rhetoric;* Hamerton *made the first sincere effort towards a real life; but to* Cosmo Monkhouse *is due our heaviest debt of gratitude. The authority on* Turner, Mr. Rawlinson, *might give us the great biography—perhaps he will. Secretive as a monkey,* Turner *puts every difficulty in the way, but the unflinching devotion and scholarly research of* Mr. Finberg *have given us the* Complete Inventory of the Drawings of the Turner Bequest, *and he has written an interesting volume on* Turner's Sketches and Drawings *which should not be overlooked. In the* Complete Inventory *is the key to his artistic life. Two valuable books published on* Turner *are the* Golden Visions of Turner *and the* Water-Colour Drawings of Turner in the National Gallery (*Cassell*), *in that they are rich in reproductions of his works in colour, as are the several volumes published by* The Studio. *But I would warn the lover of art that whilst* Mr. Finberg *has proved himself as fine a scholar in his particular province as we have amongst us, and whilst his* Complete Inventory *is of enormous value as to the career of* Turner, *his criticising must at all times be treated with the greatest caution, for his sensing of art is not deep. When we read that* "After 1815 . . . more conspicuously after 1825, his work is designed to startle the world into attention by its audacity and extravagance," *and that* Mr. Finberg *can see in it nothing but that* "it has dazzled and called up the admiration of the multitude, and the influence of his example has been as widespread as it has been vicious," *it would indeed seem that* Turner *has poured music into the ears of a deaf man. The great life of* Turner *is still to be written. But it will not be done by such as see in the most splendid utterance of his genius an aim* "to startle a rather stupid public." *A*

FOREWORD

careful work on the Norwich School of Painting *is that by* W. F. Dickes. *On the life of* Cox *the chief authorities are* Hall *and* Solly, *whose information may be found in winnowed form in several modern works. To* Caw's "Scottish Painting" *I have had to make constant reference for facts.*

There are several books now to be had in English upon the Impressionist movements. Lecomte's "Impressionist Art," *published by the firm of Durand-Ruel, the most loyal patron of impressionism, I have not seen. Most of the literature on the subject, even in France, is, I fancy, only to be found in magazines. Even* Mauclair's *theories, his ideas of the significance of Art, and his acceptance of false traditions, must be taken with caution, and are strange in the mouth of a man with appreciation of the craftsmanship of the movement he surveys.* Mr. Wynford Dewhurst *suffers from the same narrow vision, but has given us an interesting volume on* Impressionist Painting. *As regards a sound general survey of Modern Art, I know none. There are many good articles scattered through magazines on various artists which are of value—in such fine magazines as* The Studio; *but these require much research. There is, of course, the general survey of* Meier-Graefe's "Modern Art," *but we must wholly discount his opinions, since from the very first page he authoritatively gives forth fallacy after fallacy on which the two volumes are built; and the very fact of a somewhat strident modern attitude being taken up is the more likely to mislead the student. Like most writers upon Art, the author has no deep sensing of the vital significance of Art, and only proceeds to set up a new code of criticism which is as blighting as the old academism.* "Painting," *saith he,* "is the art of charming the eyes by colour and line." *This is perhaps about as egregious a definition of painting as ever issued from a bookish man. Fancy tragedy or a martyrdom "charming" the eye! to say nothing of sorrow and agony and horror and hate and tears! The man who could affirm in surveying Modern Art that* "Neither France nor England has an original art," *when* Turner *created the whole modern intention, gives an idea of the incompetence of modern criticism.* Meier-Graefe *sheds much falsity, but he clings desperately to the falsities of "beauty," "enjoyment," "pleasure," and the like clap-trap, which are a danger to Art, since they exclude Art's most majestic and greatest flights into tragedy and pain and the agonies. But criticism always lags behind achievement. When* Meier-Graefe *approves* "the coalition of art with science" *as being* "no less natural than that with poetry and music," *he reveals the hopeless bog in which criticism flounders.*

HALDANE MACFALL.

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1800

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

A HISTORY OF PAINTING

CHAPTER I

OF THE COMING OF THE DAWN

When 1800 struck, all that was most vital in painting was British. Hogarth had created a virile utterance of the life of the people of the cities; Rowlandson and Morland the life of the countryside; and the landscape-painters were creating the pure impression of Nature in lyrical fashion.

A vigorous national utterance was to be sounded throughout the land and was to resound across the face of Europe.

CROME

1768–1821

In a small tavern in Norwich was born on December 22, 1768, John Crome, called "Old Crome," to a weaver of the old city who kept the little tavern in the Castle Meadow below the castle. The lad knew but scant education. It was a custom in Norwich for the youths and girls of the place who sought service to "go on the palace," the site of the old Ducal Palace, in the early morning for hire; and the boy Crome, at twelve, went and was hired as errand-boy to Dr. Rigby, with whom he remained for a couple of years, running to surgery himself to the extent of near bleeding a patient to death. Rigby liked the lad, and helped him to go 'prentice in the August of 1783 for seven years to a painter of signs, coaches, and houses called Whisler (or Whister) of 41 Bethel Street. Here the eager boy learnt to grind colours, and was soon using them on coaches and signboards.

As the young fellow reached to manhood and the 'prentice years ran out, he struck up a close friendship with a printer's 'prentice, Robert Ladbrooke, and the two youngsters hired a garret and set to work copying prints; Crome getting off into the fields and painting from Nature, so that at twenty-two he painted his first known work (1790). His apprenticeship over, he still worked for Whisler as a journeyman painter, and painted several signs, including *The*

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Sawyers, still at Norwich. Thomas Harvey of Catton became a most valuable patron, and lent him pictures, of which Crome copied the *Cottage Door* by Gainsborough, a Wilson, and a Hobbema. Harvey introduced him to friends, Beechey amongst the number, to whom Crome always went in his now frequent visits to London.

So Crome, founding on the Dutch style, but going direct to Nature, rapidly increased in power, using a dark warm grey ground, relying on it for his shadows, and building his lights upon it—sometimes the ground is almost untouched in his shadows. The famous *Windmill* and *Mousehold Heath* are so wrought.

Wilson had died in 1782, Gainsborough in 1788, De Loutherbourg reigned in landscape. BARKER OF BATH, a year younger than Crome, showed his first picture in 1791. But landscape had yet no vogue. Crome, by painting signs, could give himself up to his beloved landscapes—he was poor but content. We see him being paid a couple of guineas and a half for a sign as late as the May of 1803. He married in 1792, being twenty-three, Phœbe Berney, whose sister, Mary Berney, was married to Ladbrooke the next year. Crome and his Phœbe had to marry in haste—their daughter was born the same month. Children followed in rapid succession, amongst them JOHN BERNEY CROME in 1794, to be known as "Young Crome." The struggle for bread became severe. Crome began to give lessons. To 1796 and 1798 belong two pictures, "compositions in the style of Richard Wilson."

The Gurney family of Earlham seem to have been the first to employ Crome as teacher. In the summer of 1802 John Gurney took his family and Crome to the Lakes, by Matlock, and Crome's pencil was busy all the time making sketches. These journeys were so fruitful to Crome that he took several.

In 1803 was founded the Norwich Society of Arts. Crome and Ladbrooke were the centre of the group; two years thereafter they held their first display, and Crome sent twenty works, of which were the *Carrow Abbey* and the *Scene in Cumberland.*

Crome made a visit to the Wye, when he painted *Goodrich Castle*, *Chepstow*, and *Tintern Abbey*; and he next went to Weymouth. The *Cow Tower on the Yare* is of about this time. He still painted "compositions in the style of Wilson" and "of Gainsborough." In 1806 and in 1808 he showed at the Royal Academy. In 1811 his son showed with him at the early age of seventeen.

It was about 1812 that the oaks of Kimberley Park, which he passed on his rides to pupils, impelled him to try a fall with his idol, "his dear Hobbema."

I

CROME

1768-1821

"THE WINDMILL, ON AN UNDULATING HEATH, PROBABLY MOUSEHOLD HEATH, IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF NORWICH"

(National Gallery)

Painted in oil on wood. 3 ft. 7 in. h. × 3 ft. w. (1·092 × 0·914).

Crome was now doing well; his teaching brought him ease from money cares. He had a mania for picking up "bargains" at auctions, and astonished his family once with a cartload of gravestones.

In 1811 there came as pupil to Crome JAMES STARK (1794-1859), for three years, at seventeen; and about the same time came GEORGE VINCENT, a couple of years younger than Stark. To his pupils he ever remained a close and kind friend, and they loved him.

Etching, which had fallen away in the seventeen-hundreds, was taken up by Crome. His first etching was of 1809—a soft ground that represents pencil-work. But he seems to have wearied of it about 1813.

In 1814 Napoleon fell and was sent to Elba; the artists flocked to Paris to see the superb art loot there collected. Crome made for Paris with a couple of Norwich friends, who told the story against him of his drawing an egg to show what he wanted and of the waiter bringing him a salt-cellar! Coming home by way of Bruges, Crome now entered upon the full tide of his great career, his seven last years. Of 1815 was his *Boulevard des Italiens*. At once we see the impressionism of the man's art, his style changing to suit his subject. It was five years later before he painted the *Boulogne*. Of 1815 was the *Grove near Marlingford*. Then followed the *Lane at Catton*, and of 1816 also was the famous *Mousehold Heath*, painted to express "air and space" (one of the treasures of the nation), which he could not sell; after his death it fetched a pound sterling!

This year unfortunately there was war in Crome's beloved Society, and Ladbrooke led the rebels, who deserted for three years to the Shakespeare Tavern, but collapsed; and the year of their last stand saw Crome paint his superb *Poringland Oak* with three of Crome's small sons bathing, painted in by SHARP.

Of other masterpieces are the *Willow* (now in America); the *On the Yare at Thorpe*; the superb *Yarmouth Beach* of 1819; and the fine Colman *Grove*, tribute to Hobbema, of 1820.

It is a marvel to think of Crome's achievement being of his Sundays and holidays; for he was riding round the country teaching regularly. At Norwich School is the tradition of Old Crome teaching and of the affection of the lads for him, often doing the young rogues' drawings for them, for, once started, he went on rapidly until the work was complete.

That such a man should, in the last few years of his life, have been profoundly impressed by the rising genius of that colossal figure

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who was about to give a stupendous revelation to the whole art of the world, was inevitable.

In the spring of 1821 he set a six-foot canvas on his easel for the creation of his masterpiece of the *Wroxham Water Frolic*. He worked upon it for three days when death walked into his painting-room and struck the brush from his hands; on the 22nd of April 1821 the skilful fingers were stilled for ever.

Founding his art on the practice of Wilson and Gainsborough and the Dutchmen, chiefly Hobbema of the Dutchmen, Crome advanced landscape-painting to that sincere native utterance that was about to make the art of England an example to the world. Hobbema led him to the truth. He stands out in his best art as a great impressionist. He gave forth his aim in simple terms: "Trifles in Nature must be overlooked that we may have our feelings raised by seeing the whole picture at a glance, not knowing how or why we are so charmed." Breadth and dignity were his watch-words, and he kept his law. As he lay dying he turned to that eldest son, John Berney Crome, who was to follow in his footsteps as near as his powers would let him, and gave his famous command: "John, my boy, paint; but paint for fame; and if your subject is only a pigsty—dignify it"; and later, as the hand of death chilled his heart, he added: "Hobbema, my dear Hobbema, how I have loved you!"

At the National Gallery is his superb painting of oaks *Near Hingham*—a very masterpiece.

BARKER OF BATH
1769 – 1847

Thomas Barker was born near Pontypool, in Monmouthshire, to a painter who settled in Bath; and there won as patron a coach-builder called Spackman, who sent the young fellow at twenty-one to Rome (1790). On coming back to England he developed a landscape art founded largely on the tradition of Gainsborough. He won to success and comfortable circumstance. His large fresco in his own home, Doric House, Sion Hill, Bath, of *The Inroad of the Turks upon Scio, April* 1822, is well known. He worked at Bath, where are most of his paintings; and died there on the 11th December 1847.

FRANCIA (1772-1839) was born at Calais, but the Frenchman came to London in youth and early won repute at the Academy and Water-Colour Society. Failing to get into the Academy, he

returned to Calais in 1817, dying there in 1839. He painted coast scenes and shipping. OF THE COMING OF THE DAWN

JOHN MASSEY WRIGHT (1773-1866) devoted himself chiefly to illustration.

GIRTIN

1775-1802

Born the same year as Turner, a year older than Constable, the eager vitality of Girtin was to be cut short at twenty-seven—"Had Girtin lived, I should have starved," said Turner.

To a rope-maker of Southwark was born in 1775 the son THOMAS GIRTIN who was to make the name famous. The father was a man in a large way of business. The lad early showed the artistic bent, and was apprenticed by his father to the brilliant but quarrelsome and difficult landscape-painter EDWARD DAYES — "bilious Dayes," who once had his 'prentice sent to the Fleet Prison for insubordinate conduct. Dayes was not wholly sane, and ended by taking his own life. Girtin had as friend a lad called Turner. The two boys, of the same age, were both being employed in colouring prints, and they would go copying paintings and on sketching journeys together. In his seventeenth year, the *Copper-Plate Magazine* published an etching of *Windsor* by Girtin; at nineteen the Academy hung his first water-colour drawing.

Girtin's enthusiasm and genial heart won him friends wherever he went. "His house, like his heart, was open to all"; a noble, generous, unselfish fellow, he flung himself at his art with a will.

The young Girtin found that his water-colours at the Academy, in gold frames, had to stand the severe rivalry of the oil-paintings about them, and forthwith essayed to employ water-colour with a force that should make his paintings hold their place. The result on his exhibited work at the Academy was to force the craft of water-colour outside its limits; but it revealed to the young fellow that water-colour heretofore had been but timidly subject to drawing, and he compelled it to seek a wider and deeper gamut of colour which was to become in the hands of Turner and others the means of superb artistic utterance. Girtin's innate genius led him to employ water-colour with a pure translucent witchery, in those vivid, ardent impressions of Nature that live in his best work, as in the *Cayne Waterfall*, the *View on the Wharf, Yorkshire*, the *London* series, the *St. Anne's Gate, Shrewsbury*, all uttered through the luminous qualities of the floated water-colour. The series for his *Panorama of London* gives the Thames with rare skill. Girtin was always at his best when boldly working in the presence of Nature;

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and that bold intimacy with Nature fired the eager art of Turner to even higher adventure.

Girtin's craftsmanship still built up the picture upon a modelled ground—in his case wrought in brownish greys—over which he swept the colour. He shirked no labour to perfect his hand in artistic statement. He copied the works of others until his hand was facile—Wilson, Morland, Canaletto.

In 1796 Girtin went to Scotland sketching. His only painting in oils was shown in 1801, just before his health broke down. In the spring of 1802 he took advantage of the Peace of Amiens to go to Paris, busy with his pencil the while. On the 9th of November 1809 he died, but twenty-seven years of age. But his short lease of life had given to England largeness of vision. He rid the art of niggle and tameness and petty finish. For the men that came after him he opened the gates. He inspired Turner; we have Constable's witness that he inspired Constable.

CHAPTER II

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DAWN BREAK IN SPLENDOUR OVER ENGLAND OUT OF A BARBER'S SHOP

WHEN 1800 struck, the British genius had found its highest utterance in the realm of colour; the giant of that realm was Joseph Mallord William Turner.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DAWN BREAK IN SPLENDOUR OVER ENGLAND OUT OF A BARBER'S SHOP

TURNER

1775–1851

'Do you not know that you ought to paint your impressions?'—TURNER.

In Turner we reach the supreme *artist* in painting of our race; in the realm of landscape the supreme artist of all time. In the poetic employment of colour, in the wide gamut of colour-music, in the prodigious power of the orchestration of the art of painting, he stands beyond all other achievement whatsoever, as in the art of literature Shakespeare stands above all other achievement. That Turner should have reached to this prodigious achievement in the realm of landscape is the more extraordinary, since other painters, as mere painters, have been greater craftsmen than he. Velazquez and Hals, Rembrandt and Titian, Watteau and Vermeer knew no such vast adventure in the realm of colour. One is more subtle, another more tender, another more absolute in his craftsmanship; but their range in artistic utterance is small compared with the eagle-flight of Turner.

Turner was given a long life, as though Destiny had fitted him for its chosen mouthpiece in his mighty adventure in the arts. His art went rapidly through the phases of the earlier developments of artistic utterance—burst into the supreme utterance of the art of his own age—and launched on the vast uncharted seas of the future orchestration of colour.

'Tis a dingy grey thoroughfare that Maiden Lane which leads from the south-west corner of Covent Garden to the west—and, likely enough, was dingy even when Milton's secretary, "the incorruptible patriot," Andrew Marvell, dwelt therein, and later,

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when Voltaire fretted and fumed away two years of his restless life at the sign of *The White Perruke.*

In a mean shop, at 26 Maiden Lane, long since pulled down, opposite the Cider Cellar, in the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, there lived in good King George's days, and plied his calling of barber, one William Turner, a fellow from Devon—indeed, at South Molton still lived his father and mother. To this Devonshire barber and his wife Mary Marshall was born, 'tis said on St. George's Day of 1775 (April 23rd), a man-child whom they christened JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, destined to bring immortal fame to that Devonshire stock and to the England that bred him, the greatest poet in colour that the world has seen. The mother, a grim warrior of a woman, ended mad. Turner rightly called himself with pride a "Devonshire man"—he was a Cockney of Devon breed. From the tradesman father he is given by the wise his petty thrift, his mania of "economy," and it may be his industry. We draw the bow of heredity at a venture. He might have been all these things if the son of a drunken jailbird—but so they say, and so be it. From the mother he got the blue eyes, the aquiline nose, the falling underlip—she was a masculine sort of creature, "not to say fierce," who led the poor barber a devil of a life with her furious temper. From her, too, the lad inherited his shortness of stature. And, 'tis likely enough, the "economies" came from her as from the plagued barber. She is said to have been kin of the Marshalls of Shelford Manor House by Nottingham; indeed, 'tis certain her sister was Mrs. Harpur, wife to the curate of Islington, whose grandson, Henry Harpur, was one of Turner's executors—moreover, the boy Turner was godson to Mrs. Turner's eldest brother, Joseph Mallord William Marshall, then living at Sunningwell, where the child visited him. Poor woman! she lived a sorry life. But the lad's heritage of "parrot nose" and blue eyes would seem to have been as much from the barber as the mother, and the short stature likewise—a cheery, talkative little man he was, but stingy of money withal. In fact, "Dad's" only remembered praise of "William" that the lad could ever recall was for having saved a halfpenny!

So, in that dark house giving on to Maiden Lane through a low arch and iron gate, in a dark, ill-lit, squalid, unlovely home, flung back upon his own imagination, the small William grew up. Scant wonder that his art never uttered the mood of Home. Thither Stothard was wont to go through the archway, and turning sharp to the left to step into the door of the barber's shopfor his regular shaving.

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At nine the boy Turner drew Margate Church, just before going to his uncle at New Brentford for change of air, and eventually to school there, to draw cocks and hens and birds and flowers on wall and book. He was always drawing. He would copy engravings, colour them, and the thrifty father would hang them in his window for sale. The early intention of making the boy a barber soon gave way to encouragement of the arts.

APPRENTICESHIP
1787 – 1792

The father refused to apprentice the lad to one architect for nothing, and paid the whole of a recent legacy for the bonds to another—the barber had his moments. Thus, having learnt to read from his father, having gone in 1785 to school at New Brentford, by 1787-8 being with "a floral drawing-master," one Palice, in Soho; by 1788 at Coleman's school at Margate; he was soon thereafter with Malton, a draughtsman of perspective in Long Acre, who sent him away for incapacity to understand perspective! Reynolds is said to have taken him up; and in 1789 he was bound to the architect Hardwick, going also to the schools of the Royal Academy early in 1790, at fifteen, working for two years at the antique. He seems to have gone also to Paul Sandby's school in St. Martin's Lane. But the boy was not seeking the mysteries lazily. He was making drawings in that ill-lit home the while for sale; he was colouring prints for John Raphael Smith; he was out sketching with a lad of his own age called Girtin; and the evening saw him drawing at the generous Dr. Monro's in the Adelphi, besides washing-in backgrounds for the architect Mr. Porden. What labour for a boy! Scant wonder that scholarship had small part in his life. But at least he was learning to draw; for that he was trained like a racehorse for the race. And he loved the life. People liked the boy; asked him out much, greatly encouraged the light-hearted, merry young fellow. His one curse was secretiveness. It was to grow upon him.

So he learnt to lay the flat water-colour wash, clearly and luminously, bringing light and quality to architectural effects. His sensitive hand was schooled to his will. And his secretive nature told him that what he did was good, that power was coming to him. With his boy companion Girtin, he was soon the finest "water-colour draughtsman" in the land, except perhaps Cozens. We know that at least one architect would call for the boy at his father's shop, and give him a guinea to work in backgrounds for his

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architectural drawings; we also know that the lad would never let his patron see him at work, going and locking himself in his bedroom to do it! Once when Britton called about some drawings and went up to the lad's bedroom, young Turner covered the work hurriedly and flew at his employer. Newby Lowson, who went with him later on the Continent, was never once shown even a sketch.

It was at Raphael Smith's that the boy met Girtin, the close friend of his youth; and the generous Dr. Monro used to ask the lads to his house in the Adelphi, sending them to sketch in the country at Bushey and Harrow, buying their drawings and giving them supper. Turner is said to have met Gainsborough at Monro's; if so, he could only have been thirteen, and already being talked about. Girtin and the boy Turner worked together, helped each other, and, as much as could be, lived together. Of Girtin, doomed to an early death in 1802, Turner said, "Had Tom Girtin lived, I should have starved"; but epitaphs are generally generous to a fault. How or why Dr. Monro suddenly went out of Turner's life it is hard to say; he lived until 1833, yet after Turner's student days were done he seems to have come no more into the young fellow's life. The fact was that Turner's secretive nature early drove him to "keeping himself to himself"; he was early wholly living in his art—it was all in all to him. He was soon shunning all social intercourse, the very companionship even of his fellow-artists. Indeed, some of his early water-colour drawings in their exquisite harmonies of green and grey, painted at sixteen, are so astoundingly original and in advance of all landscape painted before him that his craft must have been marvellous long before he came to manhood. His art and fame and wealth were his sole objects; and he pursued them like a young giant of Will—he, like Shakespeare, was a very Will. He neglected every other culture of the mind and body and manners, of comradeship, of affection, for it. In isolation of the mind and of the body, in a rude ignorance, ruthlessly and without flinching, he paid the price of immortality. Dr. Monro taught him water-colour drawing, he as greedily learnt architecture from Hardwick, he picked up something of oil-painting from Sir Joshua Reynolds 'tis said during a short while with him; but of education, as we mean the word, he had scarce any. His master was himself; and he obeyed him like a slave. Sir Joshua Reynolds laid down his brushes and palette in 1789, his sight gone—at Hardwick's urging Turner went thence to the Academy schools, a lad of fourteen. With feverish eagerness he studied and copied Claude and Van der Velde, Titian and Canaletto, Cuyp and Wilson. Above all, he went

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to Nature. Not a good quality in the water-colour painters did he pass by; after a few efforts he outstripped every master. He took delicacy from Hearne, strength from Sandby, architectural sense from Dayes and Daniell; he caught the green and silvery wizardry of Cozens' poems of the earth; he steeped in the sunlight of Girtin; and he outran them all. He would see a picture at exhibition, and go straight home and strive to outclass it. In very youth he began that rivalry with the best that the world had given which was to be a marked feature of his whole career. All the water-colour men were making low-toned water-colours of castles, abbeys, the seats of the nobility and gentry, for "topographical works"—young Turner did them too, because every one else was doing them. He even thought of portrait-painting. He as yet made no effort to get out of the stream; he must master the craft of the day first. Destiny seemed to float him to a great career. His wants simple, inured to hardship, strong and vigorous of body, he simply bent his will to excel in all that he did. He would paint on anything. He never waited for the mood. He was always at work. His sole condition was solitude; he needed that. When he came to journey for subjects, he would carry all his baggage over his shoulder on a stick, jotting, noting, his sensitive brain alive to every vista. His prodigious memory could recall cloud-shapes. He found that minute methods were slow; he promptly employed broad, swift handling.

At fourteen, then, in 1789, he became a student at the Royal Academy; at full fifteen, a year after, he showed his *View of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth.* In 1791 he spent a holiday at Sunningwell with his uncle Marshall, and at Bristol with his father's friends the Narraways. Each of the three following years 1791-2-3, the Academy held water-colour drawings of places by him—so-called "topographical drawings," made in and around London, except for a drawing or so of Malmesbury, Canterbury, or Bristol, made on visits to friends at Margate and Bristol. His sketch-books of 1792 and 1793 are of Oxford, Windsor, Hereford, Worcester, Wales and Monmouthshire. But in 1792 had come Walker with an order for a drawing for the *Copper-Plate Magazine*, the beginning of that engraving after works by Turner which was to add so greatly to his repute. He at once decided to get a painting-room of his own; going to Hand Court, Maiden Lane, hard by his father. He was now seventeen.

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STAINED DRAWINGS OR WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF PLACES FOR ILLUSTRATION

1793 – 1796

The next year of 1793, Harrison ordered drawings for his *Pocket Magazine*. It meant, for Turner, journeying over England. He made for Wales on a pony lent by Mr. Narraway, his father's old friend at Bristol. The water-colour drawings of Wales began to appear in 1794 with the three drawings at the Academy and the *Chepstow* in the November number of *Walker's Magazine*.

In 1794 he made a tour of the midland counties, and the engravings and pictures of 1795 show him at *Nottingham*, *Bridgnorth*, *Matlock*, *Birmingham*, *Cambridge*, *Lincoln*, *Wrexham*, *Peterborough*, and *Shrewsbury*; in 1796 and 1797 he had clearly been to *Chester*, *Neath*, *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, *Staines*, *Wallingford*, *Windsor*, *Ely*, *Flint*, *Hampton Court*, *Herefordshire*, *Salisbury*, *Wolverhampton*, *Llandilo*, *The Isle of Wight*, *Llandaff*, *Waltham*, and *Ewenny* in Glamorgan. So far he has been held by the magazines to the "topographical drawing," the mere picture of the place that people will easily recognise, even if he insist somewhat on bridges and anglers.

He looks at the place from a distance, and is concerned with details of houses. Of 1797 was his first-known displayed oil-painting, the National Gallery *Moonlight, Milbank*.

Already, at nineteen, in 1794 his art is treated as being of the first importance by critics. The *Christchurch Gate, Canterbury*, by W. Turner, is "amongst the best" in the exhibition! He is warned against "contemporary imitations."

The *Interior of a Cottage at Ely* (long called the *Kitchen*, and held to be a portrait of Turner's mother) is suspected to have been an Academy picture of 1796.

About 1796 Turner appears to have been jilted by the sister of a friend at Margate; it drove him still more closely to secretiveness and solitude. With marvellous energy and remarkable rapidity he moves about the country—his baggage in a handkerchief, and armed with his great "gamp" umbrella and a fishing-rod, he trudges it across the face of the world, now taking the stage-coach, now astride of a pony, this eagle-nosed, clear-blue-eyed, "covetous-eyed," bandy-legged, big-headed, short, thick-set figure of a man of mighty poetic gifts and unflinching courage.

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Turner now steps into the Garden of Romance; the Poet finds utterance, and creates water-colour painting.

Now, the romantic movement was already agog in literature—during the last half of the eighteen-hundreds the tragic intensity of life, the mysterious and the picturesque, were appealing to the race. Young's *Night Thoughts* stirred Blake. Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* had caused a profound sensation. Burke had given forth his essay *On the Sublime and the Beautiful* in 1756. Percy's *Reliques* were in wide vogue. Macpherson's *Ossian* came to a public eager for romance. And in the very midst of this romantic movement Turner was born. He grew up steeped in its atmosphere. His sketch-books teem with copied verses, and original attempts at verse.

Turner was now, at manhood, to be led into the mighty realm of art by the sombre, tragic genius of Wilson. Turner still draws in pencil the exact details of the scene before him about which his senses are weaving the spell of its romance, and for the utterance of which in a masterpiece of poetry this careful drawing in pencil is made—as in the interior of Ripon Cathedral or the view of Conway Castle. When he comes to paint, the full orchestration of the romantic mood finds utterance. A poet has been born. He senses the lyric joy of peaceful scenes as consummately as the tragic gloom of awful and sublime vistas.

Turner has done with his detested "map-making," as he called topographical drawings; he is about to launch himself upon the wings of emotion. Not only is Turner's painting pure poetic expression of the moods of Nature called up in his sensing by the thing seen, but he reveals an intense love of verse. Until 1798 the Academy catalogues admitted no quotations. In 1798 Turner adds lines from the poets to his pictures. He was soon to be writing his own lines, inarticulate, but intense in their desire to be articulate.

He now made for the north, for the famous "Yorkshire journey" that was to set his genius aflame. Yorkshire and Cumberland roused his innate romantic gifts. He left the cloak of the student behind him amongst the fells, and arrayed himself in the habit of the master. What took him north is not known. Whether Dr. Whitaker had already approached him as to illustrating his *Parish of Whalley*, or it were Girtin's journey the year before, Turner went. The next Academy shows the National Gallery *Morning on*

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the Coniston Fells and *Buttermere Lake*. And *Norham Castle* cast its spell over him. A new vision had come to landscape; a new revelation was given to art. A poet was arisen who was not dependent on ruins for glamour—one to whom light had revealed its mysteries, and colour its music. At South Kensington is the *Warkworth Castle* of the Academy of 1799. His tour brought him the friendship of Dr. Whitaker, the famous Yorkshire historian, of one of his staunchest friends, Mr. Fawkes of Farnley Hall by Leeds, of Lord Harewood, and of Sir John Leicester who became Lord de Tabley. Mr. Orrock's fine *Heath Scene* is of this year.

The Academy elected Turner an Associate in 1799. He stood head and shoulders above all rivals at twenty-four. He at once moved to 64 Harley Street. The *Dolbarden Castle* of 1800 is at the Diploma Gallery.

Henceforth his castles and abbeys are little concerned with "topographical drawing"; *Carnarvon* in 1800, *St. Donat's* and *Pembroke* in 1801, *Kilchurn* in 1802, *Pembroke* again in 1806, all reveal interest in Light. Light has been revealed to Turner. He always *composes* hereafter, as a musician makes music, concerting his poems as a whole. His every sketch is now made with rhythm and with lyric intention. Ruskin sees in his art a stern manner, reserve, quiet, gravity of colour, tranquil mind fixed on mountain subject, on moral study, on mythology and the Law of the Old Testament! As a matter of simple fact, just as Turner had pitted himself against the water-colourists and outclassed them, he now flung himself into rivalry against all the oil-painters, of his own day and of the dead past, who had concerned themselves with landscape.

In 1799 with the *Battle of the Nile*, in 1800 with his *Fifth Plague of Egypt*, in 1802 with his *Army of the Medes destroyed by a Whirlwind* and the *Tenth Plague*, he boldly challenged the theatrical art of De Loutherbourg, then at the height of his repute—they owe scant tribute to the "Law of the Old Testament." Wilson, a mightier genius, he strove to outdistance for many a year, nor ceased until 1822; but he recognised in him "a powerful antagonist." "To succeed would perhaps form another epoch in the English school; and if we fall, we fall by contending with giant strength." What a superb epitaph upon poor neglected Wilson! A tranquil mind indeed! fixed on moral study! Now, be it noted, Turner did not seek the rivalry of other artists from vulgar aim of jealousy; it was his standard whereby to measure his strength. He had none other. It was always with Turner a sign of homage. In

1801 he journeyed to Scotland, for 1802 saw him display the *Kilchurn* and the Scottish impressions.

In 1802 he was elected a Royal Academician.

"A new artist has started up—one Turner."

The water-colour painting of *Stonehenge* was of the year of *Calais Pier.*

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DAWN BREAK IN SPLENDOUR OVER ENGLAND OUT OF A BARBER'S SHOP

1802

THE SEA

In 1802, at twenty-seven, Turner crossed the sea to France, and a new world was opened to his vision—two worlds; the sea and France. He added the mystery of the sea to his ever-widening realm. Like the young Alexander he pined for worlds to conquer. And as he searched out always the greatest conquerors to try a fall with them—at once he set himself to outrival Van der Velde. Above all, we know by his written note on Poussin's *Deluge* that he has gone leagues beyond Blake in his concept of art—"*the colour* of this picture *impresses the subject more than the incidents.*" Turner has found the key.

We have seen him move from Hand Court, Maiden Lane, to 64 Harley Street. He seems to have bought the house; he soon also bought the next house to it, and one in Queen Anne Street, all of which abutted at the back, the corner-house on the two streets separating them in front. Now, in the catalogues of the Academy, his address in 1801, and for two or three years afterwards, is given as 75 Norton Street, Portland Road, thereafter being given as Harley Street again. Why this secrecy? Well, Turner began in 1801 to live with women of the servant class; in that year there came to him a girl of sixteen, Hannah Danby; she was soon his mistress. Whether he deliberately made a servant the companion of his life to be rid of acquaintances, or whether he repelled acquaintances and shirked hospitality in order not to have his weakness known, who shall tell? But he was soon steeped in that secret life that gave him solitude at the heavy price of association with an uncultured woman that kept him an ignorant man, but perhaps made him walk thereby wholly in the realm of the imagination.

The powder-tax of 1795 ruined the trade of barbers of the old school; and Turner took his father with him to Harley Street when he moved thereto in 1800, where the old man would strain his canvases and varnish his pictures for him; as Turner jestingly put it, "Dad begins and finishes my pictures for me."

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

In 1801 he had shown the Bridgewater *Dutch Boats in a Gale*; in 1802 Lord Iveagh's *Fishermen upon a Lee Shore*, a great work, and the superb Petworth *Ships bearing up for Anchorage*. In 1803 he displayed at the Academy half-a-dozen pictures of this wayfaring over sea—the National Gallery has his *Calais Pier*, in which stands revealed the poet of the sea. It is a fit orchestration, employed to create the sombre impression of a stormy day; and it achieves the impression with power.

The Yarborough *Mâcon, the Vintage Festival*, the *Bonneville* in Savoy with Mont Blanc, the *Châteaux de Michal* at Bonneville, the *St. Hugh*, the *Glacier and Source of the Arveron* in the valley of Chamouni, announce his ranging; but he had laid up large store of impressions, and six years afterwards gave forth his *Fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen* (1806), and in 1812 his *Castle of St. Michael, Bonneville*—otherwise the great studies of the Alps, Chamouni, Grenoble, the Grande Chartreuse, and many others, lay secreted in his portfolios. He waited awhile, and let them lie by, whilst he challenged the masters, dead and living, to find his strength.

War broke out again with Bonaparte in 1803, and closed the gates of France to Turner for twelve years, until 1815. He made some roundabout journey to Switzerland in 1804; but otherwise he was driven back upon England—nor was he discontent—had he not the gods to overthrow? And he had seen the sea—what he saw he must conquer.

In his earlier wanderings over England he had reached the sea-coast at Margate, in Wales, and in the Isle of Wight and Kent—he had seen shipping on the Thames and at Bristol.

The National Gallery has his famous *Shipwreck*, painted in 1805, whilst the superb Yarborough *Wreck of the "Minotaur"* (1810), the Stafford *Fishing Boats in a Squall*, show Turner riding upon the storm. He outclasses Van der Velde. He makes the winds grip the sails of shipping, he catches the complex movements of the angry waters; over all is the sublime sense of Nature in anger.

In 1806 he painted the majestic, tragic, and fittingly sombre *Goddess of Discord choosing the Apple of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides*, challenging the classic vision of Poussin, and repeats his triumph in the *Venus and Adonis*. In the *Garden of the Hesperides* we have a very masterpiece of statement.

He was pouring forth great sea-pieces which he did not exhibit. To 1805 belongs the famous *Shipwreck*. Several of the sketches for this are in the national water-colour collection. Turner fills the canvas with the anger and spites of the seas, its brutal sweeping

blows, its spitting spume. Sir John Leicester, not liking it, exchanged it for the *Sun rising through Vapour* (1807).

It was from 1805 to 1810 that Turner wrought the twelve landscapes in oil which were found wrapped in brown paper in the National Gallery, and which, with forty-eight water-colours, are the second instalment of the rediscovered Turners now at the Tate.

Turner is said to have spent much time upon the waters at the mouth of the Thames from 1805 to 1809. Nothing was lost upon him. Sketch-book after sketch-book bears witness to it. Storm and calm, sunset peaceful or lowering, he realised them all. And with the sound of the tempest in his ears, the peace of great calms upon the still waters in his heart, he wrought masterpiece after masterpiece of the sea—the Wantage *Sheerness*, the Fawkes *Pilot hailing a Whitstable Hoy*, the Gould *The Nore*, the fine *Meeting of the Thames and Medway*, the superb *Spithead: Boat's Crew recovering an Anchor*, thereby creating such epic of the sea as the world had never known; they hold the sonorous and orchestral majesty of the great waters. The *Death of Nelson* was of 1808. I have lately read a bookish theory that the "patriotic" pictures narrow Turner's genius; but why should not patriotism be a profound emotion? And he who lowers the credit of the *Boat's Crew recovering an Anchor* because it represents the return of Nelson's victorious fleet from Copenhagen is digging for formulas to convince himself that a sublime masterpiece is not so sublime as something else, for it remains one of the supreme paintings of the sea wrought by human genius—I for my part did not know or care whether it was Nelson's fleet returning from Copenhagen; to me it but uttered the sublime patriotism of the triumph and courage of sailors in the execution of their awesome calling upon the mighty waters. In fact, *The Fighting Téméraire* is just as "patriotic" and offensive to a Jingo Frenchman. He who is read in history knows that in the May of 1807 the Prince Regent of Portugal warned England that by the Treaty of Tilsit Napoleon was about to invade England with the Danish and Portuguese fleets; that Canning at once struck, Nelson seized the Danish fleet at Copenhagen on the 8th of September, and Turner going down to Portsmouth saw the victorious fleet and created the immortal *Boats recovering an Anchor*. Who but a bookish man would think it possible to utter all this in a painting even if he would? The *Boats recovering an Anchor* he painted in 1809 from these impressions.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DAWN BREAK IN SPLENDOUR OVER ENGLAND OUT OF A BARBER'S SHOP

A HISTORY

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

1807

THE *LIBER STUDIORUM* AND *SIMPLE NATURE*

Let us leave Turner awhile thrilled by the cheers and the triumph at sight of the victorious navy with the Danish fleet in tow riding on the sea at Spithead; and before we take the journey back with him to town—a journey that is to have a vast significance for his art—let us turn over the leaves of his *Liber Studiorum.*

At Knockholt in Kent, in the October of 1806, the year before Copenhagen was fought, Mr. Wells suggested the scheme which Turner rapidly developed into his *Liber Studiorum.* Turner sat down and drew the first five designs for the book in sepia, beginning with the *Bridge and Cows*, the so-called *Flint Castle* being a scene on the French coast.

Probably, guided by his rivalry of the classic landscapists in his *Goddess of Discord* and the like, in 1807 Turner challenged the accepted god of landscape, Claude, with his *Liber Studiorum.* It was the ultimate challenge to the great dead. He now put his own vision against the more limited vision of Claude. A direct challenge he made in his *Woman Playing a Tambourine* and *Hindoo Ablution*, his *Bridge and Goats*, his *Isis*, his *Solitude*, the superb *Junction of the Severn and the Wye* and *Sun between Trees*, and the so-called *Pope's Villa, Twickenham*, which is The Alcove at Isleworth; but his *Hindhead Hill*, his *Mount St. Gothard*, his *Devil's Bridge*, the *Solway Moss*, the *Norham Castle*, the *Hedging and Ditching*, the *St. Catherine's Hill near Guildford*, the *River Wye*, the *Inverary Castle*, the *Gale*, the *Peat Bog*, the *Ben Arthur*, the *Bonneville*, the *Chamouni*, the *Morpeth*, the *Dunstanborough Castle*, even the *Okehampton* and *Raglan Castle*, and *Mill near the Grande Chartreuse*, and the *Dunblane Abbey*, smashed the Claude tradition. Claude stood between painting and Nature as the Greeks stood between sculpture and life. Hogarth had warred against the "black masters." Turner set them up as his standard of measurement; he did so too much—but at least he did not seek to degrade them.

For the *Liber Studiorum* he chose F. C. Lewis as his engraver, for his power in aquatint—Turner to etch and Lewis to aquatint the works. The *Bridge and Goats* was the first plate. Turner asked Lewis both to etch and aquatint the next, the which etching Lewis did, charging eight guineas instead of the original five. Turner refused to allow the plate to be aquatinted, and they parted. Turner next turned to Charles Turner the mezzotinter at eight

guineas the plate—after making twenty, Charles Turner raised the price to ten guineas, which ended in a quarrel. In his money dealings Turner was mean, often dishonest with the public, selling worn and retouched plates by Charles Turner as first plates. Turner never hesitated to cheat. Indeed, the whole scheme of the *Liber Studiorum* was a cheat—a cheat which, fortunately for us, was to create masterpieces. Claude had never intended his *Liber Veritatis* for anything but notes of his pictures by which to identify them; Turner's works were complete works of art, ninety designs, of which twenty were not published to the public. Here Turner stands out as master of a wide gamut. He can raise the mood of the pastoral, of the sea, of the mountains, of historic places, of mythology with equal skill. He challenges not only Claude, but Poussin and Van der Velde and Wilson. The frontispiece, a poor enough affair, is of 1812; the advertisement of the book of 1816. He was now the supreme master of landscape of all time—and he was to go further still. The tree, its texture, its form, its significance, has yielded to him its secrets. The clouds have yielded their mysteries. The earth and the rocks have become his very own. The atmosphere, the rainbow, moisture, drought, all are in his orchestration; the romance and tragedy of ruins, the glamour of the dawn and the twilight.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DAWN BREAK IN SPLENDOUR OVER ENGLAND OUT OF A BARBER'S SHOP

Of the hundred odd sepia drawings for the *Liber*, eighty-four are at the Tate. As a rule they are but guides to the engravers; and he worked much upon them as they were being engraved.

In 1808 Turner gives his address as 64 Harley Street and West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, and continues this until 1811, when, odd to say, he drops Harley Street, though the house was undoubtedly his; and the next year of 1812 sees him give Queen Anne Street West—that house which, as we have seen, was round the corner from his Harley Street residence, and which, presumably, he bought in this year. In 1808 he also uses P. P. after his name; he had become Professor of Perspective at the Royal Academy, and was greatly proud of it.

In 1809 Turner began those "one-man shows" of his work in his house in Harley Street, which soon became known as the "Turner Gallery." The caretaker and general factotum was Turner's father, who showed in visitors and was well capable of driving good bargains. The two eccentric men were deeply attached in their quaint way, and close allies.

Let us return awhile to the year of 1807.

As Turner came homewards from Portsmouth from the triumph

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and cheers of Spithead, his eyes were suddenly opened to the rural life of England. At once he jotted notes and sketches for that lyrical utterance of "Simple Nature," wherein he gave us as superb a series of poems of England as he had wrought of the sea and of her stately castles and abbeys and sublime vistas.

This survey of pastoral life or Simple Nature brought forth such fine masterpieces as the National Gallery works of the *Frosty Morning*, the *Windsor* (1810), the *Abingdon* (1810), the *Kingston Bank*, the *Union of the Thames and Isis*, and *Sandbank with Gipsies*; the fine *Trout Stream*, the Wantage *Walton Bridges*, the Orrock *Walton Bridges*, the Cook *Windmill and Lock*, the rich glowing *River Scene with Cattle* (1809) at the Tate, and the famous *Bligh Sand*, which he refused to sell, yet later employed to fill the place of a broken window! It first found utterance in the *Liber Studiorum*, where the *Hedging and Ditching*, the *Hindhead*, published in 1811, but probably drawn in 1808, and the like reveal a new intention in art.

But the dates of plates are no proof of the dates of the drawings from which they were made; and Mr. Finberg's researches in the sketch-books make a significant biography of Turner's artistic living. Turner had discovered since that Yorkshire journey, ten years gone by, that art does not imitate, it utters the mood of the thing aroused in the senses of the artist. And here Turner, in the presence of simple everyday life in the fields and meadows of rural England, discovers as subtle a poetry lurking as in the romantic castles. Yorkshire drew him back again in 1809 to many triumphs, and to Yorkshire he returned again and again.

Of 1810 were the Tate *Mountain Stream*, a glowing thing; the peaceful *Abingdon* and *Windsor*, the stately *Lowther Castle*, and the *Dewy Morning*, *Petworth*. By 1811 he was turning again to the test of his powers against the great dead; he painted the *Apollo killing the Python*. He went this year to Devon, made his sketches for a masterpiece that he painted in 1815—*Crossing the Brook*; and in a sea-picnic, when others were near dead of sickness, he mounted an island rock and drew in the teeth of the gale, "seemed writing rather than drawing." In 1812 he wrought his *Hannibal crossing the Alps*, moved thereto by the sight of a snowstorm at Farnley. In this same year he began to work for the plates for his *Southern Coast of England*.

Of 1813 were the *Deluge* and the *Frosty Morning*. This Simple Nature or pastoral phase of Turner may be said to end with the *Frosty Morning* of 1813. He turns again on the edge of forty

to the challenge of Claude in the realm of the sublime, from which he is to emerge to make his highest flights.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DAWN BREAK IN SPLENDOUR OVER ENGLAND OUT OF A BARBER'S SHOP

1814

That deep poetic craving to give forth the moods of Nature in colour also urged Turner to break into song in words.

When Turner first wrote the lines for his own pictures is not known. The earliest appear to have been the lines to his *Apollo and the Python* in 1811; given to Callimachus, they are a tangle of the description of two dragons from Ovid—the Python and Cadmus's terrible worm. Turner's reading was clearly chiefly confined to the tags in Academy catalogues from Milton, Pope, Thomson's *Seasons*, Ovid, and the like. 'Tis said that Turner played the flute very sweetly; we know that Coleridge, with exquisite ear for the melody of words, could not tell one note of music from the other; so strange are the limits of the human! But we must not judge even Turner's inarticulate words by Thornbury's crass and ignorant translation of them. It was to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, that strange book that has inspired so great genius, that Turner chiefly turned; and what mythology he had was found in its pages. The first of his quotations from *Fallacies of Hope*, those jottings and stumblings in verse that came from his own skull, appears in 1812, to his *Snowstorm—Hannibal and his Army crossing the Alps*.

The high poetry in which Turner lived was in strange contrast with his daily surroundings. He was now rapidly becoming rich, and he was no spendthrift. In 1814 he bought a home at Twickenham—Solus Lodge, changing its name to Sandycombe Lodge the next year—where he lived a part of each year until 1826, his father going up to Harley Street every morning to open the Turner Gallery. The cost of this got upon the old man's mind, until he lighted on the brilliant economy of making friends with a market-gardener who, for a glass of gin, allowed the old man to come up in his cart on the top of the vegetables! The old barber had the land-hunger too, and was for ever adding little bits to his son's property at Sandycombe by running out little earthworks into the roadway, and then fencing them round, until they looked like a number of fortifications, which drew the local wags to call them "Turner's Cribs," until the local powers came down on them and angrily swept them away.

Whether Turner approved "Dad's" ridiculous little filchings of

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pieces from the highway, or chuckled thereat, or helped in the darkness of the night, we know not; but we do know that even as these preposterous things were being done, his hook-nosed, bandy-legged, fantastic figure of a son was dreaming vast dreams and essaying to conquer the wide realm of the imagination.

Turner had won to romance, to conquest over the sea, to triumph in the lyrical utterance of the pastoral; he now steps forward to a mightier conquest—he had challenged the achievement of man, he now flings himself at the conquest of the sun. The haunting atmosphere that light or the shadow of light has woven about castle and historic home and site of Britain he had conquered whilst scarce entered into manhood. The subtle and elusive mysteries of the sea he had conquered; he now flings himself at the conquest of the imagination. For thirty years he was to create masterpieces of supreme power.

So far, bookish men have approached the art of Turner fairly comfortably. Henceforth they reveal bafflings, they gasp and fret, they abuse the vulgarity of the public who stand in wonder before the wizardry of Turner's art. In the presence of the superb emotional orchestration of so overwhelming a work as the *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus*, so shallow is their sensing that they begin to pick holes in it—the ship could not be lighted, but must have been dark and in silhouette, if the sun were setting beyond it; his "tones" are wrong; the sails on the ship in the *Burial of Wilkie at Sea* are too black!

Well, let us put it bluntly. All Craft is a make-believe—if you like, a sham. The canvas and the paint upon it, the sculptured stone, the notes of music, the words employed in the poetry of verse and prose are a make-believe to trick the senses. Yes. And in the hands of the mediocre and the academic they are never anything else but sham. It is only in the hands of the artist, or, if you prefer the word, it is only in the hands of the poet, that these things lose their dross of falsity; for the poet employs the make-believe, since by no other means may he so do it, that he may utter the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—for he seeks to utter the significance of things, not their husk.

He who sits in the theatre before the drama of Shakespeare and can see but the painted pasteboard and canvas of the scenery, the paint on the faces of the players; who can but think with solemn wisdom that these be not the kings and queens, the heroes and heroines, the soldiers and clowns and wits and wags, the prince and pauper, the children of high and low degree, but mere mummers

playing for livelihood a sham thing, a mere pretence, is absolutely truthful, but a hopeless and unmitigated fool.

Let me give you an instance of Turner's later achievement in this increased realm of his art. Take the *Burial of Wilkie at Sea.* By the time that Turner painted this masterwork he had realised the stupendous fact that, master of the truth, of the mere facts of life, as he was, this mastery alone could not utter the supreme emotions of life. That was Turner's mighty revelation to the art of painting. He had discovered that the emotions, the sensing of man, were above reason, beyond the intellect—the inmost sanctuary of the Holy of Holies, the nearest approach to the awful and sublime mystery of Life. Rembrandt, of all his forerunners, had pushed nearest to the mysteries; Turner pushed his inquisition still closer. By the time he came to paint the *Burial of Wilkie at Sea* he had realised that the supreme province of the artist is to create *emotional* truth; he employed colour to utter by its orchestration the solemn pomp of a funeral oration, of the stately and majestic pomp of death—and to that end he gave forth a solemn and sombre scheme of colour, wherein the night puts the sails and hull of a stately ship into mourning; and we have that mighty suggestion of the passing of life as though its voyage upon the adventure of life were come to an end, as the cold clay is committed to the deep! Yet, in the presence of so profound a masterpiece, 'tis said that even so fine an artist as Clarkson Stanfield could stand unmoved as a village idiot with his fool's comment that the sails were untrue! The wonder is that he didn't complain against their not being made of canvas. Well might Turner growl, looking at Clarkson's unseeing eye with contempt, "Wish I had any colour to make 'em blacker."

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DAWN BREAK IN SPLENDOUR OVER ENGLAND OUT OF A BARBER'S SHOP

But we must go back to the beginning of this great phase: the year 1814 saw the publication of seven of the plates for the *Southern Coast of England.* At the same time he flings out the challenge to Claude with his *Dido and Aeneas leaving Carthage*, and the superb *Apuleia in search of Apuleius*, with its stately, wondrous horizontality of the long bridge and the mighty leagues of distance. This masterpiece was a fit forerunner of the immortal *Crossing the Brook* of the next year of 1815 that also saw him paint the great *Dido building Carthage* which, with the *Sun rising through Vapour*, challenge the art of Claude; both of which he left to the nation on condition that they should hang beside Claude's *Isaac and Rebecca* and *Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba.* Bookish men to-day are wont to write that Claude does not suffer from the challenge! Yet the

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Dido building Carthage completely outclasses even the noble genius of Claude. He was so great that he could find no measure but the triumphs of the greatest. We may sneer as we will at the littleness of such an aim; I can imagine no greater test of strength, no more noble test than this high tribute.

As yet he has not scaled the highest peaks; but here he advances leagues beyond Claude. They tried hard to make him part with *Dido*; but no. Chantrey lured him; but the price ever rose, until Chantrey asking what in the world he was going to do with the picture, Turner growled: "Be buried in it, to be sure!"

This was the year in which he essayed a grim love-letter. Henry Scott Trimmer of Heston, the vicar, made Turner welcome, and he was soon at ease with the family. The young Trimmers would even invade Turner's town-house in Queen Anne Street, and were cheerfully received, Turner cramming their pockets with cakes. Turner made a feeble offer to the vicar for the hand of a kinswoman, but it does not seem to have been taken seriously, and he was already far more excited about a journey to the Continent.

Of 1816 are the two paintings of *The Temple of Jupiter Panellenius*; but the sketch-books are full of studies of skies—he was much in Yorkshire.

In 1817, the year he sold fifty water-colours to Mr. Fawkes of Farnley Hall, he had made a journey of three weeks along the Rhine, as the *Goarhausen and Katz Castle*, the *Bonneville*, *Savoy*, the *Lake of Nemi*, are of this year. And he began the great series for Whitaker's *History of Richmondshire*, published from 1819 to 1822, and costing the publisher ten thousand pounds, for which he produced the famous water-colours that include the *Crook of the Lune*, the *Hornby Castle*, the *Richmond Castle*, and the like.

Of 1818 is the not very happy *Field of Waterloo*. He went north to make the series for the *Provincial Antiquities of Scotland* which Scott volunteered to write; Turner's works including the *Edinburgh from the Calton Hill*, which with the set were given by the publisher to Sir Walter Scott, and are known as the *Abbotsford Turners*.

In 1819 Turner at the urging of Lawrence, then in Rome, pushed on for the first time into Italy—Venice, Rimini, Ancona, Naples, Paestum, Pompeii, Sorrento; he moved eagerly from place to place, Rome and the rest, his sketch-books incessantly busy. The colour, the atmosphere, made him drunk. But he left them to thrill in his memory. For the Academy he had painted the superb *The Meuse: Orange Merchantmen going to pieces on the Bar*, one of the

greatest pictures ever painted of the sea. He is done now with rivalries. He has reached beyond standards. His challenge is to Nature alone—to himself to outclass himself. Then to Italy.

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Turner had painted probably before he went to Italy the two huge canvases of *Richmond Hill on the Prince Regent's Birthday*, that, with the huge *Rome from the Vatican*, he showed in 1820. The fine Tate water-colour of the *Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo* (1819) shows Turner not yet ranging on eagle wings into the wide blue of his greatest flights. But he has outclassed all his standards. He now takes breath for the enterprise on the uncharted seas of his great adventure, for there is now no light to guide, no compass by which to steer. He must go alone. He has achieved the *Southern Coast* and the *Richmondshire* series on the road beyond. He makes pause.

Turner is now forty-five.

In 1821 Turner was absent from the Academy; in 1822 he sent his *What You Will*. It clearly baffled the critics. Standards there were clearly none. Turner went by sea to Scotland this year, the king visiting his northern people as George IV. But the National Gallery water-colour of *Norham Castle* of this year reveals an increase of power towards impressionism. He was bending his wits to the *Bay of Baiae* which was to startle the Academy of 1823. Henceforth the bookish critic wades in morass. Even whilst Turner steps into the mighty realm of a wide conquest, he is taken to task as painting merely for *public acclaim*! He is out of tradition! Even as he realises that the art of painting cannot utter its full music until the orchestration of colour is made to yield the mood of the thing seen! Turner is about to create the emotional utterance of colour such as the world had not before dreamed of. Mr. Jones, R.A., looking to photographic truth, wrote in chalk across the frame —of course, in Latin—*Splendide Mendax*; and Turner laughed and left it there. "All poets are liars," quoth he—"but it is all there." And Jones, oh, where is he?

The National Gallery was founded in 1824; Griffiths was deputed by the Committee, which included Sir Robert Peel and Lord Harding, to buy Turner's *Dido building Carthage* and *Decline of the Carthaginian Empire* for the nation. Turner was deeply touched, burst into tears, but—refused the *Dido*; turning to Griffiths, as he retired, he expressed his gratitude, but the *Dido* "may some day become the property of the nation." He went about for days, muttering, "A great triumph! A great triumph!" He showed no picture at the Academy. He was hard at work on his glorious

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Rivers of England, and *The Harbours of England*, now in the national collection. The *Scarborough* shows how he had advanced towards great orchestration of emotional utterance. And what an immortal achievement it is with its stately shipping! *Portsmouth* and *Sheerness*, the *Dover*, and the *Humber* prove him the master of the sea; the beautiful *Totnes*, the splendour of *Dartmouth* and of *Dartmouth Castle*, the lordly *Okehampton Castle* and spacious *Arundel*, the limpid *More Park* and superb *Kirkstall Abbey*, the tragic *Brougham Castle* and the dark blue *Norham Castle* against the daffodil sky, reveal the greatest colourist of all time, uttering with insight the spirit and significance of the place seen and its presiding genius. To the Academy of 1825 he sent only the *Dieppe*; but the Thames and Holland sketch-books show him busy with ideas. Fawkes died this year; and Turner was so overwhelmed by it that he would never go to Farnley again, though he clung to the friendship with the son, Hawksworth Fawkes, to the end.

Turner is now fifty. He is to pause awhile yet for a year or two—then to burst forth into fullest song. In 1826 he gave up the house at Twickenham which he had taken for "Dad," but where "Dad" was forever catching chills. Henceforth he draws still more into solitude in his London home. Money poured in—he had no use for it. The house becomes ever more squalid, ever more dingy. Turner has no eyes but for his art. His eternal squabbles with his publishers become ever more furious; yet he shows at the Academy his brilliant *Cologne*. It is hung between two portraits by Lawrence; puts them out—he covers his *Cologne* with water-colour lamp-black to give Lawrence's portraits honour. Then he makes across sea to the Meuse, the Moselle, and the Rhine.

In 1827, his fifty-second year, Turner begins to pour forth his splendour. The serene *Mortlake, Morning* and *Mortlake, Evening*, the *Rembrandt's Daughter*, in which he tries a fall with the great Dutchman, are of this time. He takes to painting the sea in the open—he is at Cowes, and begins his superb yachting series with the vivid *Yacht Racing in the Solent* at the Tate; the *Shipping at Cowes* heralds the splendour of Turner's golden visions. He has challenged the Sun itself. It was the year in which he began the ill-fated work, the *Picturesque Views in England and Wales*, which was to reveal every mood of the land—every mood of the day and night. He wrought over a hundred paintings for it from 1827 to 1838. Many are amongst the supreme masterpieces in all landscape.

In 1828 Turner again made for Italy. The academic souls of

III

TURNER
1775–1851

"ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS"

(National Gallery)

On the shore, in the left-hand corner of the picture, is seen the half-extinguished fire in which Ulysses heated the staff with which he put out the eye of Polyphemus, the one-eyed king of the Cyclops, who had devoured the companions of Ulysses. On the rock above, outlined against the skyline, is the agonised figure of the giant. The galley of Ulysses, with the King of Ithaca in command, is putting out to sea.

Painted in oil on canvas. 4 ft. 3 in. h. × 6 ft. 7 in. w. (1·295 × 2·006).

the so-called artists forgathered in Rome could "make nothing" of his works. His sketch-books show him moving from Orleans to Lyons, to Marseilles, to Genoa, to Florence, to Orvieto, to Rome. To the Academy he had sent *Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet*, the *Regatta beating to Windward* (East Cowes Castle), the *East Cowes Castle* (Regatta starting for their moorings), and the *Boccaccio*, which Constable declared "glorious and beautiful"—"golden visions." But there was a mightier golden vision about to hang on these walls.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DAWN BREAK IN SPLENDOUR OVER ENGLAND OUT OF A BARBER'S SHOP

1829

In 1829 Turner sent the superb masterpiece of *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus* to the Royal Academy. At once Turner steps into the front rank of the poets of all time. Here, by pure orchestration of colour, he arouses in our senses such an impression of the mood desired as it would be impossible to excel. The resultant whole is of epic power. Turner is master of a majestic orchestra, and the music crashes forth in a stupendous masterpiece. This was the year of the unfinished *Chichester Canal*, and probably the unfinished *Rocky Bay with Figures* and the *Sunrise*.

In 1830, at fifty-five, the year that Lawrence died, Turner lost his father. The loss of his "Dad" was a serious blow to the man; he was still more driven upon himself, and his habits grew utterly slovenly. At the same time the solitude still further keyed up the man's imagination and sent him soaring to higher visionary flights. He had dared into the superb realm of absolute Impressionism on a majestic scale in the *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus*. He has come into his kingdom. For close on twenty years he is to pour forth masterpieces in this realm. He is to widen the gamut of artistic utterance in colour to an astounding range. He is to employ harmonies in almost endless arrangements, from the blithest light keys to the deepest and most profound blacks, as Beethoven employed music. Turner is the first to discover this prodigious significance of colour. Before his achievement the achievement of the past pales.

To understand exactly what this marvellous revelation is, we must now attempt to grasp the meaning of the increase brought to Impressionism by Turner. So far, the men of Venice and Holland and Spain had brought values to Impressionism; *Turner was to bring colour orchestration.*

The word Impressionism has been debauched by critical writers to mean a narrow parish of a great realm. The critics, needing a word, dubbed the fine French endeavour of 1870 whereby broken

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colour is struck upon the canvas by dots or strokes or blobs, by the name of "Impressionism." So it is. But this is only a very small part of Impressionism; and even at that it is derived wholly from a part of Turner's genius.

It came to Turner that colour affects the senses exactly as music does; if the colour be blithe and gay, it arouses blithe and gay emotions—if sombre and solemn, it arouses solemn and sombre emotions. And the day he discovered this vital fact, he thrust the art of painting beyond all previous achievement into the modern achievement.

In 1830 Turner began those little vignettes for illustration of the poets, often forced and hard, to assist the engravers. The Rogers' *Italy* of 1830 begins them.

Lord Egremont seems to have been a most sympathetic friend to Turner; and to Petworth he went this year, and painted much there, including the oil impression of the *Interior of Petworth*, which shows the eccentric lord to have allowed the drawing-room to become little better than a farmyard. To hang Impressionism to Turner's genius on this rapid fantasy is idiot's babble. It is simply a note, a sketch of an idea—and a marvellously suggestive one. Turner was also at Brighton and Arundel, and the peaceful *Old Chain Pier at Brighton* was one of the results. The sketch-books show him to be at Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris. He was probably plotting the *Rivers of France*.

The Academy of 1831 saw six pictures by Turner, of which one was his return to the classic note—*Caligula's Palace*; but he was now turning the classics into Impressionism. The *Watteau Painting* is again pure mood. The Soane Museum *Admiral Van Tromp's Barge at the Entrance of the Texel* is a golden scheme. South Kensington has the fine *Lifeboat going off to a Stranded Vessel* (Blue Lights of Distress). And the *Cochem on the Moselle* is a fine sketch. Turner went to Scotland to illustrate Scott's *Poetical and Prose Works*, being the guest of Scott whom he now first met—here he made the first draft of that will that was to end in such heavy litigation.

Of 1832 was his glowing golden *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and the grey *Helvoetsluys* (City of Utrecht, 64, Going to Sea).

In 1833, at fifty-eight, Turner painted his first picture of Venice—Venice that he was to immortalise in masterpiece after masterpiece, and state in wondrous fashion, haunted by all the wizardry of her sea romance. He begins by challenging and overwhelming Canaletto; soon he was to breathe Venice across the canvas,

IV

TURNER

1775–1851

"HASTINGS" (about 1835)

(TATE GALLERY)

aerial as splendid dreams. He set Canaletto into his first masterpiece. From 1833 to 1835 were published *The Rivers of France* for which he made his sixty water-colours. The *Pont de l'Arche*, the sunlit airy *Post Road from Vernon to Mantes*, the purple *Mantes*, the lovely *Bridge of Meulan*, the stately *Troyes*, haunt the imagination with their melody of France. If a man in his decline could paint such masterwork, then for heaven's sake let us pray for decline.

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This year his old friend Dr. Monro died, and Turner bought in his own works—odd to say, the forgers were already at work; several of the works given to him were not by him.

In 1834, his fifty-ninth year, Turner's sketch-books are of the Meuse, the Moselle, the Rhine, Oxford, and Bruges; South Kensington has the *St. Michael's Mount*, and the *Fire at Sea*, and a *Venice*. Gillott, the Birmingham pen-maker, pushed his way into Turner's home this year and secured five thousand pounds' worth of paintings from him. It was during this and the next four years—to 1838—that Turner painted the fine unfinished oils that long lay rolled up and hidden away at the National Gallery, and are now part of the glory of the Tate.

In 1835 Turner, be it marked well, was sixty. Many an artist, tied to a narrow gamut, has exhausted his genius upon that gamut before thirty, and is in decline. Turner, of wiry frame, amazing virility, and nerve like steel, is to pour forth work from sixty which has the blithe jocund feeling and freshness of youth. How bookish men can find decay in his work at this period it beats the wit of artist to comprehend. His powers enormously increase; he adds territory after territory to the realm of art—vast territories such as aforetime had never even been explored.

Look at that *Sunrise, with a Boat between Headlands* at the Tate. Here is the fresh dewy dawn uttered in a melody of pure colour which is absolutely fragrant of the coming of day. Look at the "unfinished" *Hastings*. And remember that for the last eleven years of his creative life—from sixty to seventy-one—Turner poured forth a blithe art, exquisite and melodious as the music of viols and flute and lute, giving us at *seventy-one* the fresh and joyous *Queen Mab's Grotto* that is jocund as the hearts of young lovers meeting.

Now it requires far greater artistic powers to call such subtle emotion from the deep than to set down the mere facts of Nature. But it is evident that to judge such achievement by rule and plummet is hopeless. So far from decay, Turner's powers are at their full, his sense of colour at its subtlest, his wizardry of genius

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fresh as youth. He has long left human rivalries behind—he conquers the light, the sun, the translucent atmosphere, the dewy morning, the mystic twilight, the hauntingness of the evening, the glamour of the night.

Look now upon his last vision of *Norham Castle*, that Norham that, when first painted, kept him thereafter "busy with as much work as he could attend to"—that Norham now held in the diaphanous atmosphere like a thing of magic weaving, haunting the senses, subtle as music of a shepherd's pipe in the sweet dawn of a new-born day. Look at that superb *Bridge and Tower*, with its foreground tree, consummately placed, and bathed in aerial luminosity, telling its majestic note of dark splendour, with the distant bridge and the leagues beyond.

This, his sixtieth year, he showed at the Academy his *Line-Fishing off Hastings*, his *Venice from the Porch of Madonna della Salute*, his night-piece of the *Burning of the Houses of Parliament*, of which another version was shown at the British Institution.

It is interesting to note that the Press now began to attack Turner. *Blackwood* opened the ball by assailing the *Venice*. The following year, 1836, this attack became more general over the *Juliet and her Nurse* and the *Mercury and Argus*. Ruskin at seventeen took up the championship of Turner, which the old man grimly let go by him with his "I never move in these matters." Turner had visited Italy with Monro, who was disappointed in Turner's verbal lack of enthusiasm in the presence of Nature. The attack increased in 1837 on his *Snowstorm* and *Departure of Regulus*. This year his *England and Wales* venture collapsed, and he bought out the whole stock when put up to auction for three thousand pounds. The Dresden sketch-book is of this time. Henceforth Turner, in his sixties, spends a great part of his life abroad. His vigour of body must have been astounding, for we must consider the "Diogenes way" in which he skimped himself and the difficulties of travel. His mere bodily adventures were enough to exhaust a young man. Yet this was the decade in which he put his artistic powers to their full stretch in masterpiece after masterpiece of superb water-colour. Venice and the Righi, how he watched their every change of line! His sketch-books are full of Venice and the Lake of Lucerne. To the Academy of 1838 he sent *Ancient Italy* and *Modern Italy*. The Tate holds his delightful unfinished water-colour of *The Salute*.

To 1839 belong the immortal *Fighting Téméraire tugged to her Last Berth*—a wondrous utterance of pathos—and the fine *Agrippina*

landing with the Ashes of Germanicus. The Tate has the water-colour sketch of a *Venetian Fishing-Boat.*

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Of 1840 were the *Slave Ship*—lauded by Ruskin as his supreme work, but, judging by reproductions, a poor affair with brilliant bits—the *New Moon*; the fine South Kensington *Venice*; the superb masterpiece of *Rockets and Blue Lights* now in America, a work in which the mood of the tempest is recorded as no man but Turner ever had the power to utter it; the rich and glowing *Arch of Constantine* at the Tate; the *Tivoli*; and the glorious *Burning of the Ships*. And when we remember that Tate water-colours, such as the *Lake of Lucerne from Fluelen*, the large *Lake with Distant Headlands and Palaces* and the Rawlinson *Vale d'Aosta* are of this time, one wonders where to look for Turner's decay or decline. Of 1842 were a *Venice* and the *Depositing of Bellini's pictures in the Church of the Redentore*, *Venice*, a pageant of sunlight. The sketch-books show him at work at Lucerne, on the Rhine, at Thun, Zug, Goldau, Fluelen, Bellinzona, Como, Splügen, Grenoble. And his art floats upon the paper those aerial visions which clearly were wrought whilst the colours were flowing and were caught and kept in place by the calculated wizardry of his hand's skill.

In 1842, at sixty-seven, Turner painted several of the masterpieces of his great career. The magnificent work known as the *Snowstorm*, in which a paddle-steamer thrashes its way through the turmoil of seas and heaven, is a masterly statement of mist and light, of the movement of the sea and of the vessel upon the sea, of the thrash of the storm, and the glint of light and darkness upon the sweeping waters such as places him beyond the reach of all previous achievement in art whatsoever. "The critics of all kinds were furious." Yes; they would be. It is so unlike Michelangelo, and holds scant hint of Raphael. They called this wondrous thing, this, one of the masterpieces of the ages, they called it "soapsuds and whitewash." Turner had been lashed to a mast on a vessel off Harwich in a hurricane to see that vision; he had made the sailors take him out to see it—a man of sixty-seven, "in his decline"! The *War: the Exile and the Rock Limpet* missed its intention, but the *Burial of Wilkie at Sea* was of this year, a masterly impression of the solemnity of Death. And of this year also were many of the superb water-colours and the five water-colour sketches made in Switzerland, chiefly about Lucerne. The Rawlinson *Spietz on the Lake of Thun* is of them, also the *Coblentz*, the *Constance*, the *Splügen*, the *Bay of Uri*, the *Zurich.*

Munro of Novar offered him £25,000 for all he had at the

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Queen Anne Street Gallery, but Turner answered with his "No! I won't—I can't . . . besides, I can't be bothered. Good evening!"

Of 1843 were the immortal *Approach to Venice* and *The "Sun of Venice" going to Sea*. Turner, mark you, was sixty-eight the day he painted the *Approach to Venice*; he was an old man the day he gave forth this jocund exquisite impression. His piercing old eyes could see that he had thrust the art of painting vast realms beyond the power, to say nothing of the achievement, of the greatest masters of the past. Here he utters a song of the dawn in purest poetry such as had aforetime been impossible. Gaze on the whole range of that majestic past that may be seen in such splendid fashion at the National Gallery, and then come to this; and you shall realise how dull and drab it all is by comparison. Colour takes voice, becomes music—there are harps in the air. The dewy day is fragrant of the fresh breath of morning.

Of this year also were *The Evening of the Deluge*, *The Morning after the Deluge*, and the *Walhalla*, that Turner sent as gift to the King of Bavaria, and that gentlemanly person returned, saying he could not understand it. Turner was also fretted by the publication of the first volume of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*! Of the wonderful water-colours are the Rawlinson *The Seelisberg—Moonlight*, and the South Kensington *Lake of Brienz*. Decline? Little the old man who shuffled about his dirty, squalid, ill-kept house, and who would sit on the Margate boat amidst the squall and tossing waters, eating shrimps out of a red handkerchief, watching and noting impressions of the sea, knew of decline. A quaint kind of decline that, in the next year of 1844, the last year of his sixties, saw him give forth his *Rain, Steam, and Speed* in which he utters the impression of a railway train; a quaint sort of decay that sends a man, on the edge of seventy, roaming to Lucerne, Thun, Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, Grindelwald, Meiringen, Rheinfelden, Heidelberg, sketching hundreds of sketches! But he confesses that "the rigours of winter begin to tell on me"! at seventy! because he is twice driven back from tramping across the Alps. Well might he jot down with pride on the edge of seventy "No matter what befell Hannibal, W. B. and J. M. W. T. passed the Alps from Fombey, Sept. 3, 1844." The death of his friend Callcott was a heavy blow to him. The Tennant *Approach to Venice* and the National Gallery *Fishing Boats bringing in a Disabled Ship* are of this year. But at last the vigorous body begins to yield to the weight of the years. He becomes very bent. In 1845 he was seventy. We have Ruskin's witness that his health began to fail, yet the little black figure squats down by

Thames mud for over half-an-hour, to watch how the water ripples to the shore! He painted the *Sunrise, with a Sea Monster*—he was interested in whales this year—and showed *Whalers* in this year and the next. The whalers' sketch-book has drawings of whaling subjects, whether made on a voyage or from gossip amongst the shore folk at Wapping is unknown. Thackeray blemished his repute for art by childish attacks on Turner in *Punch*, which display his own ignorance, whilst deeply wounding the old artist. The sketch-books of 1845 and 1846 show Turner at Folkestone, Hythe, Walmer, Ambleteuse, Wimereux, Boulogne, Eu, Tréport, Dieppe, then back at Folkestone. In the Rawlinson *Tell's Chapel*, his last water-colour of Switzerland, there is no slightest sign of hesitation or decline; nor in his seventy-first year, 1846, in which the old singer utters his last great song. Yet what a song, and what a significance! Think of it. At seventy-one he utters that sweet aerial fancy of *Queen Mab's Grotto*, blithe as a young man's first love-lyric, exquisite as a great soprano's fullest song—a very swan-song.

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Other pictures he painted, a *Whaler*, *Undine*, *The Angel standing in the Sun*, two whalers—*Hurrah* and *Boiling Blubber*—*Venice*, *Morning*: *Returning from the Ball*, and *Going to the Ball*, wherein the hand begins to falter; but—he painted the *Queen Mab's Grotto* his swan-song of splendour!

This year, also, he shuts up his last sketch-book—it is the "Kent, 1845-46."

1847

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

The next year of 1847, his seventy-second year, he shuns his old haunts, disappears from his house. His doors at Queen Anne Street are locked and barred. He rarely creeps into his dingy old home. His old housekeeper, the faithful Hannah Danby, knows not where he goes. He suddenly turns up at a council-meeting of the Academy or on Varnishing Day—speaks little to any one—avoids old friends, then vanishes again. He sends old pictures to the Academy displays. He turns up at Mayall the photographer's, in Regent Street—says he is a Master in Chancery, for he is deeply interested in this thing called photography—he goes again and again. He goes to dine with the Bicknells at Herne Hill, is merry: his portrait is made there secretly by Landseer and Count D'Orsay, the portrait attributed to Linnell; then suddenly, in 1850, appear

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four paintings by Turner at the Academy—they are called his "failures"; well the nation possesses *Aeneas relating his Story to Dido*, his *Mercury sent to admonish Aeneas*, the *Departure of the Trojan Fleet*, and the *Visit to the Tomb*. At a dinner at Roberts's house he made merry, was seen into a cab, evaded the giving of the address to the cabman with a wink, saying "Tell him to drive to Oxford Street, and then I'll direct him where to go," and so rattled back into the mysteries. On the death of Shee, Turner fretted at not being made President of the Academy.

At the private view of the Academy of 1851 Turner appeared —a shaky, broken, feeble man: Roberts, in the name of his fellows, offered to visit him, promising not to disclose his hiding-place; but Turner, touched as he was, replied that he would come and see Roberts whenever in town.

Hannah Danby, turning over his clothes one day, found a letter which gave her a hint; with another old woman she made for Chelsea, and found that Turner was living at Cremorne Cottage in Cheyne Walk as Mr. Booth. She went straight to Mr. Harpur, a trustee of Turner's, who arrived only to find the old artist sinking. He had been living in the old cottage with Mrs. Booth, who spoke of him as her husband. Having been wheeled to the window to look upon the winter sunset, he died in her arms on the 19th of December 1851.

The urchins of Chelsea had called the eccentric old man Admiral Booth—or Puggy Booth. It was said that he would go to Wapping and hobnob with the rough river folk. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, hard by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He left both Hannah Danby and Mrs. Booth comfortably off. He left his vast treasure of art to the nation. But the huge sum that he willed for a home for Poor and Decayed Artists of lawful English birth was fought over in Chancery, and went to his kin. So the 19,331 items of his art came into the nation's keeping, many of them ruined, most in a filthy state, but all, thanks to the care and research of lovers of his art, now emerging into the splendid display of his genius in the national collections, and handsomely housed, thanks to the generous gift of a fine home for them at the Tate by Sir Joseph Duveen.

Turner's great discovery was this, that each and every thing seen needs a style created for itself, apart from all other subjects,

before it can be created by the artist into its supreme emotional utterance. He could not have told you so in words; he was not a man of reason, of bright intellect, he *did* the thing, moved thereto by unerring instinct—just as Shakespeare did it.

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Mallarmé, gazing upon *Rain, Steam, and Speed*, said, "Turner is the greatest painter that has ever lived"; and he was nothing less. All that is vital in modern art was born out of the revelation of Turner.

Turner, with infinite labour, mastered tradition, entered into rivalry with it, challenged it, conquered it; and, having made it his own, and thus equipped, embarked on the wider adventure of the conquest of a new world. He discovered that painting was an immense instrument —hundreds of instruments—and he discovered thereby the orchestration of colour. Velazquez played upon realistic subtilities—he created a narrow art thereby, even though he did so in supreme fashion. And so with the others. Turner flung mere triumphs of handling into the waste-paper basket. He saw that the colour-scheme to create a blithe, light, jocund emotion could never be fitted to create a deep, solemn emotion of awe; that the pomp of death must be uttered in colour-harmonies of a solemn and majestic cadence far different from the blithe mood of a bridal, with merry bells a-ringing and roses, roses all the way. And he bent the Light to his will so that the blithe harmonies should utter blithe emotions, sombre harmonies the solemn emotions. So that the Dawn at Venice appears clad in pale aerial vesture floating upon the mirrored waters, turning gondola and shipping and edifice and cupola into the fabric of a dream such as the dawn compels into our eyes and weaves into our sensing.

Turner's range is prodigious—an eagle's flight. He rides upon the storm, and the long, sweeping buffets and staggering blows of the raging waters fling their anger across his canvas, the spiteful waves spit their venom of spume, the thunder and the roar of the tempestuous heavens join their din to the frantic tumult of the great waters. At a stroke of his wizardry he brings forth the awful silence of a great calm in which mountain and city lie mirrored in the reflecting waters that lie still as glass under the leagues of the glorious heavens. The tragic sense of great barren mountains, the sweet fragrance of meadows that lie by pleasant streams, the city's multitudinous haunt of men, the lap of waters against the clumsy float of great ships, the sunrise, the sun's setting, the twilight, the moonlight, all were granted to him to utter in unforgettable fashion; and he triumphed—the supreme poet that colour has yet given to the

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world. "All the torches that have shed a flood of new light on Art, that of Delacroix in 1825, those of the Impressionists in 1870, have in turn been lit at his flame," says French De la Sizeranne, and utters but the scant truth. Constable, returning from the display of 1828, might well write, "Turner has some golden visions, glorious and beautiful. They are only visions, but still they are art, and one could live and die with such pictures." What indeed is life but a vision? with what has the art of painting to do but with the vision? and Turner was lord of it all. Of Turner Constable said, "I believe it would be difficult to say that there is a bit of landscape now done that does not emanate from that source." Small wonder that this lonely man, faced with the artist's eternal agony of having to part with his works, was wont to say when he screwed his courage to the sale of a picture, "I 've lost one of my children." Fortunately for the nation the bulk of his fortune was made out of his engravings, not out of the sale of his pictures. He clung to his "children."

Mean of money, he was artistically generous. A young fellow called Bird has his picture crowded out—Turner takes down one of his own and sets up Bird's instead. He covers his luminous *Cologne* with lampblack to give Lawrence's pictures honour—"it will all wash off after the exhibition."

So the little, bow-legged, snuffy, big-headed man, with the small hands and feet, who, when sitting perched on a high place, well-plied with Academy sherry, could paint masterpiece after masterpiece in the four days allowed for varnishing at the annual displays, who gave his life to the conquest of light and colour, lives immortal; indeed, did not Constable affirm that the painting of Turner was the most complete work of genius known to him?

Turner, as at the stroke of a magician's wand, raises out of the void the vision and the dream in such consummate fashion that he conquers the mind. It is but the dullard pedant who, untouched by the wizardry of it all, peers at the painted canvas and picks holes in details.

Turner exults in the glory of the world; as his body becomes bent with age, he shouts his song of exultation as though youth were in his blood; the music of his exultation is as the voice of some great seer uttering his visions to the ages. We stand before the vast achievement of his genius as though we were in a great cathedral the aisles and majestic deeps of which reverberate with the sounds of his mighty utterance. Dullards ask for sobriety of mood from one drunk with the wine of life. He found at last the splen-

dour of colour and the vast orchestra that would pour forth art that fits each mood, sublime or dainty, epic or lyrical, dramatic or homely pastoral, the splendour that his eyes had seen, the significance that his senses had known.

And little dullard men, with pen and ink, walk about his feet and *blame* him for it!

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DAWN BREAK IN SPLENDOUR OVER ENGLAND OUT OF A BARBER'S SHOP

CHAPTER III

WHEREIN A MILLER'S SON FINDS ROMANCE IN THE REALITY OF ENGLAND'S LANDSCAPES, AND PAINTS HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOME-LAND

REALISM IN LANDSCAPE

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

THERE were born, within a year of each other, Constable and Turner, who were, with Crome, to lead into the promised land of Modern Painting and take possession.

CONSTABLE
1776 – 1837

It is usual to begin a survey of Constable's genius by asserting that the impetus given to English landscape by Wilson and Gainsborough had died out in a barren formula—the formula of "the brown tree," of landscape made to plan, of grass that must not be green, when Constable arose and cracked the farce asunder. Such was far from the case. Morland was alive; Crome, in some ways as great as Constable, was creating master-work. Turner, a far vaster genius than he, was beginning his great career beside him.

A Constable, of the patrician Yorkshire family of that name, had come to Suffolk as a farmer; and his grandson, Golding Constable, who had built himself a fine house, was owner of water-mills at Flatford and Dedham and two wind-mills at East Bergholt. To Golding Constable and his wife Ann Watts was born at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, on the 11th of June 1776, his second son, JOHN CONSTABLE. The delicate child grew to healthy boyhood, and at seven was sent to a boarding-school, thence to another, and thence to the Grammar School at Dedham, where he stayed until seventeen. By sixteen he was playing with paints, and neglecting the latinities for them. His leisure time at East Bergholt he spent with a plumber and glazier called Dunthorne, who was given to landscape-painting. But the father had the Church in his mind for the youth, whereon the young fellow, from dread of it, went to the mills for a year, when the father, realising the bent of his son, got

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CONSTABLE

1776 – 1837

"A COUNTRY LANE"

(National Gallery)

WHEREIN A MILLER'S SON FINDS ROMANCE IN THE REALITY OF ENGLAND'S LANDSCAPES, AND PAINTS HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOMELAND

him an introduction to the generous Sir George Beaumont on one of his visits to his mother, the Dowager-Lady Beaumont, who lived at Dedham, in the house where Constable now saw his first Claude (the National Gallery *Hagar*), and some thirty water-colours by Girtin.

In 1795 Constable went to London armed with a letter to Wilson's pupil, Farringdon, and so became known to John Thomas Smith, the engraver, from whom he learnt to etch. For a couple of years Constable divided his time between London and Suffolk, sketching at Bergholt, reading artists' lives, and working at anatomy and etching; pen drawings of 1796 by him being at South Kensington. To 1797 belong oil-paintings of *A Chymist* and *An Alchymist*. He returned to his father's business. But the man fretted; and in 1799 he took to art again, never to withdraw from it, entering the schools of the Royal Academy on the 4th of February, lodging in Cecil Street, Strand, and starting copying Ruysdael on his own account; by the end of the year he had copied two Wilsons, a Carracci, a Ruysdael, and Claude's *Hagar*. The summer of 1800 saw him back amongst his beloved scenes, where were "every stile and stump, and every lane in the village" that he knew so well. In 1801 he went to Derbyshire, and made sketches in water-colour, of which twelve are at South Kensington. On his return to London he withdrew to 50 Rathbone Place to be more by himself, being already disgusted with the "cold trumpery stuff" of his academic fellows. The Academy of 1802 saw his first picture —a small landscape. West seems greatly to have encouraged him, and did him the far-reaching good service of making him refuse a post as drawing-master which Dr. Fisher (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), with the best intention, had secured for him.

Constable now saw that to "seek the truth at second hand" from pictures instead of from Nature meant death to art. And it was in this year that he wrote to Dunthorne: *There is room enough for a natural painter*. South Kensington holds the small and exquisite *Dedham Vale* of the September of this year—the *Windmill*, in black chalk and wash, reveals the coming of the master. In 1803 he sent to the Academy, but not in 1804, the year of his altarpiece, *Christ Blessing Little Children*, for Brantham Church.

Of 1805 was a *Moonlit Landscape*; but in 1806 he was north in the Lake Country, of which he made during two months many sketches in water-colour and some in oil, of which South Kensington holds some twenty-two in water-colour and indian ink; they exhausted his utterance of the mountains. He could only feel the

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homely landscapes in which men dwell. Still, 1807 saw him show *Keswick Lake*, *A View in Westmorland*, and *Bow Fell*; and in 1808 the *Borrowdale*, the *Scene in Cumberland*, and *Windermere Lake*. All 1807 he was making copies of family portraits, chiefly by Reynolds, for the Earl and Countess of Dysart. This training led his hand to decision. The Nayland Church altarpiece of *Christ Blessing the Bread and Wine* is a marked advance, if still not a masterpiece. He goes through a stage of painting in monochrome and then glazing in colours after Reynolds, then of proceeding to paint in strong colours and softening by glazing. The man was trying to find a way out. He was very slow of brain and hand. He was plodding at it. But he was rapidly coming into a forceful direct style of setting down values at once, as at a stroke, of objects bathed in their distance of atmosphere; and if it be correct that the superbly wrought *Dedham Vale* at the National Gallery, the *Golding Constable's House* and the fine South Kensington *On the Stour near Dedham* are of this time, 1810, then Constable had arrived. *On the Stour near Dedham* shows him complete master of a craftsmanship that at once answers the brain's impression. For him now to conquer.

But his prospects were scarcely bright; he had for some years been in love with the young daughter of Charles Bicknell, Solicitor to the Admiralty, and granddaughter of Dr. Rhudde, the rector of Bergholt; this mutual love was hotly opposed by all the relations. The old rector was greatly rich, and there was bad blood between him and Golding Constable. All this misery was doing the man little good. Then his own family kept taunting him with waste of time on landscape, and urged him to portraiture. However, to the Academy of 1812 went his *Flatford Mill* and *View of Salisbury*. In the spring, being unwell, he made for his beloved Suffolk. Though sixteen years younger than Constable, Fisher, son of the Master of Charterhouse, and then chaplain to his uncle the Bishop of Salisbury, a man of rare culture, grew into loyal intimacy with Constable, to whom his decision of character was to be of value. Fisher became Archdeacon in 1817, and often entertained Constable.

For Constable, the Fishers secured some portraits to paint; he worked much for Lady Louisa Manners; but the simple fellow, to whom Cowper's poems and letters were the supreme literature, yearned for Bergholt. By the June of 1813 he had painted so many portraits that he was at last in funds as he entered London town. It was to the Academy of 1813 that he sent the two landscapes *Morning* and *Afternoon*, which drew Fisher's praise and waggery: "I only liked one better, and that is a picture of pictures,

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the *Frost*, by Turner. But, then, you need not repine at this decision of mine; you are a great man, and, like Buonaparte, are only to be beaten by a frost." In 1814 he sold his first displayed works, one to Mr. Allnutt and the other to Mr. Carpenter, *The Lock*. And he painted much about Flatford, of which the *Boat-building* (1815) and the sketch of *Cart and Horses* are at South Kensington, where also is the *Dedham Vale* of this time, with the figure of the cow in the foreground.

In the February of 1815, Dr. Rhudde seems to have given his "sweet permission" for the young lovers to meet under his roof. These two quaint, respectable lovers seem to have met pretty often, and to have deemed it wise not to tell the worthy grandfather that they were making good his "sweetness," until, discovering it just a year after, he flew into a theological fury, and told the girl's father that she was "no longer his grand-daughter." The careful Maria was in consternation. Constable's mother had died in the May of 1815; Maria's mother a few days after. In December his father was seized with sickness, and Constable remained the winter with him. Then came the discovery and fury. That fury drove the languid blood of Constable to action.

The death of Golding Constable called back his famous son to Bergholt in the May of 1816. He came into £4000, which gave him a small certainty. Fisher, in the August of 1816, wrote and told him that if they wanted it, he would marry them in London. Maria hedged and changed, but on October 2, 1816, she and Constable were married at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields by the Reverend John Fisher, and they spent their honeymoon with the Fishers at Osmington. Constable and his wife settled in a small house in Keppell Street, Russell Square, and there the two eldest children, John and Maria, were born. Of this time is the National Gallery *Flatford Mill*; and to the Academy of 1817 he sent, amongst others, the famous sunlit *Cottage in a Cornfield* at South Kensington, in which he makes lyrical the noontide heat of a summer's day. Of 1819 was his largest canvas yet shown, the Pierpont Morgan *On the River Stour*, better known as *The White Horse*; on the six-foot canvas he put the price of a hundred guineas without the frame, that startled the art world; and Fisher bought it.

Late in 1819 Constable was elected A.R.A.; and in the same year his wife received a legacy of £4000 from her fierce old grandfather Dr. Rhudde. The Academy of 1820 had his *Harwich Lighthouse*, now at the Tate, and the large *Stratford Mill* called also *The Young Waltonians* from the boys fishing in the foreground, a work

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which Fisher bought and gave to his solicitor Tinney. Being with Fisher at Salisbury in the summer, he painted the exquisite South Kensington *Water Meadows near Salisbury*, which, having been put by mistake amongst the works of outsiders at the selection, was rejected by the Hanging Committee, on which Constable himself grimly sat; but the carpenter, as he set the cross of rejection on it, noticed the name; however, amidst the judges' apologies and excuses Constable remained relentless—it had been refused, so out it must go. Constable took his family awhile to rooms at Hampstead and painted the famous view called *The Salt Box* at the Tate. The next year (1821) he took a small house at Hampstead in Lower Terrace and often painted there from this time.

To the Academy of 1821 he sent four landscapes, of which one was the large *Landscape, Noon*, to become world-famous as *The Haywain*—it to-day hangs at the National Gallery, the far finer oil-sketch for it being at South Kensington.

Now the *Haywain* went to the Academy and made small stir enough. The first of the year saw Constable wander over Berkshire with Fisher, and South Kensington is the richer by some ten drawings of Reading, Newbury, and Abingdon, and the British Museum with sketches at Oxford. In the November he went to Salisbury as Fisher's guest, and made many sketches of the neighbourhood.

To the Academy of 1822 he sent the large *River Stour near Dedham*, a *Hampstead Heath*, *Malvern Hall*, the *Terrace at Hampstead*, and a study of *Trees*. He was now asked by a Frenchman to sell his *Haywain* for display in Paris. He took a larger house at 35 Charlotte Street. But the winter of 1822-23 meant heavy sickness in his house. Then he got to work upon his *Salisbury Cathedral from the Bishop's Garden*, now at South Kensington—the Cathedral seen amongst the trees—and in this picture we see the beginning of that effort to give the glitter of sunlight that vibrates amongst his coming masterwork, known to the foolish as "Constable's snow."

In the October of 1823 he was staying with Sir George Beaumont at Coleorton Hall in Leicestershire; and enjoyed the fine Claudes, Wilsons and Poussins there gathered together.

In the meanwhile, in the April of 1824, Constable had sold the *Haywain*, a *Yarmouth*, and another picture to the Frenchman—or rather to Arrowsmith, the English dealer in Paris, who clearly looked upon himself as a Frenchman, since he spoke of the French as his "countrymen"—he who had approached him before. To the Academy he sent the *Boat passing a Lock*. Constable's *Haywain* and

the two other landscapes had been hung at the Salon at the Louvre, and their effect was astounding. Delacroix was so deeply stirred by the freshness and truth of Constable's art, that he completely repainted his canvas of the *Massacre of Scio* during the four days before the Salon of 1824 threw open its gates to the public. The pictures were well hung from the first, but so great was the stir they made that they were moved into a more prominent place in the chief room. The following year Constable received a gold medal.

During 1824 and 1825, Constable had had to take his family much to Brighton, which place he detested. By the January of 1825 he had set to work on the six-foot canvas of the famous Diploma Gallery masterpiece of *Dedham Lock*, better known as the *The Leaping Horse*, in which all his great powers are revealed, whilst South Kensington has the superb large oil-sketch of the same.

The eldest boy's ill-health gave Constable and his wife grave anxiety all through this great year; and Fisher proved a loyal and generous friend. This summer Constable was hard at work upon his *Opening of Waterloo Bridge*, but it beat him; and was not again taken up for seven years. It was rather a pity that Constable's touchiness at this time lost him the valuable support of Arrowsmith in Paris.

Constable was now fifty; and with the years the Poet in him came forth to full power. To the Academy of 1826 he sent the large *The Cornfield*, now in the National Gallery. The health of his family improved; and all began to smile for Constable.

To the Academy of 1827 he sent *The Marine and Chain Pier at Brighton*, the *Water-mill at Gillingham*, and *Hampstead Heath*; whilst he showed elsewhere *The Glebe Farm*, now in the National Gallery. In the summer he found his permanent home at Hampstead in a little house in Well Walk, and let his house in Charlotte Street, except the parlours, painting-room, and such part as he could use for work there. He glories in the view. On the 2nd of the January of 1828, his fourth son was born; thereafter his wife began to sink. Then her father died, leaving Constable £20,000, and Constable could write to Fisher that he could now settle that sum on his wife and children and "stand before a six-foot canvas with a mind at ease, thank God"! Alas! he was to know sorrow deeper than the poverty that was past; his wife died of consumption on the 23rd of November; her death left a scar on the man's soul, and his self-distrust and nervousness regained a grip upon him. He went back to the house in Charlotte Street with his seven children; and looked henceforth on Hampstead as but a place to visit.

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To the Academy of this fateful year of 1828 he had sent a *Hampstead Heath*, and a *Dedham Vale*, but finer than these is the National Gallery oil-sketch of *A Summer Afternoon after a Shower*, seen near Redhill, a masterpiece of impression; and to judge by their lyrical power, the National Gallery *The Gleaners*, and that other great oil-sketch, the South Kensington *A Mill near Brighton*, must be of the same great time.

On February 10th, 1829, Constable was elected R.A. Turner came to hail him. But Turner's generosity was not equalled by the egregious Lawrence, on whom Constable had to call as President, and who frankly expressed his surprise at the election of a landscape-painter! Before sending his *Hadleigh Castle* to the Academy, Constable asks Leslie's advice on it, two months later, "as I am still smarting under my election." The delightful story is told of it that, on varnishing day, Chantrey, saying the foreground was too cold, took Constable's palette and brushed a broad glaze of asphaltum across it—"There goes my dew," cried Constable, and promptly took it all off again.

Depressed and down at heart, Constable began this year that famous series of his *English Landscape* to be engraved in mezzotint by David Lucas—a work which engaged his chief energies for the remaining decade of his life.

As newly elected R.A. he was on the Hanging Committee of 1830, to which display he sent *A Dell in Helmingham Park*, and the South Kensington *Hampstead Heath* with the carter's team in the foreground.

In 1831 he became visitor to the Life Schools, the year of the superb large oil-sketch in the National Gallery of *Salisbury*, which created the nearly as great completed Ashton canvas of *Salisbury from the Meadows with the Rainbow*, which was to have been bought for the nation, but gave way to the inferior *Cornfield*. The great canvas with the rainbow is a masterpiece; but the nation is more fortunate in possessing the oil-sketch of *Salisbury*, which is marvellously well reproduced in this volume, and for glitter and values, for virile force and lyrical utterance is amongst the supreme works of this great artist's achievement. Of the same year was the *Yarmouth Pier*. The painter was so ill at this time that he was clearly contemplating death.

In 1832 he was seriously crippled with rheumatics. This year he tackled the large *Opening of Waterloo Bridge* again. As it glitters upon Sir Charles Tennant's walls to-day, there is no sign of that heavy coat of blacking and mastic varnish that was spread over it

VI

CONSTABLE

1776 – 1837

ENGLISH SCHOOL

"SALISBURY CATHEDRAL"

(National Gallery)

Painted in oil on canvas. 1 ft. 2 in. h. × 1 ft. 8 in. w. (0·356 × 0·508).

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after Constable's death, to bring it into good taste! This year he lost his old friend, Archdeacon Fisher, and young Dunthorne died.

In the June of 1833 he gave his first lecture, afterwards given to the Royal Institution as *The History of Landscape-Painting*. He fretted at the loss of his two sons, whom he had to send to school at Folkestone. Fortunately the friendship of George Constable of Arundel had now come into his life. In the February of 1834, Constable had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, from which he probably never wholly recovered. To the Academy he could only send water-colours—*Old Sarum*, the fine *Stoke Pogis Church* and *Interior of a Church*, which, with the drawing of a *Study of Trees*, are all at South Kensington. He visited George Constable at Arundel; and later stayed at Petworth with Lord Egremont.

To the Academy of 1835 he sent *The Valley Farm*, now at the National Gallery, of which he himself said, "I have kept my brightness without my spottiness, and I have preserved God Almighty's daylight, which is enjoyed by all mankind, excepting only the lovers of old dirty canvas, perished pictures at a thousand guineas each." In the June he gave his second lecture at Hampstead; and in July he was with George Constable at Arundel again, sketching the British Museum *Stormy Effect*, *Littlehampton*, and drawing *Arundel Mill and Castle*. In the August he started his second boy on a sea-faring career. The autumn saw him at Worcester, and sketches of Worcester ensued.

In the early part of 1836 he was giving all his strength to the four lectures on landscape art to be delivered before the British Institution; but he began his unfinished *Arundel Mill and Castle*, which he set aside for *The Cenotaph* now at the National Gallery—the picture of that monument to Reynolds which Sir George Beaumont had raised in his grounds at Coleorton. In the February of 1837 he was back at work upon *Arundel Mill*. On the 31st of March, he worked on the *Arundel Mill and Castle*; went on an errand for the Artists' Benevolent Fund; supped and went to bed at eleven. The servant took away the candle by which he had been reading, and left him asleep; his son John coming in from a theatre found his father in great pain; and an hour thereafter he was dead.

They buried Constable by his wife in Hampstead churchyard.

Constable was singularly fortunate in his mezzotint engraver, David Lucas, the pupil of S. W. Reynolds. The first edition of twenty-two plates appeared in 1833. Lucas was dilatory and un-

methodical; Constable ill; the venture did not pay; yet, spite of much trial of patience, the two men grew greatly into each other's affection. Under Constable's close guidance Lucas wrought the broad bold sketches with great power; he largely failed in reproducing the completed pictures; and with other men's work he was far from masterly.

Constable saw that painting from other men's pictures could not create art, and he early discovered that "painting is with me but another word for feeling"—in that moment he plumbed the mystery of art.

Asked to give the money-value of a Cuyp he made answer, "I am no judge; I only know *good* things from *bad* in art." Excursions "into the vacant fields of idealism" roused the scorn contained in that phrase; but he had no love of mere vulgar realism. "*I shall conclude with a brief allusion to a certain set of painters, who, having substituted falsehood for truth, and formed a style mean and mechanical, are termed mannerists. Much of the confusion of opinions in art arising from false taste is caused by works of this stamp, for if the mannerists had never existed, paintings would always have been easily understood. The education of the professed connoisseur being chiefly formed in the picture gallery and the auction room, seldom enables him to perceive the vast difference between a mannerist and the genuine painter. To do this requires long and close study, and a constant comparison of the art with nature. So few among the buyers and sellers of pictures possess any knowledge so derived, that the works of the mannerists often bear as large a price in the market as those of the genuine painters. The difference is not understood by picture-dealers, and thus, in a mercantile way, has a kind of art been propagated and supported from age to age, deserving only to be classed with the showy and expensive articles of drawing-room furniture. . . . They are the productions of men who have lost sight of nature, and strayed into the vacant fields of idealism.*"

Much of what is attributed to the mouth of Constable must be read with extreme caution; for his addresses were published from reports by men who completely fuddled his statements and did not understand his ideas. It is only when his own notes exist that we are safe in considering his statements—for he did not write the complete lectures, speaking from notes.

Constable saw that it was but mere picture-making to "study pictures only." For him no critic's problem of "where to place your brown tree"—he left it out. Watching Sir George Beaumont trying to paint a landscape like a Poussin instead of from nature, he reminds him that Poussin's greens were not brown when he painted

them. To Beaumont's theory that Nature should be painted in the tone of an old Cremona fiddle, Constable flings the fiddle on the green lawn. "I look on pictures as *things to be avoided*; connoisseurs look on them as things to be imitated."

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Constable had a quick tongue, and considerable humour: "The price of the drawing was 'a guinea and a half *to a gentleman*, and a guinea only to an artist'; but I insisted on his taking the larger sum, as he had clearly proved to me that I was no artist." And this description is delicious: "More overbearing meekness I never met with in any one man." He was the perpetrator of the message to the milkman: "In future we shall feel obliged if you will send us the milk and the water in separate cans." To Blake's admiring exclamation on seeing a sketch in one of Constable's note-books: "Why, this is not drawing, but inspiration!" Constable replies: "I meant it for drawing."

BONINGTON

1801 – 1828

Dead at twenty-seven, the genius of RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON achieved remarkable power in so short a life. His romantic figure-subjects seem commonplace enough to-day, and were in fact largely imitative of Delacroix, to whom he brought, with Constable, the new revelation in landscape. Born at Arnold near Nottingham on October 25, 1801, to an artist who moved to Calais when Bonington was young, the lad worked awhile under Francia (1772-1839) who was settled there, and had sat at the feet of Girtin. At fifteen Bonington went with his father to Paris, where he met another student, Delacroix. Water-colour was so little known in France that Bonington became quite a vogue. Then the lad copied at the Louvre, entered the École des Beaux-Arts, and became pupil to Baron Gros. But he took the far finer lessons of English landscape with him. His landscape and buildings were painted with such power of brushing and colour, that he became one of the chief inspirers of the Romantic movement in France. Going to Italy in 1822 he worked awhile in Venice, and thereby became known in England, where he died of consumption on the 23rd of September 1828 in Tottenham Street, London. The Wallace Collection is rich in him. Bonington's breadth of handling, his subtle tones, his brilliant colour, create a remarkable, personal, and masterly art; on his first appearance at the Salon in the famous display of 1824 he came to high honour. In 1825 Delacroix came with Bonington

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to England; and on their return to Paris they took a studio together.

JAMES BAKER PYNE (1800-1870), born at Bristol, left the law for art, and painted landscapes at home and abroad.

MÜLLER
1812–1845

WILLIAM JAMES MÜLLER was born at Bristol on the 28th of June 1812 to a Prussian who was Curator of the Museum there. Showing early gifts in art, he became pupil to the landscape-painter J. B. PYNE of Bristol. Developing with astonishing rapidity, he found a handsome patron in Mr. Acraman of his town. Müller went straight to Nature; and was soon one of the most remarkable of the landscape-painters of his great period. In 1833 he went abroad, and in 1838 was in Egypt. In 1839 he settled in London. In 1843 he went with Sir Charles Fellows to Lycia. He was early showing at the Academy. But his finest landscapes were of his own land; and such masterpieces as *Eel-pots at Goring* and the *Dredging on the Medway* attest his high gifts. The nation is fortunately rich in his works. He died at Bristol on the 8th of September 1845, at thirty-three.

SIR AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT (1779-1844), born at Kensington and brother of the famous composer, sang as chorister in Westminster Abbey. Pupil to Hoppner, he made a mark in 1799 with a portrait of *Mrs. Roberts*. He became A.R.A in 1806, R.A. in 1810, and was knighted at the coronation of Queen Victoria. His fame rests upon his inhabited landscapes.

Of the mid-century was a painter of landscape closely akin to this pure English movement, VICAT COLE (1833-1893). Born at Portsmouth to an artist father, Vicat Cole showed his first landscape at sixteen. Made A.R.A. in 1870, he became R.A. in 1880.

CHAPTER IV

WHEREIN WE WATCH THE SPLENDOUR OF THE DAWN SET AGLOW THE ANCIENT CITY OF NORWICH

THE NORWICH SCHOOL OF PAINTING

WHEREIN WE WATCH THE SPLENDOUR OF THE DAWN SET AGLOW THE ANCIENT CITY OF NORWICH

THAT was a fortunate day for landscape-painting in England when, in the mid-seventeen-hundreds, a son was born to old John Crome, landlord of the "King and Miller" tavern in Norwich; a more fortunate day when the ignorant and uncouth but genial lad, grown to be errand-boy to a doctor, was dismissed his job for the awkward frolic of changing the labels on the medicine bottles, and so came, with the kindly doctor's help, to apprentice himself to the sign-painter Whisler; it was still more fortunate that just when the youth had been thoroughly grounded in making colours and varnishes to resist wind and rain, the vogue for swinging signs passed away, driving him back for means of livelihood to landscape, though his poverty was so hard that he had to use his mother's castaway dish-clouts for canvases, and the hairs out of the cat's tail for paint-brushes. Indeed, it was probably the very aloofness of Norwich from London and the old Italian masters that sent the Norwich men straight to Nature as they saw and felt it.

We see a group of men, now making a mark, now despondent with debt and difficulty and neglect. Nature their studio; the ale-house their club—we see them sitting in the tavern after their day's work is done, the genial Crome, fond of his glass, flinging down his last shilling with jest and free hand, whilst the thrifty LADBROOKE is content to drink his copper's worth of excitement. We see the kindly old man, well liked by the King Edward the Sixth School lads—Norvicensians—teaching the gentle art of staining paper in the old painting-room of the school to Rajah Brooke of Sarawak and to "Lavengro" Borrow, and to botanist Lindley and stout, dogged General Eyre that is to be, finishing the drawings for them, in over-eagerness to have the thing well done, with the aphorism that his rambling brain repeated on his death-bed—"If your subject is only a pig-sty—dignify it."

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

COTMAN
1782–1842

JOHN SELL COTMAN, one of the greatest glories of British painting, was to know a harsh wayfaring.

To a well-to-do silk-mercer of Cockey Lane, Norwich—the streets of Norwich hold quaint names—was born his eldest son, John Sell Cotman, on the 16th of May 1782. Educated at the famous Grammar School, he would go into the country sketching. There is a wash drawing of *Old Houses* by the lad, made when he was twelve (1794), in which his breadth of handling is already promised. Irked by his father's business to which he went on leaving school, the advice of Opie was asked, who gave the well-known bitter reply, "Let him rather black boots than follow the profession of artist." But artist the young fellow would be; and to London he went about 1797, but found the print-sellers inclined to sneer at his drawings. Dr. Monro, however, early recognised the young fellow's genius. At Monro's house at Adelphi Terrace Cotman came under the glamour of Girtin's broadly washed landscapes. He joined Girtin's sketching club; and of the group, Girtin, Francia, Porter, Underwood, Samuel, Worthington, Denham, Callcott, and Murray, Cotman was youngest. By 1800 he had sketched in Wales and Surrey, since in that year he showed at the Academy paintings of places near *Dorking*, *Guildford*, and *Leatherhead*, and one of *Harlech Castle*. In 1801 and 1802 he was again in Wales. He also ran down to Norwich and gave lessons from Nature. The monochrome *Centaur* is of about 1803. He was now roaming Wales, Shropshire, Somersetshire, Lincolnshire, and spending much time in Yorkshire, where Mr. Francis Cholmeley of Brandsby became his close friend, whose children he taught. The handsome charming fellow was welcome everywhere. Dawson Turner also became his warm friend.

Whilst in Lincolnshire in 1806, he suddenly decided to go back to Norwich and settle there, and he now began to work in oils. He opened a school of drawing, and his *Durham Cathedral* and *Croyland Abbey*, so often painted by him, show the rubbing and handling due to being used for copying by pupils. The famous *Greta Bridge* shows him a great master. In the fine *Duncombe Park* we have the purity of his direct unteased colour, the translucency of his paint. In his portrait of *Crome* we find him interested also in portraiture. In 1808 he showed sixty-seven works, of which were the blithe, breezy, sunlit *Twickenham, Mid-day*.

VII

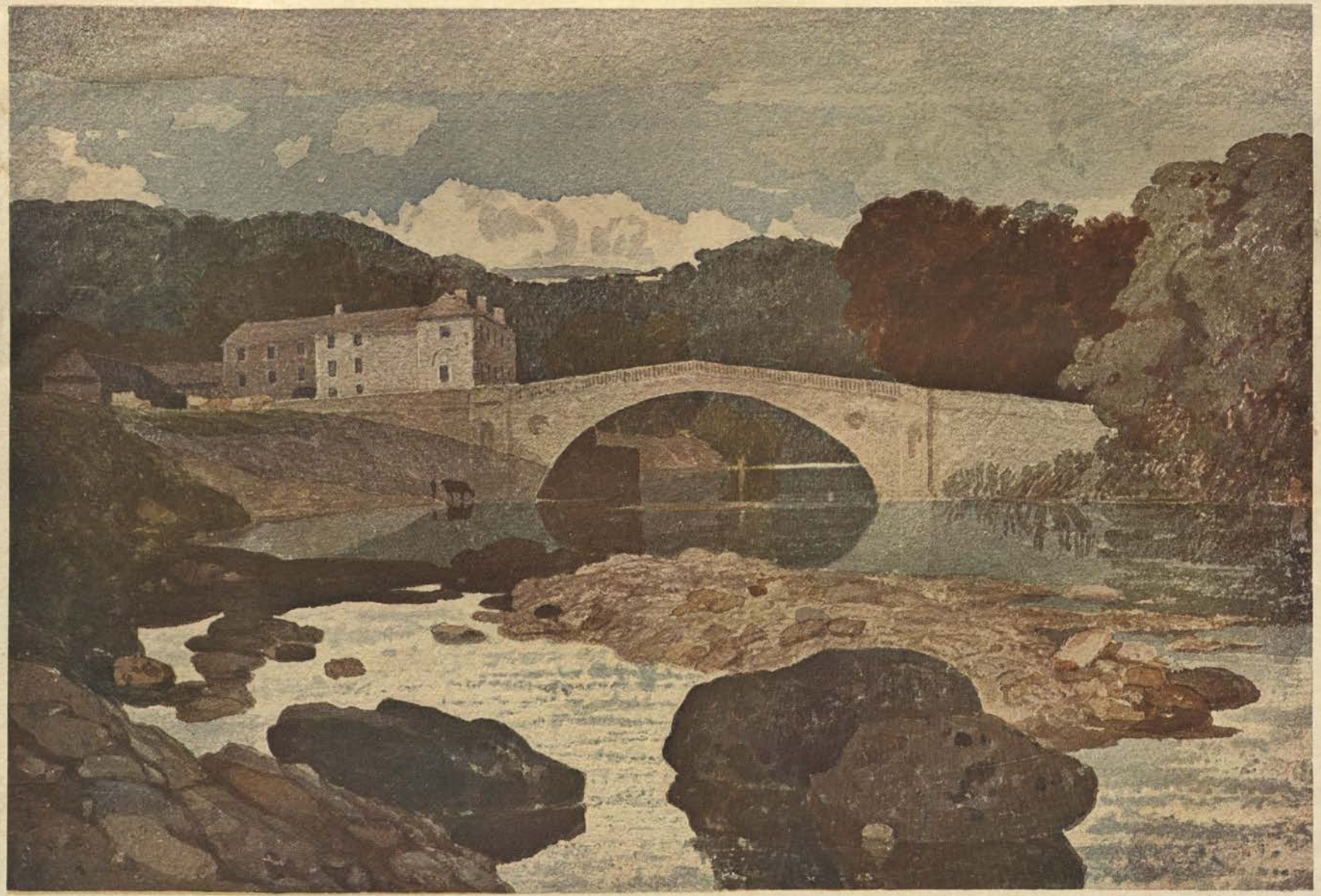
COTMAN

1782–1842

"GRETA BRIDGE, YORKSHIRE"

(WATER COLOUR AT BRITISH MUSEUM)

By kind permission of *The Studio*



In 1809 he married Ann Mills, a farmer's daughter.

Cotman, forming a lending collection of sketches, was giving lessons; the numbers on his water-colours show this. He was also etching. In painting he begins to use the warm yellows that he grew to love. The famous *Trentham Church Interior*, the stately *Draining-Mill, Lincolnshire*, and the *Mousehold Heath* are of 1810.

His superb drawings of *Breaking the Clod* and the *Mare and Foal* are of 1816.

The lovely monochromes, the *Dewy Eve*, with the two boys fishing, the *Shadowed Stream*, and the *Postwick Grove*, with the rich *Cader Idris*, followed.

Cotman, to be near Dawson Turner, went to live at Yarmouth, and thereafter spent his time between the two towns. The famous *Waterfall* in oils is of this time, as also is the fine seascape of *Fishing-boats off Yarmouth*. The sea entered henceforth into his art, and he mastered shipping with rare genius.

In 1817 Cotman went with the Dawson Turners to Normandy; again in 1818; and by himself in 1820. He made a hundred rather hard etchings of the buildings. But Normandy had a profound effect on his art. His colour faculty showed enormous increase. Henceforth he painted in a high key.

In 1824, with a family of six children, he made again for Norwich, and settled in St. Martin's Palace Plain. He had sent to the Norwich Society, the year before, several Normandy subjects, including the *Entrance to Falaise*, daring and powerful in colour. He was now using the reed pen for outlines in his water-colours. Of this time are the superb so-called *Château in Normandy*, the *Dieppe*, the *Blue Afternoon*. Of 1824 were the oil-landscapes *View from Yarmouth Bridge*, the *Old House at St. Albans*. And he was at work on his *Liber Studiorum* etchings, his finest work in this medium.

In 1825 Cotman joined the Old Water Colour Society, and showed regularly in London. He also made a number of water-colours, from sketches by Harriott, of places he had never seen. But his work was selling badly; he had to rely on teaching; his means were scant; his house was large; and he fell into gloom. It was on June 26, 1829, that he wrote of his "eldest son, who is following the same miserable profession with myself." One of his children, looking up, said pathetically, "Why, Papa smiled!" Of 1832 is his rich golden *Gate of the Abbey Aumale*, and of about this time the rich autumnal *Landscape Composition* in the Reeves Collection.

In the January of 1834, to his great joy, Cotman, thanks to Lady Palgrave and to the great painter, J. M. W. Turner, was appointed

WHEREIN WE WATCH THE SPLENDOUR OF THE DAWN SET AGLOW THE ANCIENT CITY OF NORWICH

Professor of Drawing at King's College. Both men, from their youth at Dr. Monro's, had hotly admired each other. Indeed, Turner bought a copy of one of his own water-colours for the *Rivers of France* by Cotman, and gave it away as the original! In order to move to London Cotman had to sell his beloved belongings at his Norwich home. His own drawings and water-colours he kept for teaching; but his oils he sold, his fine *Mishap* going for the highest price of five guineas! the National Gallery *Wherries on Breydon* for eighteen shillings! afterwards sold as a Crome. The oils after the Normandy visit were painted on a yellow ground, and are richer in colour, such as *The Mishap* (1828) and *The Baggage Waggon* (1828), which fetched five pounds!

To King's College was to come as Professor of Italian one Rossetti, whose son, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was Cotman's pupil there. For a while Cotman was happy; he had many artists for friends. But with painting he could not earn his bread. The *Liber Studiorum*, soft-ground etchings most of them, was published in 1838 as the fifth part to his etchings. His duties sadly cut down his creative work. Each year he spent his holidays in his beloved Norwich, and Norfolk fired him to utterance of his great genius. Of the autumn of 1841 were his *Below Hardley Cross*, and *Below Langley*, or *The Wold Afloat*. He sketched his father's house at Thorpe, which he laid in with black and white on a yellow ground to paint. But the July of 1842 found Cotman broken by care; he was worn out. He died of weariness—one of the supreme painters in water-colour that the world has known, unable to earn bread by his supreme art.

Cotman knew moments of joy, and in them he wrought masterpieces—at least that was granted to him. In 1836 his great *Greta Bridge* water-colour sold at Christie's for eight shillings! Ruskin scarce mentioned him. Had it not been for Mr. Reeve of Norwich, a large part of Cotman's achievement had been wholly lost; fortunately the nation now possesses the larger part of his great collection. From the first we see Cotman selecting and reducing all objects to decorative flats with astounding skill, as witness his *Backwater in a Park*, painted at sixteen.

The history of LADBROOKE and of Crome's sons is less interesting. LADBROOKE, the companion of Crome's youth, shared his garret-studio, and together with him spent his evenings after the day's work was done in hard training to become an artist. Ladbrooke's brilliant son, J. P. LADBROOKE, has not yet come into his

kingdom. JAMES STARK (1794-1859), the brilliant pupil of Crome, and THIRTLE (1777-1839), were members of this group. The poor, drunken, debt-pursued VINCENT (1796-1831?) suddenly and strangely vanished, no one knows how or where. But there are three painters of the Norwich School who deserve to be widely known—two remarkable amateurs, DANIELL (1804-1842) and LOUND (1803-1861), and the brilliant genius, BRIGHT, to say nothing of the poor doomed etcher, PRIEST (1810-1850).

WHEREIN WE WATCH THE SPLENDOUR OF THE DAWN SET AGLOW THE ANCIENT CITY OF NORWICH

HENRY BRIGHT

1810 – 1873

Born at Saxmundham in 1810, Henry Bright was apprenticed as a child to a chemist, and it was only in early manhood that he could take up the artistic career for which he pined, and for which, in all his spare moments, he had been preparing himself by painting direct from Nature. He early came to the front, both in water-colours and oils; indeed his handling of both is extraordinarily modern, especially in his grip of fugitive atmospheric effects and lighting. He died at Ipswich in 1873. His superb *Shrimper* is his masterpiece.

Daniell's *Ruined Aqueduct* forestalls much of the modern impressionistic interest in light and mass and colour.

CHAPTER V

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DRAWING-MASTERS SET UP SCHOOL TO TEACH ART IN SO MANY LESSONS

THE DRAWING-MASTERS

VARLEY

1778 – 1842

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

Now there had been born a couple of years after Constable one JOHN VARLEY, who was to begin in England the systematising of the methods of English water-colour painters, and so establishing a sort of "way to do the trick." Born at Hackney on 17th of August 1778, to a Lincolnshire man, he was through his mother a descendant of Cromwell's son-in-law, General Fleetwood. 'Prenticed to a silversmith, he in 1791 was allowed to follow the calling of artist. He became one of the group at Dr. Monro's in the Adelphi; and thereafter a teacher, and was soon making tours in Wales, Yorkshire, Northumberland, Devonshire, and elsewhere. He became the principal teacher of his day, made a large income which his careless, generous ways easily squandered; and his mania for the language of the stars, and his prodigious strength, seem to have taken up as much of his attention as his art. Twice married, he had two sons who followed in his career. He died in London on 17th of November 1842.

PROUT

1783 – 1852

SAMUEL PROUT, vaunted by Ruskin as the greatest painter of architecture, was of a truth a mediocre fellow. Born at Plymouth on the 17th of September 1783, brought up at the Grammar School, he suffered sunstroke in childhood, and was an ailing man by consequence. Learning drawing in his town, he was employed by Britton in Cornwall for material for his *Beauties of England and Wales* in 1801; in 1802 he came to Clerkenwell for two years to live with Britton, showing at the Academy of 1804. But ill-health drove him back to Cornwall. In 1811 he again made for London; became

a member of the Old Water-Colour Society in 1819; crossed to the Continent in 1819, beginning his well-known paintings of Norman cathedrals, churches, town-halls, market-places, and street-scenes. By 1824 he was in Venice, Italy, and Germany. Painter in water-colours to George IV and Queen Victoria, he died at Denmark Hill in the February of 1852. "Bits for Beginners" readily expresses his superficial survey of the significance of art.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DRAWING-MASTERS SET UP SCHOOL, TO TEACH ART IN SO MANY LESSONS

DAVID COX
1783 – 1859

Like Cotman, Cox went direct to Nature; and to him Nature by consequence yielded exquisite tender lyrical notes. He was a pure impressionist.

Of humble stock, DAVID Cox was born on the 29th of April 1783 to a blacksmith of Heath Lane, Deritend, Birmingham; and the child was early at work in the father's forge. The work was too hard for the boy. Having broken his leg, he was given a paint-box to amuse his convalescence; it made him a painter. Sent to learn drawing at a school hard by, by fifteen or sixteen he was 'prenticed to a manufacturer of fancy goods, one of the "toy trades," in which his master, Fielder, soon found the lad useful for the miniature-painting on the knick-knacks. But the suicide of his master threw the lad out of his apprenticeship after eighteen months, and he determined to be an artist. He went as scene-painter's labourer to the elder Macready at the Birmingham theatre. Special scenery was required; De Maria, the scene-painter at the Italian Opera House in London, was called to Birmingham, and, struck by young Cox's intelligence, let him do the work with him. Cox was soon promoted scene-painter to the theatre. This four years' engagement done, he went in 1804 at twenty-one to London to the theatres there. Here he became interested in water-colours; was introduced to Varley and met other artists; and in 1805 he was painting landscape in North Wales. A display of his work at Palser's, the picture-dealer, brought him a patron, Colonel Windsor, afterwards Earl of Plymouth; and he was soon being employed as teacher, so that he left scene-painting behind him. In 1808 he married his landlady's daughter, Mary Ragg, took a cottage at Dulwich, and at twenty-six was a father. He had now to produce a vast number of drawings to be sold in batches of a dozen for use by teachers. However, by tramping it from pupil to pupil, and by hard work, Cox made bread.

From the first Cox was an artist. Mere topographical drawings were no concern of his. He was concerned with atmosphere, and

the moods of Nature at different times of the day and of the year. He was deeply interested in Velazquez, Ruisdael, Poussin, and other masters; but he saw Nature with his own eyes, if at first with somewhat slovenly eyes.

In 1813 he was elected to the Old Water-Colour Society. A vacancy occurring, he applied for and was made drawing-master at the Military College at Farnham; but he only kept it for a year as he was compelled to live in the College and be separated from his family, whilst the work irked him. He returned to find his pupils flown; but seeing an advertisement for a drawing-master at £100 a year, with right to pupils outside his school hours, at a girls' school at Hereford, he applied for and secured the office. So at the end of 1814, borrowing £40, miserably poor, he settled in a little cottage at Hereford, to his great glee; and at Hereford he worked for thirteen years, soon getting other schools and many pupils. He wisely never lost touch with London. In 1826 he went abroad to Holland and Belgium for a holiday. But his Hereford holidays were mostly spent on the Wye or in Wales. An ardent Liberal in politics, Cox was greatly interested in public affairs. He had written a book on painting in 1814; he wrote another in 1825. Living simply and keeping his name before the public, he slowly gathered a little money together—even bought a piece of land and built a cottage thereon, which he sold a couple of years afterwards for a thousand pounds.

Going back to London, he settled at Foxley Road, Kennington, and not only got many pupils, but found his work freely bought; and he could now put by money. So in London he worked hard until 1841, doing his share of the illustrations for the book *Wanderings in North and South Wales* in 1852, and taking a trip to France, but chiefly spending his holidays in England and Wales, in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Hastings, Lancaster. He besides became interested in oils, going as pupil to the gifted young Müller who was then exciting the town. He was now on the edge of sixty; he determined to risk the desire of his heart; he left London in 1841, made for the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and gave himself wholly to painting, settling at Harborne, whilst his son took over his London pupils.

Here he knew the happiest years of his life, painting the landscapes that were his delight, and selling them freely. So he poured forth his famous aerial masterpieces so personal and blithe and colourful. From Harborne he could wander to the little Welsh village of Bettws-y-coed, that his art has immortalised in masterworks; thither he went in 1844, and there he returned again

VIII

DAVID COX

1783 – 1859

"THE WOODCUTTER"

By kind permission of JAMES ORROCK, Esq., R.I., and *The Studio*

David Cox. April 26 1850.

and again, summer after summer. During the winter of 1845 he suffered the first bitter blow of his career; his wife died at seventy-four, and Cox knew terrible grief. But he was soon again pouring forth work in oils and water-colours. He was acknowledged master amongst the great of his land, when, in the June of 1853, he was stricken with apoplexy, which left his sight and memory enfeebled, and broke his vigour and energy. In the June of 1859 he said "Good-bye, pictures!" and took to his bed, sleeping peacefully away on the seventh of the month.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DRAWING-MASTERS SET UP SCHOOL, TO TEACH ART IN SO MANY LESSONS

DE WINT
1784 – 1849

PETER DE WINT, or DE WINDT, came of Dutch merchant stock, some of whom had gone to the American Colonies. One Henry De Wint as a young fellow recrossed the Atlantic, making for Leyden, where he graduated in medicine, thence to St. Thomas's Hospital in London. In 1773, at London, he married a Scottish girl, a Miss Watson, whose family had become impoverished through loyalty to the Stuart. On its becoming known, the poor fellow was disowned and disinherited. He settled in 1781 at Stone in Staffordshire in a modest practice. Of his children, the fourth was born on January 21, 1784, and called Peter—destined to make the name famous.

Peter De Wint was a dreamy boy, who wandered alone about the country-side; and at school was for ever drawing. He patiently suffered his father to start him on a medical career, biding his time. He tactfully won his father to interest in his artistic bent; took lessons in drawing from Mr. Rogers at Stafford, and, on the 1st of April 1802, set out to seek his fortune in London to become apprentice to the rollicking mezzotint-engraver John Raphael Smith, who, though a dissipated dog, was a kind and generous master, and De Wint's strong character stood small risks from contact with the less reputable side of the man. De Wint went to live with the family in King Street, Covent Garden, and here for four years he was busy upon pastel heads and engraving, thoroughly happy, as he had for friend a fellow 'prentice, WILLIAM HILTON, afterwards an Academician, then a shy sensitive lad of sixteen. The men were close and lifelong friends. It was owing to the wilful Hilton running away and breaking apprenticeship that Smith, on De Wint's refusal to tell him where Hilton had gone, sent the dogged honourable young fellow to prison until Hilton, hearing of it, surrendered. The two young fellows joined the volunteers during the Napoleon Invasion panic.

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

In 1806 De Wint cancelled his apprenticeship with John R. Smith, on condition of painting him eighteen landscapes in oil, nine a year. De Wint solemnly kept his pledge. Thus De Wint began his career as a painter in oils. But he soon found water-colours sold more easily. However, in the May of 1806, the two young fellows left Smith. De Wint going to Lincoln on a visit with Hilton, fell in love with Hilton's sister Harriet, then fifteen. Thence De Wint tramped it to Stone, sketching on the way. Hilton joined him at Stone, where both secured several portraits to paint. Settling in London in Broad Street, Golden Square, near Varley, who gave De Wint lessons in water-colour, the young fellow was soon at Dr. Monro's, the friend of Turner and Girtin and Cox. Here it was that De Wint came under the glamour of Girtin's art, which held him his life long. His fellow-lodger Hilton, meanwhile, was getting work due to the friendly J. Raphael Smith, at the same time entering the Academy schools, which De Wint also joined later, in the March of 1809. Meantime De Wint's father had died in the May of 1807, and De Wint took on himself the burden of the family that his elder brother shamefully repudiated. In this year De Wint showed his first picture at the Academy.

His mother came to live with him until De Wint's younger brother, then at the medical schools, got a practice at Ancaster. However, with hard work, De Wint's water-colours were selling—if at small prices—so that he risked marriage with Harriet Hilton on June 16, 1810, and thereby won a happy comradeship. After an autumn in Yorkshire, the De Wints and Hilton settled in Percy Street, where a daughter was born to the De Wints, and where they lived happily for seventeen years; in 1827, Hilton being made Keeper of the Royal Academy, the De Wints went to 40 (now 113) Upper Gower Street, their home for the rest of their lives. In the year of his marriage he was elected to the Old Water-Colour Society. His *Cricketers* at South Kensington was found, long years afterwards, under another water-colour, which he had stretched over it to save a new stretcher. All his subjects are British except those made in Normandy, whither he went with his wife in 1825. He soon had powerful friends and patrons, at whose houses in the country he went and painted in the summer—Lord Lonsdale, Lord Powis, Lord Ailesbury, the Clives of Oakley Park, the Heathcotes of Connington Castle, Mr. Fawkes of Farneley, Mr. Cheney of Badger, and Mr. Ellison of Sudbrooke Holme. He made six illustrations for Cooke's *Southern Coast of England*, and a dozen for *The Thames*.

Doggedly working to secure independence, he wrought at his

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DE WINT
1784–1849

"HARVEST SCENE"

By kind permission of J. L. Roget, Esq., and *The Studio*

art without ceasing. Hilton's death in the December of 1839 was a cruel loss to De Wint. He became morose, and his greed of money increased. He was a pressing salesman at all times of his own works, which he showed in his drawing-room. This money-lust went with a dour religious sense that approached mania. The story is told of a rich man who came to his private views, and always swore that the sold pictures were the ones he had wished. But De Wint got his money out of him. At the next display he labelled two pictures as sold; the rich "patron" rushed to them, swore he would have bought them, "what a pity 'twas that they were sold!" De Wint slapping him on the shoulder, told him he had reserved them for him.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DRAWING-MASTERS SET UP SCHOOL, TO TEACH ART IN SO MANY LESSONS

In 1843, whilst at work in the New Forest, De Wint nearly died of bronchitis, being brought home to London with difficulty; the disease recurred again and again, until it killed him on the 30th of June 1849.

His widow kept most of his best works, and left them to her daughter, Mrs. Tatlock, who offered *The Cornfield* and the *Woody Landscape* to the National Gallery, only to have them spurned! Fortunately, South Kensington now has them.

As De Wint rarely signed or dated his works, their order is difficult to follow; but his earlier work is markedly affected by Girtin. He rapidly evolved a style of his own. His employment of flat washes gives fine luminous colour to his design. He was not a great master of the heavens; it is with the earth that he is concerned and its fruitfulness and richness. His vision was not various, but stately and serene withal.

William Hilton, R.A. (1786-1839), became Keeper at the Royal Academy, a gentle and amiable personality, much loved by the students. His portrait of his brother-in-law De Wint's *Wife and Child* is best known of his works. He married De Wint's sister in 1828.

COPLEY FIELDING

1787 – 1855

Of the creators of the drawing "tips" and "dodges," the invention of the quick short-cut to drawing and painting innate in the schoolmaster, Anthony Vandyke Copley Fielding is the type. Copley Fielding, like Linnell, Samuel Palmer (1805-1881), W. H. Hunt ("Bird's-Nest Hunt"), and Mulready, had been pupil to old John Varley (1779-1842), the kindly, generous, careless old drawing-master. Copley Fielding just caught those

pretty habits that won him to a wide popularity; and being a man who cultivated manners, he was soon the most fashionable drawing-master of his age. He became President of the Old Water-Colour Society. Son to a portrait-painter from near Halifax in Yorkshire, he was one of the young group who went to Dr. Monro's at the Adelphi. He shared with Constable and Bonington the chief honours of the famous Paris Salon of 1824. He married old John Varley's sister-in-law, Miss Gisborne, and came to considerable fortune. Retiring to Brighton, he died at Worthing on March 3, 1855.

W. H. HUNT
1790 – 1864

WILLIAM HENRY HUNT, or "Bird's-Nest Hunt," was born to a tinplate-worker at 8 Old Belton Street, Long Acre, now called Endell Street; a sickly child, he early took to drawing, and being apprenticed to John Varley became one of Dr. Monro's set at the Adelphi. In 1807, the year he first showed a painting at the Academy, he entered the Academy schools. Elected to the Old Water-Colour Society in 1824, he sent regularly about thirty works a year to the displays. The deformed and sickly child grew up into an uncultured youth, his ill-health shutting Nature largely out of his life except so far as Nature could be torn out by the roots and dragged into his painting-room, such as a nest with eggs, and primroses and grass, fruit, plums and the like; and he painted them with rare truth of detail, and prodigious stipple. And he sold freely, especially as he painted humorous or sentimental figure-subjects, such as the famous pair of the boy with the large pie, the *Attack* and *Defeat*, and the negro boy in *A Brown Study*. His *Self-Portrait* and the *Boy with the Puppy* are amongst his finest works. Bird's-Nest Hunt was fortunate in his time in the powerful approval of Ruskin. Students were advised to "take William Hunt for their only master," as Hunt's painting shows "what real painting is, as such"!

LINNELL
1792–1882

JOHN LINNELL was born in Bloomsbury to a picture-dealer and woodcarver; joined the Academy schools in 1805; studied under John Varley; and in 1807 showed two landscapes at the Royal Academy. He and MULREADY became close friends, and lived together. Linnell, besides giving drawing-lessons, painted miniatures, but it was in landscape that he made his chief successes. In 1818

he came to know Blake, a year after his own marriage in 1817. He lived at Hampstead and at Bayswater, but in 1852 he left London for Redhill, where he built himself the house in which he died on January 20, 1882.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DRAWING-MASTERS SET UP SCHOOL, TO TEACH ART IN SO MANY LESSONS

HARDING

1797 – 1863

The son of a drawing-master, JAMES DUFFIELD HARDING was one of the best of the typical drawing-masters in art who evolved a system of drawing Nature founded on Turner and the other masters; and managed it in a series of lithographs that became important drawing-copybooks in the years after. Trained by Prout, after his father had done with him, Harding was so slow that he was sent awhile to an engraver; but came back to drawing, and deliberately developed for himself a convention with the pencil which was to make him one of the most fashionable teachers of his age. Lithography, newly discovered, came to his service; and he employed the "lithotint" whereby a drawing was made to lie on wash which shows touches of white for the high lights.

HOLLAND

1800 – 1870

JAMES HOLLAND was born at Burslem in Staffordshire to the family who made black pottery so much beloved by the American colonies. Holland began by painting flowers on pottery at the works of James Davenport. In 1819 he was in London teaching, and painting flowers. In 1831 he went to Paris, and blossomed into a painter of street-views—he was in Venice, Milan, Geneva and Paris in 1835; in Portugal in 1837; in Paris in 1841; in Rotterdam in 1845; in Normandy and North Wales in 1850; in Geneva in 1851; in Venice and the Tyrol in 1857. And he poured forth the results of his visits in fine water-colours. In both oils and water-colours he shows brilliant powers.

CALLOW

1812–1908

WILLIAM CALLOW, born at Greenwich on the 28th of July 1812, was apprenticed at eleven to the brothers of Copley Fielding for six years; thence went to Newton Fielding in Paris for a year, returned to England on the outbreak of the Revolution in 1830, went back to Paris, made a hit at the Salon with his *Richmond*, became drawing-

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master to the family of Louis-Philippe. He was elected to the Old Water-Colour Society in 1838. In 1841 he returned to England. Travelling much in France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, he painted fine street-scenes.

George Fennel Robson (1790-1833) was a Durham man fond of mountain scenery. Francis Oliver Finch (1802-1862) became pupil to Varley in 1814, and ran rather to classical ideas in landscape; Charles Bentley (1805-1854) was fond of coast-scenes; John Murray Ince (1806-1859) was pupil to Cox, as was George Price Boyce (1826-1896).

Thomas Creswick, R.A. (1811-1869), born at Sheffield on the 5th February 1811, studied under John Vincent Barker; came to London in 1828, and showed two landscapes of Wales at the Royal Academy. Becoming A.R.A. in 1842, full R.A. in 1851, he died at Bayswater on the 28th December 1869.

Samuel Bough (1822-1878), born at Carlisle, taught himself painting, lived with the gypsies, painted scenery, went to Edinburgh in 1855, and became A.R.S.A. in 1856.

Alfred William Hunt, "Landscape Hunt" (1830-1896), though by date of a somewhat later generation, belongs by vision to the landscape school of Turner. Born at Liverpool in 1830, and discouraged from an art career by his artist father, Andrew Hunt, the young Hunt went to Corpus Christi, Oxford, distinguished himself in letters, won a fellowship in 1858, but was meanwhile painting, showing his first landscape at the Academy in 1854.

Thomas Collier (1840-1891), of an even later generation, wrought in the vision of this earlier age.

CHAPTER VI

OF THE EARLY SEA-PAINTERS AND ANIMAL-PAINTERS OF ENGLAND

THE SEA-PAINTERS

CLARKSON STANFIELD

1793 – 1867

WILLIAM CLARKSON STANFIELD, born at Sunderland, was apprenticed to an heraldic painter at Edinburgh, but went to sea in 1808. Being pressed into the Navy in 1812, he passed into the East India service, retiring in 1818, at twenty-five, to become scene-painter to the sailors' theatre in the East End of London—the Royalty in Wellclose Square; whence he went in 1821 to Edinburgh, whereat he met David Roberts (1796-1864) then working at the Theatre Royal, and Alexander Nasmyth. In 1822 he came to Drury Lane, having exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1820 and 1821; rapidly came to a vogue for sea-pieces and views of Venice; was made A.R.A. in 1832, and R.A. in 1835, having painted ten Venetian views for the banqueting-room at Bowood in 1830, and ten for Trentham Hall in 1834. He had given up scene-painting in 1834. Of 1836 was his *Battle of Trafalgar* for the Senior United Service Club. Twice married, of his nine sons and three daughters his son GEORGE CLARKSON STANFIELD followed in his father's footsteps. Clarkson Stanfield died at Hampstead on the 18th of March 1867. His finest works are his seascapes, of which one of the masterpieces is the famous *The Provision Boat.* Few men caught better the action of the waters and the whip of the gale. He could set the breezes on his canvas.

COOKE

1811–1880

EDWARD WILLIAM COOKE, R.A., was born at Pentonville on March 28, 1811, to George Cooke, the engraver employed by Turner, being of Dutch descent. Taught by his father, Cooke began on dry-as-dust scientific works; then studying architecture under Pugin, Cooke made twelve large engravings of *Old and New London Bridge*, then a series of *Shipping and Craft.* In 1835 he sent paint-

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ings of shipping to the Royal Academy. His first visit to Holland in 1838 produced a host of pictures which became typical of his art. He went to Holland sixteen times. From 1845 to 1854 he was painting along the shores of the Mediterranean, also views of Florence and Rome. He became A.R.A. in 1851. Then he went to Scandinavia, then to Venice, where he painted much. By 1861 he was in Spain; then he appears in Egypt. He was made R.A. in 1864. Cooke died at his home near Groombridge on the 4th of January 1880.

GEORGE CHAMBERS (1803-1840) began life as a sailor, being born at Whitby to a seaman. He early showed artistic bent, sketching sea and shipping. After becoming a house-painter he came to London as scene-painter, and was soon making a mark with pictures, becoming a member of the Old Water-Colour Society in 1834, dying six years later.

The sea later called HOOK (1819-1907), and other artists who by vision belong to the earlier group of landscape-painters and sea-painters.

THE EARLY ANIMAL-PAINTERS

LANDSEER

1802 – 1873

There was born to an engraver at 83 Queen Anne Street East in London (now called Foley Street), on March 7, 1802, his third son, who was to become world-famous as SIR EDWIN LANDSEER. Edwin Henry Landseer, trained by his father, became a student at the Academy, and won a prize for the drawing of a mastiff at thirteen. It was in 1820 that he sounded the first anecdotal note with his *Alpine Mastiffs succouring a Distressed Traveller*; and following it with the *Larder Invaded*, he caught the favour of a wide public, who eagerly bought the engravings from his works made by his brother Thomas Landseer, by S. Cousins and others, during his long career. In 1824 he went to Scotland with Leslie, stayed with Sir Walter Scott, and was busy with portraits and animals. In 1826 he became A.R.A., and in 1831 full R.A. His visit to Belgium in 1849 for his *Dialogue at Waterloo* of 1850, was followed by knighthood in 1850. He refused the Presidency of the Academy on the death of Eastlake in 1865. His five lions in Trafalgar Square were unveiled in 1869. Landseer painted for homely people, bringing on to the canvas the four-footed friends of man in their relation to man. That he ran to mawkishness of sentimentality in the doing only too often

is not to be denied. He died at St. John's Wood on the 1st of October 1873, and was given a public funeral at St. Paul's Cathedral.

SIDNEY COOPER
1803 – 1902

Born of humble stock at Canterbury, Thomas Sidney Cooper was sketching at an early age; was apprenticed to a coach-painter at twelve; at seventeen was scene-painting; came to London in 1823 to enter the Academy schools; and was soon painting portraits at Canterbury and teaching drawing. In 1827 he went with BURGESS to Brussels, where the two young fellows settled, painting signboards for shops and taverns, and blossoming thereafter into portraiture. At Brussels Cooper married Charlotte Pearson; became a drawing-master; and coming under the glamour of Verboeckhoven, entered upon his career of pastoral painting. The Belgian Revolution of 1830 sent him packing to London. In 1845 he became A.R.A., and R.A. in 1867. In 1863 he married a second time; in 1901 he was made C.V.O.

THE MINIATURE

With the early nineteen-hundreds, the art of the miniature passed more into an art of the small portrait, as practised with skill by CHALON (1781-1860) and the group of men so much engraved in the *Keepsakes* of the day. SIR GEORGE HAYTER, J. D. ENGLEHEART, MRS. MEE (1770?-1851), NEWTON (1785-1869), and THORBURN (1818-1885), all belong to a newer endeavour and age. Photography was to ruin the art.

Of the fruit and flower painters of this time was GEORGE LANCE (1802-1864), the son of a cavalry officer. The academic school was still essaying the grand manner, but was in sorry straits. Poor HAYDON (1786-1846), whose lofty ideas and vast ambition set him foul of the Academy, thought that the Westminster Competitions at last would give his ambition scope; but his rejection overwhelmed him, and he put an end to his life.

CHAPTER VII

WHEREIN, OUT OF THE SCOTTISH PAINTING OF THE HOME LIFE OF THE EARLY EIGHTEEN-HUNDREDS, EMERGES COLOUR REALISM

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

THE year 1800 opened with bright promise for Scotland. Commerce was coming into the land. Shipping increased. When Watt retired from business in 1800 the steam-engine was being used everywhere; in 1812 steam was applied to shipping. To the merchants as well as the upper class began to come a marked refinement. The year of 1832 was to see the rise of the Middle Class. Scott on the reactionary side brought Romance into the land.

In portraiture, Raeburn was followed by GEORGE WATSON (1767-1837), by SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON (1788-1864), by GEDDES (1783-1844), by GRAHAM GILBERT (1794-1866), and MACNEE (1806-1882), all fine craftsmen.

Of the portrait-painters SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON was a remarkably fine painter, who, like Geddes, when at his best steps to a place beside Raeburn; his silvery key and vigorous style being very powerful. Of lesser portrait-painters were COLVIN SMITH (1795-1875); SAMUEL MACKENZIE (1785-1847); JOHN SYME (1791-1861); WILLIAM NICHOLSON (1784-1844); TANNOCK (1784-1863); W. SMELLIE WATSON (1796-1874); MOIR (1775?-1857); CRABB (1811-1856?), the strong painter of small portraits; the miniaturists ANDREW ROBERTSON (1777?-1845); SIR WILLIAM CHARLES ROSS (1794-1860); SANDERS (1774-1846); ANTHONY STEWART (1773-1846); R. THORBURN (1818-1885); W. J. THOMSON (1771-1845); and the water-colour portraitists, DOUGLAS (1780-1832), and M'LEAY (1802-1878).

LANDSCAPE

NASMYTH
1787 – 1831

PATRICK NASMYTH, born at Edinburgh in 1787, was the son and pupil of ALEXANDER NASMYTH (1758-1840), the landscape-painter, whose style he closely followed. About twenty he came

south to London, where he settled. Injuring his right hand in youth, he painted with his left. He died in South Lambeth on the 17th of August 1831.

WHEREIN, OUT OF THE SCOTTISH PAINTING OF THE HOME LIFE OF THE EARLY EIGHTEEN-HUNDREDS, EMERGES COLOUR REALISM

Others trained by Alexander Nasmyth soon developed a romantic vision. THOMSON OF DUDDINGSTON (1778-1840), and more particularly HORATIO M'CULLOCH (1805-1867), led the way in the utterance of the glamour of Scotland, whilst DAVID ROBERTS, ANDREW WILSON (1780-1848), and WILLIAMS (1773-1829) ranged abroad.

DAVID ROBERTS, R.A. (1796-1864), the son of a poor cobbler of Edinburgh, was apprenticed to a house-painter, but was early at work scene-painting in theatres, where he met Clarkson Stanfield (1793-1867), afterwards coming to wide fame as a painter of architectural scenes—he first showed at the Academy in 1826 his *Rouen Cathedral*; in 1823 he went to Spain, the beginning of his many European journeys, thence to the East. LEITCH (1804-1883) also began in the theatre. ORROCK (1829-) was a pupil of Leitch. WILLIAM SIMSON (1800-1847) was pupil to Wilson.

THE HOME LIFE

WILKIE
1785 – 1841

Born in a manse at Cults, in Fifeshire, on 18th November 1785, the third son to a minister, DAVID WILKIE, after passing through the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh, came to London in 1805 to the Academy schools, and in 1806 created a sensation at the Royal Academy with his *Village Politicians*; at once leaping into fame, which his *Blind Fiddler*, the *Card Players*, the famous *Rent Day*, the *Jew's Harp*, the *Cut Finger*, the *Village Festival*, and the like works every year increased. Made A.R.A. in 1809 at twenty-four, he became R.A. in 1811, his *Blind Man's Buff*, the *Letter of Introduction*, the *Duncan Gray*, the famous *Distraining for Rent*, the popular *Rabbit on the Wall*, the *Penny Wedding*, the *Whisky Still*, and the *Reading of the Will*, still further increasing his repute. For the Duke of Wellington he painted the *Chelsea Pensioners*.

In 1825 he suddenly went abroad for three years, coming back as an historical painter, founding a broader style on Correggio, Rembrandt, Murillo, and Velazquez, of which is his *John Knox Preaching* of 1832. On the death of Lawrence in 1830 Wilkie had become Painter in Ordinary to the King. He was knighted in 1836. In 1840 he went to Constantinople, thence to the Holy

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

Land and Egypt; but fell ill at Alexandria, and died on board the *Oriental* off Gibraltar on June 1, 1841, his body being committed to the deep, in that funeral immortalised by Turner. His study of Rembrandt and Ostade drew him to revive etching in England.

Of Scottish painters influenced by Wilkie were FRASER (1786-1865), BURNET (1784-1868), CARSE and KIDD (1796-1863), amongst others.

WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A. (1786-1863), son to a leather-breeches maker of Ennis, County Clare, Ireland, came to London in 1800, entered the Academy schools; in 1803 he married the sister of John Varley; in 1804 showed landscapes at the Academy; by 1809 was painting *Returning from the Alehouse*, and the like homely subjects. Made A.R.A. in 1815, he became R.A. in 1816. His *Idle Boys* (1815) and *The Fight Interrupted* (1816) had won favour.

Of a group of painters who were interested in the home life of the people was WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A. (1788-1847), son of an Irish picture-dealer in London. Collins was a friend of Morland, whom he used to watch whilst painting. He painted several pictures of boy-life which had a wide vogue—such as the *Boys with a Bird's Nest*. His *Cromer Sands* and *Prawn Catchers* belong to the nation.

THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A. (1800-1886), born in Pimlico to a father then in the household of George III, showed early gifts in music, joined the choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's; thereafter entered the Academy schools, was exhibiting in youth, and entered upon that portrayal of boyhood of which his *Truant* and *Dame's School* were popular examples.

HISTORICAL PAINTING

The historical painter SIR WILLIAM ALLAN (1827-1850), was surpassed by his pupils ROBERT SCOTT LAUDER (1803-1869), by GEORGE HARVEY (1806-1876), and THOMAS DUNCAN (1807-1845). Throughout all the intention was Realism, of a theatrical kind. All subject was illustration.

MACLISE
1806–1870

A young Scotsman, born at Cork, the young DANIEL MACLISE in 1828 became a student at the Royal Academy schools, won a gold medal for composition in 1831, having already shown a painting of *Malvolio* in 1829. He was an industrious painter of History and of Home Life. Made A.R.A. in 1835, and R.A. in 1848, his later

years were largely spent on the two large decorations for the Houses of Parliament, the *Wellington meeting Blucher* and the *Death of Nelson*, his masterpieces. His *Charles Dickens* in 1839 is at the National Portrait Gallery.

There also arose two painters who were to initiate in the north a movement of detailed and jewel-like colour which was to forestall the Pre-Raphaelite School in England, DAVID SCOTT (1806-1849) and WILLIAM DYCE (1806-1864). These men, in their very separate arts, led the way to the brilliant colour-harmonies, the detail, and the realism of the English Pre-Raphaelites. Lack of space prevents the elaboration of their careers, of which the significance will be followed out in the aims and achievement of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It was as though they had brought the glitter and luminosity of the old painted glass of church windows on to the canvas.

WHEREIN, OUT OF THE SCOTTISH PAINTING OF THE HOME LIFE OF THE EARLY EIGHTEEN-HUN-DREDS, EMERGES COLOUR REALISM

1830

CHAPTER VIII

WHEREIN ROMANCE STEPS OUT OF ENGLAND INTO FRANCE AND SETS THE NATIVE GENIUS AFLAME

THE FRENCH ROMANTIC MOVEMENT OF 1830

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

LET us recall the doings in Paris in the early days of the eighteen-hundreds. In 1819 Géricault, heading the reaction against frigid classicalism in French painting, came to England. In 1822 Bonington's *Lillebonne* and his *Havre*, and works by Copley Fielding, Varley, and Robinson were at the Salon—the year of Delacroix's *Barque of Dante*. In 1824 Constable showed the famous *Hay Wain* and other works, and won the gold medal—at the same Salon hung works by Bonington, Copley Fielding, Harding, Prout and Varley. Delacroix repainted his *Massacre of Scio*; the following year of 1825 he journeyed to London to study Constable, and fell enamoured of Turner and Wilkie and Lawrence as well. He noted that Constable painted with *touches of colour set side by side to create the effects of light in mass; which on being focussed gave great brilliancy.* In 1827 Constable showed in Paris for the last time; and between his canvas and one by Bonington hung a picture that bore into the Salon for the first time the name of Corot.

Constable, Bonington, and Turner sent the Frenchmen out of the studio into the open air.

The eighteen-hundreds opened lyrically, impelled by the romantic feeling aroused by the birth of Democracy in the American and French Revolutions. The poets in prose and verse burst into song. The gigantic figures of Washington and Napoleon stood out, the heroes of the new revelation. Scott and Byron fired the French poets; Turner and Constable and Bonington the French painters. Romance was everywhere. Men thought awhile as though castles were on every hill, and rapiers on every hip, and women became love-lorn damsels, sighing for dangerous adventure. David, in exile at Brussels, was tyrant still—he could write to Gros and sneer at his romanticism, and send him back to the reading of Plutarch and the painting of the classic nude—and so potent was

the voice of the old master of the frigidities, that Gros wrecked his career, went back to obedience, and—in the June of 1835, drowned himself in the Seine. We have seen Géricault, with his *Raft of the "Medusa,"* lead forward the romantic intent of Gros's *Pestiféré de Jaffa*. Delacroix followed with his *Dante and Virgil*. Géricault had been in England, and was overwhelmed by the romantic landscape of Turner—but death took him at thirty-three. His genius had done its work nevertheless. Delacroix took up his mantle; and Bonington and Decamps and Delaroche and Isabey were at hand. The academics hailed him as deifying the Ugly. He has found the key—he seeks not Beauty but Emotion.

WHEREIN ROMANCE STEPS OUT OF ENGLAND INTO FRANCE AND SETS THE NATIVE GENIUS AFLAME

At the Salon of 1836 the academics struck; they rejected Delacroix and Huet.

DELACROIX

1798 – 1863

To Charles Constant Delacroix of Champagne (1740-1805) who had been diplomat under Napoleon, and to his wife Victoire Oeben, daughter of the famous designer of furniture, who had been pupil to Boulle, there were born four children. The eldest died a general and a baron; the second David was to paint as *Madame de Verninac Saint-Maur*, her husband an ambassador; the third, Henri, was killed at Friedland; the youngest, Ferdinand Victor Eugène Delacroix, at eight or nine was covering his books at the Louis-le-Grand Lycée in Paris with drawings. His uncle Riesener (1767-1828) the miniaturist and portrait-painter (son to the famous furniture designer), taught the lad. In 1815, an orphan and without means, he went to the studio of Guérin (1774-1833), and mastered the antique and the figure with his wonted fiery energy; and it was at Guérin's, while still a student, that in 1822 he won to fame with his *Dante and Virgil*; but he did not confine his training to Guérin, going to Géricault and Bonington and Paul Huet (1804-1869)—working at the Louvre from Rubens—and amongst the wild beasts with the sculptor Barye (1795-1875). Then came the revelation of Constable, and he repainted the *Massacre de Scio*; and in 1825 he made for London, with Bonington and Isabey, to meet Lawrence and Wilkie, and fell under the glamour of Shakespeare. He made the famous lithographs for Goethe's *Faust*. In 1828 he showed his *Mort de Sardanapale*, his *Christ in the Garden of Olives*, and the *Marino Faliero*; in 1830 the *Le Vingt-Huit Juillet*. Two years thereafter he was in Morocco and Algiers, painting on his return the *Femme d'Alger*, the *Convulsionnaires de Tanger*, the *Noce Juive* and the like.

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

The Salon of 1833 proved him a master, and he became head and front of romantic painting, with Hugo in verse and Dumas in the theatre. He poured forth works: the *Battle of Taillebourg*, the *Barque de Don Juan*, the *Battle of Nancy*, the *Combat of the Giaour and the Pasha*, the *Boissy d'Anglas*, the *Ovid*, the *Justice of Trajan*, the *Médée*, the *Muly Abd-el-Rahman*, the *Entrée des Croisés à Constantinople*; the decorations of the Palais Bourbon, of the Louvre, of the Hôtel de Ville; the *Héliodore*, the Saint-Sulpice *Lutte de Jacob*. In 1838 he was in Belgium awhile. He had now won the younger painters to him; Ingres and the classicals were bitterly hostile. In 1836 his *Hamlet* was rejected by the jury. But by 1855 Delacroix was fully recognised. In 1859 he was elected a Member of the Institute and showed for the last time; four years thereafter he was dead.

Nervous, fiery, elegant of manner, without pose and detesting notoriety, the refined soul of Delacroix was housed in a feverish body. He rid art of the frigidities, and realised that passion and feeling are its very breath.

Meantime the now forgotten GEORGES MICHEL in rugged fashion essayed to utter landscape as he saw it. PAUL HUET (1804-1868) sees Nature through the eyes of romance. Then emerges COROT.

COROT
1796 – 1875

In JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT the Romantic movement brought forth its greatest lyrical poet, in Millet its greatest tragic poet.

A year older than Delacroix, Corot was born on the 20th July 1796 to the son of a wigmaker of the Rue du Bac in Paris, who was cashier in his father's shop, and to a milliner of Swiss origin for mother, whom the painter ever adored. The wigmaker father was a commonplace tradesman who looked with eyes of wonder at his son's desire to become an artist, and even when at fifty the painter sold a picture, the father frankly showed surprise at the gullibility of art patrons, and was astonished to find the decoration of the Legion of Honour bestowed upon the painter instead of himself. However, the worthy man, having set the dutiful lad to quill-driving as a clerk, at last handed over to him the money he had saved to set him up in business, besides giving him a small allowance for the degrading business. The lad was a good son, and showed no desire to sow wild oats, even in the vile place called a studio. His robust

X

COROT

1796–1875

"L'ETANG"

(LOUVRE)

"Beauty in art is truth bathed in the impression, the emotion that is received from nature. . . . Seek truth and exactitude, but with the envelope of sentiment which you felt at first. If you have been sincere in your emotion you will be able to pass it on to others."—*Corot.*

COROT

body was the lamp to an exquisite flame of soul that knew a child-like faith, a deep but unvaunting religion, and the purity of a maiden. Brought up in a happy home, he lived and died a happy, generous, kindly man, whose wayfaring was like a gentle breath from heaven wheresoever he went. His religion was of the simple kind that looked on future bliss as being a place where "Well, at any rate, I hope we shall go on painting up there." He loved his fellows; and never missed a gathering of his kin or friends, whether a baptism, a wedding, or a merry-making. As in religion, so in politics, he was wholly conservative—for him no revolutions, who was to revolutionise French painting! Nevertheless, in painting, whilst Courbet greatly appealed to him, he would have none of Manet; and, until he was a very old man, he disliked the art of Delacroix.

WHEREIN ROMANCE STEPS OUT OF ENGLAND INTO FRANCE AND SETS THE NATIVE GENIUS AFLAME

Corot left school at Rouen at eighteen to become a clerk for eight long years, until 1822; then at twenty-six he went to learn the mysteries from the classical MICHALLON (1796-1822), but he dying in 1822, Corot passed to VICTOR BERTIN, the academic. But he went to Nature, intent only on rendering her moods as aroused in his sensing. Bonington and Huet had guided him chiefly; and Constable was to open the gates still wider to his wayfaring.

At thirty Corot was at Rome under Aligny (1798-1871), but he saw Rome as a suburb of Paris. During his two years' stay in Rome he never once went to the Sistine Chapel; and visiting Rome fifteen years thereafter, Michelangelo made no appeal to him. He detested line for its rigidity; he painted in tones, in pure values, thus winning to pulsing, moving, unrigid sense of lyrical movement as of song. His etchings even show this—the painter-like scratches never set into line, the landscape moves and looms and sings. Millet was to be deeply impressed by his art.

Of this, his Roman or first period, the art is tentative—he is searching his way.

Corot came back to France in 1838 with a large mass of work, and forthwith began his wanderings over his beloved land; Ville d'Avray, Fontainebleau, Dieppe, Honfleur, Rouen, all knew him. He also painted portraits of his family, which they dubbed caricatures! In 1834 he made for northern Italy, visiting Pisa, Florence, and Venice. In 1835 he sent his *Hagar in the Wilderness* to the Salon. He had been in Italy when the men of the Thirties broke new ground. So far he had not joined the rebels. He had not come under Dutch realism in landscape. He now came under the glamour of Poussin and Claude awhile. So in 1837 he painted his *St. Jérôme*, in 1839-40 his *Flight into Egypt* and the *Monk*. Of 1836

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was his *Diana* bathing; in 1838 his nymphs dance for the first time in the glades in his *Silenus*; at forty he arrives, and the nymphs lead him into his kingdom. Of 1840 were the four scenes of the *Passion* for Rosny church, and the large *Flight into Egypt*; whilst his four landscape panels for Decamps' house at Fontainebleau, afterwards in Lord Leighton's house, were of this time.

In 1843 Corot was in Rome again; Ingres was directing the French Academy thereat, and Corot sent an *Odalisque* to the Salon. Corot had grown to love Giorgione and Correggio. The *Concert Champêtre* was not lost upon him; but Giorgione's glowing colour did not rouse him as did Correggio's subtler tones.

It was now, about the time of his second visit to Rome, that Corot created in pure terms of tone his first great landscapes. The *Genzano* and the *Gardens at the Villa d'Este at Tivoli* reveal him conqueror. Henceforth he pours out masterpieces of landscape. The famous Louvre *Matinée* of 1850 with its dancing nymphs shows him coming into his own. And if he over-repeat his personal vision, at least it is personal vision. If his realm be not wide, at least it is a complete conquest and wholly his own. In the *Souvenir d'Italie* at Glasgow he reaches the heights in his great achievement. As he advances in years he slowly comes to a broader handling of the paint.

In 1847 Delacroix came to see Corot. They had admirations in common. Delacroix set Correggio beside Michelangelo. In the early forties, Corot, going to visit Robert at Mantes, found the house-painters at work on the bathroom; and begging his "worthy colleagues" to let him take their place, he painted six panels with *Souvenirs d'Italie* from memory. In this year of 1847 he painted in the little kiosque of his garden at Ville d'Avray, for his mother's birthday, several panels. At the church he painted four frescoes. Now, be it noted that the young Millet was at this time painting his nudes and early works; it was not until 1848 that Millet broke into the uncharted sea of his great adventure with *The Winnowers*—Corot's fifty-second year.

In 1854 Corot went to Holland. The critics' talk about Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson* meant nothing to Corot—he did not like it. But Rembrandt was a revelation to him, as were Vermeer and De Hooch and the painters of the home-life. He painted soon thereafter the *Kitchen at Martes* and the *Interior at Mas-Bilier*, his first interiors.

About 1857 he painted his *St. Sebastian* in which Delacroix seems to come into his ken, as also in 1859, the year not only of the *Toilet* of a girl before a pool in a wood, but also of his *Dante and*

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COROT

1796–1875

"SOUVENIR D'ITALIE"

(Louvre)

COROT

Virgil and *Macbeth*, now at the Wallace, at which Corot, eight years later, himself so greatly scoffed.

WHEREIN ROMANCE STEPS OUT OF ENGLAND INTO FRANCE AND SETS THE NATIVE GENIUS AFLAME

In 1861 Corot came to England.

In the 'sixties his friend Daubigny having settled in a house at Auvers, Corot painted for him several superb decorations on the walls, of which the largest was a pendant to Daumier's *Don Quixote*. He increases his dreamy, idyllic, vaporous vision. In 1865, the year of Manet's *Olympia*, Corot showed his *Nymph reclining on a Tiger-skin*, and *Nymph lying on the Sea-shore*.

Corot now returned to the painting of interiors and wrought exquisite work—those single figures of women in a room that he painted with broader handling and stronger light and shadow and increase of colour—the Neapolitan woman seated on the ground, her arm on a jar, the whole painted with fuller palette; the six portraits of a woman before an easel painted from 1865 to the woman in the black velvet dress of 1870, in which he reveals his ever-deepening interest in the art of Rembrandt. In his heads of girls Corot shows kinship with Vermeer.

As Corot aged, his powers but increased, his colour in range, his handling in tone. He gave forth the superb *Lady in Blue* and the *Monk playing the 'Cello* in 1874, on the edge of eighty.

Beginning in the tradition of Claude and Poussin with paintings of the Roman Campagna, Corot slowly emerged into the purest lyrical utterance of the fascination of France in her exquisite twilight moods. He wrought his art without encouragement, in poverty; his kindly, sensitive, and gentle soul and his genial humour content with creation. The simple fellow captured the subtlest tendernesses of the atmosphere in wizard landscapes, which he was so surprised at any man coming to buy, that he threw in others for the paltry sum to make good weight in the bargain! His early commercial training was utterly lost upon him. Nothing could make him a tradesman. He was hopelessly, unmitigatedly, irretrievably a poet. With pearly greys, tender greens, as tender blues, and a little umber, he could create a wide gamut of art that is amazing in its depth of feeling. His smallest canvases are compact of the infinite. Mystery yielded to this gentle soul her key. In his utterance the tree and lake and foreground, the still waters, the fairy backgrounds, the leagues of heaven, are all bathed in a translucent atmosphere. In presence of his art we forget all tricks of handling—craftsmanship is conquered—the sheer art of it compels homage.

So Corot walked his wayfaring, a child to the end. One laughs

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

the laugh of sheer affection, not without a catch at the throat, over the simple fellow's trouble, when some fellow who has bought one of his pictures, bringing it to him to find out whether it be his or not, Corot on discovering a forgery, rather than see disappointment written on the buyer's face, paints a new picture over the scandal. He never really became a part of the Barbizon movement; he stood alone.

HARPIGNIES

1819 –

Born at Valenciennes, Harpignies was to become one of the most lyrical poet-painters of France. The exquisite luminous atmosphere of the south was to be uttered with a vision somewhat akin to that of Corot. Whether in water-colours or oils, his art is a book of poems of the peace of Nature.

DECAMPS

1803 – 1860

ALEXANDRE GABRIEL DECAMPS, born in Paris, lived his childhood in Picardy amidst the children of the peasants, and coming back to Paris in youth he went to learn the mysteries of painting from BOUCHOD (1800-1842), thence to ABEL DE PUJOL (1785-1861), and elected to paint the life of the people and animals. Then suddenly he went a wandering over Switzerland and Italy and down the Levant, and thereby came to that brilliant colour wherein the East did as much for him as Morocco had done for Delacroix. His *Turkish Patrol* was of 1827; the *Corps de Garde* of 1834, the *École Turque* of 1837, the *Défaite des Cimbres* was of 1834; after which he rarely displayed his work in public, unfortunately wasting his powers on the heroic. He died of a fall from his horse.

MARILHAT (1811-1847) was also a lover of the East, but died young.

EDOUARD FRÈRE (1819-1886), born in Paris, became pupil to Delaroche, and whilst still at the École des Beaux-Arts showed work in 1842. To win bread he drew on wood for illustration; and only in 1848 did he begin to make a mark with his *Petit Saltimbanque, Plagiaire*, and *Poule aux Œufs d'Or*. Selling himself for twenty years to a dealer in Brussels, he painted the popular picture. Finding the pathetic to pay, he played the sentimentalist.

In BELGIUM the Romantic movement had a disciple in PAUL JEAN CLAYS (1819-1900), born at Bruges, pupil to Gudin (1802-1880), the friend of Delacroix and Isabey; and his art is akin to that of the French Romantics in his marines and river-scenes.

OF PAINTING

WHEREIN ROMANCE STEPS OUT OF ENGLAND INTO FRANCE AND SETS THE NATIVE GENIUS AFLAME

In ENGLAND GEORGE CATTERMOLE (1800-1868), a prominent member of the Old Water-Colour Society, was chiefly interested in romantic subjects, into which he brought wide antiquarian lore. The son of a man of means, Cattermole lived in the whirl of society, belonging to D'Orsay's circle. He refused knighthood in 1839.

SIR JOHN GILBERT
1817 – 1897

Born at Blackheath, July 21, 1817, to George Felix Gilbert of a Derbyshire family, the child Gilbert showed delight in drawing. Sent in youth to the office of an estate agent, the young fellow was at last allowed to take up art, being taught by the fruit-painter GEORGE LANCE. Gilbert was early showing pictures from History and Romance, painted in the flowing lines and rich colour of the Romantic movement, of which he was a lifelong leader. Made A.R.A. in 1872, R.A in 1876, he was elected President of the Old Water-Colour Society in 1871, and knighted. His facile art poured forth illustrations by the thousands for books and journals. He died on the 6th October 1897.

WILLIAM ESTALL (1857-1897), though of a much later generation, caught the Romantic spirit of the French School of Barbizon, and settling in a remote Sussex village, wrought his art away from cities, brooding on the pastoral life.

CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A. (1794-1859), came of American stock; he painted historic subjects and historic anecdotes; his *Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman in the Sentry Box* being well known.

CHAPTER IX

WHEREIN, SIDE BY SIDE WITH ROMANCE, WE SEE BITING SATIRE WALK THE LAND OF FRANCE

THE REALIST ILLUSTRATORS AND SATIRISTS

THE DAWN OF MODERN PAINTING

Of the Romantics, Delaroche (1797-1856) had taken to the painting of historical romance; Tony Robert Fleury also; Isabey was more concerned with the play of light on historical draperies. But of a more vigorous breed were the Napoleonic illustrators Charlet (1792-1845) and Raffet.

Raffet (1804-1860) became, in 1824, pupil to Charlet, from whom he went to the Beaux-Arts, and thereafter became the historian in lithography of the great Napoleon.

The Romantic movement had produced other illustrators—Tony Johannot, Célestin Nanteuil, and the rest, with Gustave Doré (who also gave much time to painting and sculpture).

The Revolution had made free men. The artist no longer depended on the noble patron. The citizen became the buyer—but he paid low. The artist found the middle class a dull patron, became the ally of the people, their prophet, their standard-bearer. Daumier and Gavarni were born. The burgess being in power tried to seize the offices and power of the old aristocracy—the artists became revolutionaries.

DAUMIER

1808 – 1879

In the creation of modern art in France Honoré Daumier stands side by side with Delacroix at the great initiation. He was not shackled with Delacroix's "culture." Daumier created French realism. Millet was born out of him. Courbet owed heavy debt to him. The power of the man is seen in that marvellous wood-engraving by Marx after Daumier's bold design of *The Two Lawyers*. His caricature statuette of Napoleon III as *Ratapoil* shows his power in modelling. His *Don Quixote* proved him a painter of the first rank. His relief plaster of *The Fugitives* foretells the great sculpture

of the coming reality. Daumier stands out a giant at the gates of modern art.

WHEREIN, SIDE BY SIDE WITH ROMANCE, WE SEE BITING SATIRE WALK THE LAND OF FRANCE

HONORÉ DAUMIER was one of the draughtsmen of his century. A bitter and ruthless satirist of the life of his time, wielding a tragic art, a political lampooner who was dreaded by the government, his mastery as a painter was overlooked in his adventurous career, his remarkable personality, and his illustrations. His chief means of utterance was the lithograph. But his paintings, tragic, sombre, and dramatic, are amongst the masterpieces of his skill. His indictment of the law and of the "respectability" of the middle class is an imperishable document. Their effect and his art are over all French painting and illustration to-day. He greatly influenced Manet and Degas as well as Millet; he also influenced sculpture. His output was enormous; but his art can be judged from a few masterpieces. I read of late an effusive monograph on Daumier which speaks of his art "attracting and delighting us"! Daumier had scant concern with attractions and delights.

Born at Marseilles on the 26th of February 1808 to a mother of Marseilles and a poetaster father from Béziers, the child's early passion for drawing had to evade the constant dislike of the poetaster father. In Paris the boy secretly sketched and studied the old masters at the Louvre. Put with an usher of the law-courts, the young Daumier came to know the inwardness of the lawyer's life that he was to attack with such galling satire. Meantime the lad steeped himself in the antique and then in the Dutch and Flemish genius at the Louvre. The father then sent the lad to a bookseller's, but with as poor success. At last the family allowed the youngster to become an artist under the direction of the archæologist Lenoir. Lenoir was disturbed by the youngster's lack of interest in the antique, and his love of nature. The youth saw the possibilities of lithography, and set himself to master it; his young friend Ramelet taught him the mysteries. Daumier soon found that he could make a livelihood out of it. He went awhile to Boudin's academy, worked from nature, studied the nude, and was soon master of the human figure. From 1829 he was working for the publishers, galled with uninteresting subjects only too often, but making lithographs also in Charlet's style of Napoleonic subjects.

With Louis-Philippe came wide satire of politics and of bourgeois life from the studios; Charles Philipon gathered about his newspaper a group of artists of talent who were moved by revolt against the king. Philipon was soon shaking the throne with his laughter, and all young France leaped to his support to strike for

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Liberty. GRANDVILLE, RAFFET, BOUQUET, DESPRET, JULIEN, ARAGO, DEVERIA, MONNIER, TRAVIÈS, and PIGAL, gathered about Philipon. Young Daumier's satires upon Louis-Philippe led the nation towards the Revolution of 1848. His *Masques de* 1831 in *La Caricature* further increased his fame. His *Gargantua* got him a dose of six months' imprisonment at Ste.-Pélagie and thereby made his reputation, besides giving him the fame of martyr in the public esteem. He came out of prison in the February of 1833 to create some of his finest work, passionate and virile; his sense of light and shade in lithography rapidly increased, set down with power, rejecting all detail. He would often first model his subject from memory in clay, then draw it in rapid forms in line. His portraits were always from memory. With hot indignation he bitterly caricatured the statesmen, the burgesses, and the judges of the day. The public scandals of 1844 lashed him to fury.

The laws of September, that struck at the liberty of the Press, sent Daumier from political caricature to his great satires upon the life and manners of the time instead, with MONNIER, CHAM, and GAVARNI for comrades. Monnier had invented "M. Prudhomme," the worthy, dull, respectable burgess, and had already created the social satirical picture; Daumier created "Robert Macaire," showing himself as brutal and unflinching in his social satire as in his political; attacking, above all, the stockjobbers. Daumier did not invent the titles and tags for his drawings; these were done by his editors. His art lashed the swindler and the rogue.

Daumier had declared war on the sham antique. He was revered by Corot and Delacroix and Daubigny and Dupré and the sculptor Barye. Delacroix spent hours in copying drawings by Daumier. All hated sham classicalism. Loving the antique as the antique, Daumier would have no sham antique.

The Revolution of 1848 took Daumier back to political caricature, but he was in fact now more concerned with painting, to which, on leaving *Charivari* in 1860, he gave himself wholly. Naturally his public was not so wide for his paintings as for his lithography. But from the first he was a master. A sense of grandeur and of enormous forcefulness are over all he wrought. He was always a realist; his effect on the French genius was stupendous. The street, the shop, the factory, the pulsing life of the day, all found their profound interpreter in Daumier. Ruthless, frank, seeking the truth always, his art is a compelling sincerity. He sees the pity of it all—the broken heart of the Mountebank and the street-hawker and the poor. His *Parade of the Mountebanks*, his *Wandering*

Musicians, his *Clowns*, his *Third Class Railway Carriage*, his *Print-Collectors*, his *Shop Window*, his *Waiting for the Train*, how Daumier carves a slice out of life, rid of all superfluous detail! And even when he paints a *Christ Mocked* or a *Good Samaritan*, what a gulf separates him from the formal thing! The poets gave him many a fine subject—the *Miller, his Son and the Ass*; the *Thieves and the Ass*; the several wonderful paintings of *Don Quixote*. Yet his paintings had no vogue! His painting period was from 1850 to 1866; in 1860 he left *Le Charivari* in order to paint; in 1864 he had to go back to *Le Charivari*!

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Then came the horrors of the war of 1870. He attacked the Empire that had been guilty of defeat. But the Commune sobered him. It is sad to think of Daumier in destitute old age. He was saved from want by Corot, who tactfully gave him a cottage at Valmondois, to live his last years there, at least free of want, as the old eyes lost their keenness. Here he was surrounded by comrades, who reverenced and honoured him. He became blind. In his cottage he died on the 11th of February 1879—the man who wrought that marvellous water-colour of *Les Buveurs*.

GAVARNI
1804–1866

GAVARNI was the gay and humorous observer of all classes in his age, employing a fascinating draughtsmanship and a black of velvet richness in the doing. He had the racy native inquisition into the battle of the sexes. Than Daumier, Gavarni made of the lithograph a more artistic whole; his pictures of society, high and low, were more complete, less concerned with the figure alone than in Daumier's art.

To Sulpice Chevalier, once member of the revolutionary committee of the Bondy section of Paris, a man of modest fortune and a high reputation for integrity, and to his wife Marie Monique Thiémet, sister to the painter-actor Thiémet, there was born on the 13th of January 1804, in Paris, the son whom they wrote down upon the register as GUILLAUME SULPICE CHEVALIER, but who was to become immortal as GAVARNI.

Gavarni is generally set down as a caricaturist; he had nothing of the caricaturist in him—I say this in spite of his famous invention of *Vireloque*—he was no more a caricaturist than was Charles Keene. Satirist and wit he was. A dandified fellow, Gavarni dominates French illustration from 1830 to 1866.

A HISTORY

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As a child, Gavarni was drawing before he could write. At ten he was sent to the old architect Dutillard; at thirteen he went to Jecker the scientific instrument-maker; in 1818, at fourteen, he was working at the integral calculus, and soon thereafter he was at an academy for training students in the designing of machinery. Here he began to try and make profit from his art, whilst mathematics also remained a lifelong interest to him. Obliged to make a living, and fretted by the lack of liberty at the atelier Le Blanc, he left the machinery-designing to become an etcher with Jean Adam, who sent him to engrave the harbour of Bordeaux, in the October of 1824. Wretchedly paid by an unjust and ill-conditioned master, Gavarni here at twenty found comfort by sharing his poverty with a girl Héloise, whom he deserted for another called Angélique, that Héloise to whom he addressed a cynical letter confessing his incapacity to love. His love-affairs seem to have come to an unpleasant climax. Drawing what money he could from his manager he set off on foot upon the adventure of life. Arriving at Tarbes without a sou, utterly weary, he searched out an inspector-geometrician called Leleu, an old friend of his uncle Thiémet, who was kind to him, and kept him vaguely employed for three years visiting the Pyrenees; three years in which the young fellow was making indifferent drawing after drawing of landscapes and costumes and people, and at the same time writing his impressions. But he had determined to be a painter. His affairs with girls continued. It was about this time that La Mesangère, seeing some plates by Gavarni—then signing as "H. Chevallier"—asked him to do a series of a hundred southern costumes at thirty-five francs apiece, which Gavarni made in pen-drawings, washed with Chinese ink in flat tints; but not meeting with approval, he stopped after the thirty-sixth. In June 1828, Gavarni returned to Paris. In June 1829, at twenty-five, he signs his name Gavarni for the first time—he was living in a garret, and a comrade who shared the garret led him to a printseller and dealer, who ordered a series of *Costumes of the Pyrenees*, for which Gavarni invented the signature that was to make him famous. Several years saw him designing fashion-plates in which a certain charm of artistry appears. Gavarni meanwhile was going to nature, working without ceasing at the types of life in Paris, and steadily he developed. His efforts in political caricature were few. His own words show his attitude—"The street cad and the dandy are animals: equally far from man; but one stinks and the other smells nice, so I like the other best, though I don't care much about him." His drawings of the people of Paris began to win him a

public. He joined the staff of *Charivari*. He became a vogue. He poured forth work. He was foul of his creditors, dunned by bailiffs; in 1834 he knew imprisonment for debt at Clichy jail, and for once in his life knew genuine love for a woman, a humble girl of the streets called Arsène. The anguish he suffered from parting with this girl, and his troubles of life, increased his art; and the human comedy of manners emerged, his fame leaping forward by leaps and bounds from 1839.

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On the 21st of November 1847 he set out for London, welcomed by the writers and artists and aristocracy, determined to paint the splendour of London society; but the street scenes and low life seized his fancy, and to them instead he gave all his powers. The human herd enthralled him; and for four years held him in England, with a visit to Scotland. The longer he stayed the more he was fascinated by the tragic and mysterious misery of the scum of the people. And yet, whilst he haunted the London slums, he continued his deep researches into mathematics!

English society, deeply disappointed, became angry when Gavarni, having made an appointment to paint the Queen's portrait, even sending his water-colours to the palace, failed to keep the appointment. This ill-bred discourtesy was rightly censured by the press; and Gavarni himself later reproached himself for it.

Back in Paris in 1851. His pretty daughters of pleasure grow old, turn into hags; he seeks his types in the wreckage at hospitals; his once dainty jocund vision grows dark; disenchantment is over all. His voice becomes morose and bitter. This contempt is personified in *Thomas Vireloque*.

To Gavarni one must go for the life of his time. In his superb lithographs, his engravings, his fine pencil drawings, and his water-colours, he showed rare and consummate gifts of artistry. In England his powers in water-colour rapidly came to fulfilment. He developed that floating of *gouache* or body-colour into the coats of paint which brought him the brilliant luminous quality so remarkable in his art. No man was more shamelessly forged in his day.

Gavarni was besides an exquisite writer of prose; and it may be that one day when his researches are properly worked out, he will be found to have been a genius in mathematics. To his craftsmanship Gavarni ever gave enormous study and pains. Small wonder that he won the homage of Delacroix, of Daumier, of Charlet.

Gavarni designed men's fashions and created them for his age. He enormously influenced and largely designed the dress of women.

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He drew the life of the high and the low of that age; played with its follies, joyed in its grace. He is said to have created over eight thousand works. His view of life was far broader, wider, and more justly balanced than was that of Daumier. A dandy, despising the bourgeois, the "grocer," he was not above a pose, even to rings on his gloves. He was ever a light lover of women; yet he was devoted to father and mother, and in 1844 he married Jeanne Léonie Martin de Bonabry, whose two children by him he ever adored. A genial, kindly comrade; a hot ally; a friend who, when he failed to prevent the condemnation of Balzac, procured his pardon from the king; unjealous, he knew no ill-will for the success of others. Always in money difficulties, he laughed away distress and difficulty, and lived out his disordered life like a dandy. When money came, after his English visit, he bought a house at Auteuil, and squandered money in laying out the park about it. Gradually he lost interest in art for mathematics. The destruction of his property by the circular railway was a heavy blow to him. He was already ill. He bought a huge property in 1865; fell into consumption, and in a black brooding state of mind he passed away on the 24th of November 1866.

CONSTANTIN GUYS, in exquisite water-colours, made the women of Paris his subject, and portrayed them, and flipped their shortcomings as well, in frank fashion. Born in 1805, Guys died in 1892.

CHAPTER X

WHEREIN, ALONGSIDE OF ROMANCE AND SATIRE, WE ALSO SEE THE ACADEMIC-CLASSICAL WALKING IN FRANCE

When a critic speaks of "academic" he always means art founded upon classical ideals. This is but a small part of academism. For art, academism is death. Academism is the painting in the manner of some one else, whether that other be Greek or Florentine, Hottentot or Egyptian, Dutch or Scandinavian, mediæval glass-stainer or Spanish portrait-painter.

The century opened in France with the godlike strut of Ingres, in the Greek vein. A man of genius, he attacked character and set up beauty upon the altar. Yet he made fine portraits by instinct, for logic here failed him. He was besides a good schoolmaster for the coming men; he taught them discipline—Manet, and Degas, and the rest. *What can be taught*, he taught well. To him Rubens was "the genius of evil," and "Rembrandt and the others" an insult to "the divine Raphael" and the great Florentines. His frigid art was created by a man of great power; but he had not the passion or fire for the heroic, nor the broad grasp of life to create vital things.

The French Academics Ary Scheffer, Signol, Amaury Duval, and Chenavard sang like the ghouls. Baudry at least could draw, and painted excellent portraits. Élie Delaunay could paint a fine portrait. Ernest Hébert could paint a religious picture in antique fashion.

COUTURE

1815 – 1879

Thomas Couture, pupil to Gros and Delaroche, was markedly affected by the realistic tendencies of his time and came under them. His *Little Confectioner* is strongly influenced by Millet and the other realists; and he painted fine portraits. He should not be judged by his large *Romans of the Decadence*, which the State bought.

CHASSÉRIAU

1819 – 1856

Théodore Chassériau as a boy of ten clamoured to be sent to

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the studio of Ingres, whose favourite pupil he became ; but he was still young when Ingres went to Rome to take over the Academy there. The youngster turned to Delacroix. Then in 1846 he went to the East. He was to die ten years thereafter ; and of those ten years is his *Combat of Arab Horsemen.*

At nineteen, Chassériau brought forth his *Venus Anadyomene*, of which he also made a fine lithograph. He was born in the East, and his art caught the sensuousness of the East. His *Self Portrait* of 1838 shows him Eastern. Of 1842 was his *Toilet of Esther* ; of 1843 his *Two Sisters* ; of 1846 the *Apollo and Daphne.* For the Palais de la Cour des Comptes he painted the panels of *Peace and War* that the Commune destroyed after the Prussian War—or rather the elements for thirty years slowly destroyed after the Commune burnt the place. Part of the fresco of *Peace* has been transferred to canvas and may be seen near the Botticelli frescoes at the Louvre. But Chassériau, young as he was, had shot his bolt. His later decorations at the chapel of St. Roch and the like show lesser powers. He had shown in Primitive-academism his best gifts. He was to inspire Puvis de Chavannes, who as a youth was a friend of the older man who opened the gates to him.

Of the Netherlanders, the most eminent academic painter of these days was Leys.

LEYS
1815–1869

JEAN AUGUSTE HENRI LEYS was trained by DE BRAEKLEER (1792-1883). Giving himself to historical painting, he subordinated his innate gift of colour to draughtsmanship and narrative accuracy ; passion and romance by consequence were shy of him. Leys was showing his work as early as 1833, and his patriotic subjects soon brought him to repute. A barony was granted to him in 1862. The head and front of the Academy, he was given the decoration of the Hôtel de Ville. In 1847 he won the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Whether in his earlier, broader manner or his later detailed "pre-Raphaelite" style founded in imitation of the Van Eycks, Leys was never a great creative artist, bending his powers to archæological intention. He trained ALMA TADEMA, NAPIER HEMY, and TISSOT amongst other famous pupils.

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CHAPTER XI

WHEREIN WE WALK AWHILE WITH THE FRENCHMEN OF BARBIZON

In speaking of the Men of Barbizon, a Frenchman who was one of the first to paint the Forest of Fontainebleau must not be passed by. Michel came much to England; saw much of Constable's art; and was largely concerned on the diffusion of his art amongst the men of Barbizon. Born in 1763, Georges Michel died in 1843.

THE MEN OF BARBIZON

ROUSSEAU

1812 – 1867

Landscape in France was treated to a code of chilly laws. Then Théodore Rousseau appears. He essays to carry on landscape from Poussin and the Dutchmen, with the decorative sense of Claude. Hobbema looms large to him. Then he settles in the Forest of Fontainebleau, greatly interested in trees; and he draws Daubigny, Diaz, and Millet to him. Rousseau was a rebel, an original, and he went straight to Nature, though his heavy training still held him even whilst he rebelled.

Born in Paris on the 15th of April 1812, to Claude Rousseau, a merchant-tailor of Salines in the Jura, and to his Parisian wife, Louise Colombet, of artist stock, their only son Pierre Étienne Théodore Rousseau was early playing with art. Going to the studio of his mother's cousin, Alexandre Pau de Saint-Martin who had been pupil to Carle Vernet, the youngster was soon at work with colour. By fifteen, Rousseau had been much in the forests of Franche-Comté. The father intended the youth for the calling of engineer; but Rousseau bought colours and brushes, went to Montmartre, made a sketch from Nature, delighted his parents with it. Pau de Saint-Martin took him sketching, and advised his training under the classic Rémond (1795-1875), thereby fretting the young fellow, who boldly made for nature. The fine days saw him sketching at Sèvres, Meudon, Compiègne, Cernay, Saint-Cloud; the rain drove him to copying Claude and du Jardin at the Louvre, or drawing from the nude under Guillion-Lethière (1760-1832).

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But Rousseau, breaking away from Rémond in 1830, betook him to the wild Auvergne to work out the mysteries by himself. Returning to Paris to find art ablaze with Romanticism, he was well-received by the rebels; and Ary Scheffer, of all men, became his powerful friend. Rousseau sent work to the Salon of 1831, again in 1833; in 1834 he won a medal, the Duke of Orleans buying his *Lisière de Bois*. In 1836 the luck turned against him. The jury rejected his *Descente des Vaches*; there was to be war against the romantics, for Marilhat, Champmartin, Huet, Barye and Delacroix were all refused. The Salon knew him no more until, in 1848, the revolution opened the doors to him again. These twelve years Rousseau, never a happy man by temperament, suffered much distress, though Decamps, George Sand, Daumier, Delacroix, Diaz, Scheffer, and Dupré stood by him. But the Second Revolution saw the art elections carried by the suffrage of the artists, and Rousseau found himself one of the jury of 1848. He was given a commission by the state; and declining marriage with a lady to whom he was deeply devoted and who loved him, he withdrew to Barbizon with a girl who had thrown herself on his protection. Thenceforth he made his home in Barbizon. He showed at the Salon of 1849, the first time for thirteen years, won a First Class Medal, but finding his faithful ally Dupré given the ribbon of the Legion of Honour he there and then broke with him. Rousseau had an ugly side. At the Salon of 1851 he had six pictures; but Diaz winning to the Legion of Honour, Rousseau fell foul of the authorities, and swore he would send no more; yet in 1852 he sent the *Effet de Givre* and *Paysage après la Pluie*, and was admitted to the Legion of Honour. His affairs and his temper and manners thenceforth improved. The Universal Exhibition of 1855 was a triumph for him. Behind the sham of a rich American he now bought, generously, the needy Millet's *Greffeur* for 4000 francs. In 1861 he sold twenty-five paintings and studies at the Hôtel Drouot for 37,000 francs; in 1863 another fifteen for 15,000 francs. Three years thereafter he painted a couple of pictures at 10,000 francs apiece, for Prince Demidoff; and the dealers kept him busy to the tune of 140,000 francs. At the Universal Exhibition of 1867, he was awarded one of the four medals, but had expected promotion as Officer of the Legion of Honour; the bitter disappointment crushed him. Paralysis struck him down. He was promoted Officer of the Legion, but died in agony after six months' suffering in the December of the year. "Madame Rousseau," long hopelessly insane, danced and sang about the death-chamber.

OF PAINTING

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In Paris, in Normandy, in the Auvergne, in the Jura, at Broglie painting the castle, in Brittany, in the Île de France, in Berry, in Gascony, and the forest of Fontainebleau, Rousseau came to grips with varied aspects of Nature. But it was at Fontainebleau, to which he first went in 1833, lodging year after year at Ganne's tavern or with some peasant, until in 1848 he settled in Barbizon and made his home there, where Diaz became his pupil, and Jacque and Millet soon became his neighbours, that he wrought his fullest art, uttering the spirit of the forest, its mystery and its vastness, as his supreme song. A slow and laborious painter, he created his unequal works, rising at his best to powerful impressiveness and largeness of utterance. He would keep his pictures by him, and touch and retouch them, often to their disadvantage.

DIAZ
1809 – 1876

NARCISSE VIRGILIO DIAZ DE LA PEÑA, the son of Tomas Diaz and Maria Velasco, Spaniards driven out of Salamanca into exile in France through a plot against Joseph Bonaparte, was born at Bordeaux on 21st August 1809. The father, exiled from France as well as Spain, made for London, where he died. The destitute mother came friendless to Paris, thence made for Sèvres, where she gave lessons in Spanish and Italian to win bread. In the boy's tenth year, his mother died; the Protestant pastor of Bellevue adopted him until he was grown enough to make for Paris to seek fortune. At fifteen he was stung in the foot by a poison-fly, or by a viper, and had twice to have parts amputated. Beginning with painting china, he was early at work in oils, working under SOUCHON (1787-1857); and the Salon of 1831 saw his first picture. He painted for some time strongly under the influence of Correggio and Delacroix—any subject that was saleable, battles, naked women, flowers, portraits, for as little as five francs apiece. He gave no sign of that amazing sense of colour that lay latent in him. About 1836, at the edge of thirty, he came under the spell of Rousseau. In 1844 his *Bas Bréau*, his *Orientale* and the *Bohémiens* won him a Third Class Medal; two years thereafter his *Délaissées*, *Magicienne*, *Jardin des Amours*, *Interior of a Forest*, and *Leda* won him a Second Class; and two years thereafter, in 1848, at forty, his *Diane partant pour la Chasse*, the *Meute dans la Forêt de Fontainebleau*, and *Venus and Adonis* brought him a First Class. A *Portrait*, the *Baigneuse*, and the *Love Disarmed* got him into the Legion of Honour. The Salon

of 1850 that brought so many decorations to artists saw Rousseau passed over. Diaz was furious. At the dinner given to the new officers of the Legion of Honour, he arose, and in a loud voice toasted "Théodore Rousseau—our forgotten master!" Life was now a bright affair for him; he moved forward with his *Rivales*, his *Nymphe tourmentée par l'Amour*, the *Fin d'un Beau Jour*. His last displayed work was at the Salon of 1859; but he wrought his art to the day he died. The loss of his painter son, ÉMILE DIAZ, like him a pupil to Rousseau, was a bitter affliction to him in 1860. He outlived Millet and Corot but a year. At the height of his vogue and prosperity he caught a chill, and was hurried off to Mentone, but arrived to find Mentone in the grip of a hard frost. He died in his wife's arms in the December of 1876.

Diaz has been termed the Correggio of the Barbizon school. The influence of Delacroix and Correggio, of Millet and Rousseau and Prud'hon all left their mark upon his sensitive art. His brush was dipped in magic; and the allure of his art is difficult to describe. He loved bosky groves, with gleam of lights breaking through: and the white stems of birches haunt his dark groves.

DAUBIGNY

1817 – 1878

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY was the son of a painter EDMÉ FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY, who had been trained by Bertin; and his own son continued the tradition as KARL DAUBIGNY.

Born in Paris, Daubigny had early to get to breadwinning, decorating clock-cases and box-lids. Going to Italy at eighteen, he worked hard from Nature at Rome, Florence, and Naples for a year; on his return to Paris he entered the studios of Granet (1775-1849), and Delaroche (1797-1856), at twenty-one displaying at the Salon of 1838 his *Notre Dame and Isle of St. Louis*. He etched, and drew on wood for illustration. In 1848 he won a Second Class Medal with his *Environs de Château-Chinon* and *Bords de Cornin*. In 1853 he carried off a First Class Medal with his *Étang de Gylien*. He was now one of the great group of landscape painters with Corot, Rousseau, Dupré, and Courbet, pouring forth work that was eagerly bought, reaching at times to high achievement, but very unequal in his quality. Loving the river, and painting the running waters by preference, he was ever happy in his house-boat, *le Bottin*. A good colourist, he painted the river with intimate regard and seeing eyes; and he loved the paths

through fields of corn, the blossoming fruit-trees, and spring in the meadows. He was the poet of Normandy.

CHINTREUIL also loved to paint vast stretches of the land and green nooks in Nature.

TROYON
1810 – 1865

CONSTANT TROYON, born at Sèvres to a worker in the Imperial Factory, was trained under RIOCREUX and POUPART, and therefore in youth wore the spectacles of David. But sketching one fine day at Saint-Cloud, he met one of the lesser Romantics, CAMILLE ROQUEPLAN (1802-1855), who made him meet some friends, of whom were Rousseau, Flers (1802-1868), Diaz, and Dupré. Troyon at once went over to the Romantics; he became the friend of Dupré.

The Salon of 1832 saw his first work; in 1835 he won the Third, in 1840 the Second Class, and in 1846 the First Class Medal. The Legion of Honour took him into its fold in 1849. The Louvre *Bœufs allant au Labour* was of 1855. Painting landscape, he ranged far afield, from Sèvres and Saint-Cloud to Fontainebleau and Brittany and the Limousin and Normandy. From 1833 to 1846, they spoke of the "truculent energy of his brush-work," of his violent colour, his excesses in paint. It was in Holland that the Dutchmen Paul Potter and Rembrandt now led him to the conquest of his art. In 1848 he "found himself," and began his career as the cattle-painter of his age. His training in landscape taught him to set his animals in their fulness of atmosphere.

JACQUE
1813–1894

CHARLES JACQUE, or Jacques, born in Paris, was to pass his youth in the office of a lawyer, where he got to copying lithographs. Then, getting restless, he went for a soldier, serving in the ranks for five years, selling drawings the while at a franc. In 1836 he passed over into England, working for the wood-engravers upon a *Shakespeare*, a *Dance of Death*, and other books for a couple of years. Going back to Paris, he helped to illustrate the famous *Paul et Virginie*, *Béranger*, *Perrault*, and *Bretagne Illustrée*. Meanwhile he was etching also. It was about 1845, in his thirty-second year, that he began to use oils, and was soon leading the way to the life of the peasant and the pastoral. His paintings of sheep-folds and hen-houses made him famous; he painted them with power, solid

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handling of the colour, play of light and shade, and vigour of draughtsmanship. The neighbour of Millet at Barbizon, he with Millet and Rousseau may be said to have founded the Barbizon school. Winning to the Legion of Honour in 1867, Jacque knew wide fame. The forgeries of his works are widespread. Jacque shares with Troyon the chief honours of animal painting in France. His etchings also are very fine.

DUPRÉ
1811–1889

At Nantes was born in 1811 to a potter a son JULES DUPRÉ, who was early at work in Paris painting china. Going to the studio of DIÉBOLD *the younger*, he made a mark in 1831, at twenty, with five landscapes, and at once came to the front. The Marquis, who bought the works of Dupré from an old clothes-shop, brought fame to a true poet the day he climbed to a sixth-floor garret at five of the morning and brought good luck to the penurious young man who lay abed; the strange man straightway bought every sketch on the young artist's walls and commissioned him to paint others. What was more, he brought other clients. In 1832 began the close friendship with Rousseau which was to benefit both men. In 1833 he won a Second Class Medal with his *Intérieur de Ferme*, but became disgusted with popular success. To the Great Exhibition of 1867 he sent a dozen pictures, but only appeared in public again at the Salon of 1883. Caring nothing for money or fame, he wrought only what he desired to utter. The friend of Rousseau, like him he has ranged over a wide gamut of landscape, from the serene pastures and the gloom of the forests, along the lonely plains to the vastness of the seas, with rare sincerity. Rousseau seems to have fretted at Dupré's success and his own failure; and his suspicious behaviour deeply wounded Dupré. In 1849, the Legion of Honour took Dupré into the fold, and Rousseau was mortified. For three years thereafter Dupré painted no more. When he took to painting again his whole style changed. The early brilliant colour departed; the precise handling giving way to a thick impasto; and he grew to love the golden phases of foliage.

MILLET
1814 – 1875

Born in the weather-beaten little hamlet of Gruchy by the sea-shore, hard by Cherbourg, to a peasant who had refined tastes

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MILLET
1814–1875

"THE SAWYERS"

(South Kensington Museum)

and a gift of music, the boy, JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, was largely brought up by his grandmother, a pious woman, whilst the father and mother were at work on their little farm; and he came under the care of a great-uncle, the Abbé Millet, who lived with the family and fired in the lad his love of literature. The mother, Louise Jumelin, came of a higher class. It was a happy household, and the boy loved his home. He was early drawing the life and land about him. On the edge of twenty-one his father decided to send the youth to Cherbourg to learn painting—the brothers and sisters were springing up and could take the eldest son's place in the fields. To MOUCHEL he went to learn the mysteries; but a year thereafter, in the November of 1835, Millet had to hurry home—his father lay dying. There was nothing for it but to take up the work of the farm. But his grandmother and mother insisted on his returning to his art, so to Cherbourg he went again, this time under LANGLOIS, the pupil of Gros. Langlois, a noble-hearted man, wrought upon the town council to send him to Paris; and to Paris he was sent, feeling the wrench from his home, and baffled on his arrival by the whirl of a great city. He found his way to the Louvre with difficulty—ashamed to ask the way. Michelangelo cast his glamour over him. Millet chose Delaroche as his master. Whilst with Delaroche, Millet fell under the glamour of Giorgione's *Concert Champêtre*, and his art ever owed much to Giorgione, Poussin, and Correggio. To the students he was "the Wild Man of the Woods," this big serious fellow so deeply interested in the suffering of man. Suddenly he left Delaroche; and a fellow-student, MAROLLE, left with him, befriended him, and sold his works for the shy country fellow to the dealers.

In 1840 Millet showed at the Salon, and in the summer made home again for Cherbourg to be near his kin, fretted by the fact that he was not supporting them. But sell his pictures he could not, and was glad to paint signboards. Then he made portraits of the young folk of the town; and for Dr. Asselin, the *Saint Barbara Carried up to Heaven.* In the November of 1841 he married a young dressmaker, Virginia Ono, a delicate girl, whose constant ill-health was a drag upon the young fellow's resources. In 1842 he took his young wife to Paris, and thence, to her death in 1844, the man knew the very blackness of hardship and distress—he failed to get his pictures into the Salon until two pastels got into the display of 1844.

Millet was now thirty. Since 1841 he had rapidly discarded the dark painting of Delaroche's school, and had learnt from

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

Correggio and Michelangelo. He painted the nude much. *Love the Conqueror* was of 1844. On the death of his wife, Millet went back to Gruchy, to paint and work amongst the fields of his old home. He had left Cherbourg in disgrace over his ill-fated portrait of a dead mayor; he now knew success awhile. He next married Catherine Lemaire, a peasant girl of eighteen. Staying awhile at Havre from the November of 1845 to paint portraits, the sea-captains ordered subject pictures—the *Offering to Pan*, *Daphnis and Chloe*, *Sacrifice to Priapus*, and the *Flute-lesson* amongst them! Strange folk, sea-captains! godlike fellows on occasion.

To Paris he went in 1845, and took three rooms near his friends, Charles Jacque and Diaz. The Salon refused his *Temptation of St. Anthony*, so he painted over it the famous *Oedipus taken from a Tree*, and thenceforth for a while poured forth glowing colour-schemes of nudes, nymphs, fauns, infants. The spring of 1848 saw him at death's door and in terrible penury; but he recovered to paint the first success of his career, and to show at the Salon the *Winnower*. The State bought it. Commissions followed. Unfortunately, the Revolution of June disturbed the arts.

Compelled to shoulder a musket in the days of the ugly bloodshed, he fretted to be done with cities. Taking his State commission, *Hagar and Ishmael*, he painted over it his *Haymakers Resting in the Shadow of a Haystack*—he had heard two men denote him as "Millet, who paints nothing but nude women." Having sold his *Haymakers* a year thereafter, Millet, in the June of 1849, turned his back on Paris, and, with his friend, JACQUE, made for "a little village ending in -zon," somewhere in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Fontainebleau, with its cost, alarmed the wife of Millet; they drove to Chailly, and on foot they sought the "village that ends in -zon," Millet entering it carrying his two little girls, whilst trudged beside him his wife with the baby boy, and made for Père Ganne's inn, where Barye, Corot, Diaz, Rousseau, and François were wont to go; there they were welcomed by Diaz and Rousseau. Millet and Jacque rented two peasant cottages, and in his barn Millet made his studio. Working in his garden until midday, he went to his studio and painted until sunset. His art burst into song of the life of the peasant folk. In 1850 he showed his immortal masterpiece of *The Sower*, so often treated again in pastel. The critics attacked it as socialistic! Then followed the masterpiece *Going to Work*.

In 1851 sorrow struck at Millet, his beloved grandmother died; his ailing mother called for her son, but the state of penury he was in forbad any journey. His mother died, without seeing him, a

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MILLET

1814-1875

"THE GLEANERS"

(Louvre)

couple of years thereafter. Millet suffered bitter sorrow. But to win money he wrought hard upon the *Man spreading Manure*, and the *Young Women Sowing*. In 1853 he won a medal with his *Repast of the Harvesters*. The *L'Attente* or *Tobit* followed. In 1854 Rousseau sent Latrone to buy works by Millet, of which was the *Woman Feeding Chickens*. To his old home the whole family now went for a few months, busy months of painting for Millet.

On his return to Barbizon, he painted *The Grafter*. He worked much from himself in a mirror, and from his wife, who often had to wear her shirt for weeks in order that it might shape to the body. No one bought the picture, and penury threatened again, when, one fine day, an American buyer came. After awhile the American myth vanished and Rousseau stood revealed. The needy fellow had raised the catalogued price for it somehow. For awhile Millet was gay and blithe. Then, in 1856, he was in difficulties again. But he was now turning to the life of the shepherd—the moonlit *Shepherd in the Sheepfold* and the like were created, in which, with astounding skill, he suggests the sound of the pattering footfall of the sheep, the cry of the shepherd, the bark of the dog, and the stilly silence of the night. Of 1857 was his immortal *Gleaners*. The critics saw in it a " threat to the social order " ! Thereafter Millet was in dire want. He even dreamed of suicide—and brought forth the world-famed *Angelus* ! It was sent to the Salon of 1859 with the powerful *Death and the Woodcutter*, which was rejected. It was at this time that the Pope mysteriously ordered and paid for an *Immaculate Conception* by Millet for his private railway carriage (1858), which has vanished. For the State he painted the *Woman Leading a Cow* (1859). The headaches which so afflicted him his life long now set in with plaguing regularity, for which at last, against all advice, he found relief in black coffee. Meanwhile Millet suffered much fret at the constant neglect by the State of his old friend, Rousseau. There now came to his studio, but never into his house, the strange, mysterious visitor, DECAMPS, the old cavalry officer, who left his horse outside the village and crept in by backways to learn from Millet.

On the 14th of March 1860, Millet signed the famous contract with Stevens and Blanc, whereby for all he did he was to receive a thousand francs a month for three years. Of these pictures the best known is that of a woman shearing a sheep which is held by a man. Of 1862 were his *Woolcarders*, a *Shepherdess*, the *Birth of the Calf*, the *Winter*, and the *Man Leaning on a Hoe*, the attack on which by the critics probably sent him for a while to pastels and drawings.

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

In 1864 he found a shepherdess who inspired him to paint a Joan of Arc. In 1865 he painted the four decorative panels for M. Thomas for his house in the Boulevard Haussmann—*Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn*, and *Winter*; and he met M. Gavet who ordered many drawings. In 1866 his eldest sister died, to Millet's deep sorrow. His wife's serious illness added to his gloom. He took her to Vichy, where he was inspired to fresh endeavour by the more primitive shepherdesses, who spun with distaff as they watched their flocks. His display at the International Exhibition of 1867 saw Millet acclaimed a master; and, to Millet's joy, Rousseau was made president of the jury—but honours came late for the doomed Rousseau. In 1868 Millet entered the Legion of Honour. Of 1869 was the *Knitting Lesson*; of 1870 the *Woman Churning* and the landscape *November*. His difficulties were over and done. He was famous. His pictures were fetching high prices. He painted the Louvre *Spring*, and several exquisite works of women with babes. Pastel had brought back his early colour sense which he had put from him in his first Barbizon days. Yet of this year was his gruesome *Pig-killers*. Then came the War; Millet, with his family, made for Cherbourg, where he painted his coast-scenes; at Greville he painted the *Village Church* now at the Louvre; in the November of 1871 he was back at Barbizon. The dealers were now scrambling for him. It should be said that Millet worked from memory, helped by notes.

His working days were now near numbered. By 1873 a cough racked his body. The great order to decorate the Pantheon with the legend of Saint Genevieve came too late. By the summer of 1874 he was a doomed man. He lingered over Christmas and the New Year. In mid-January he was bitterly grieved by a hunted stag that had taken refuge in his garden being butchered there by the sportsmen. At six of the morning of the 20th of January 1875 the great spirit of Millet left his body.

It was Daumier who brought the revelation of his great art to Millet. His whole style and vision suddenly changed. He came to grips with life. The superb woodcut after Millet's drawing of the *Man on the Horse by the Seashore* is easily taken for a Daumier. A tragic intensity and realism suddenly took possession of the man.

Bookish men are wont to speak of Millet's primitivism. No man was nearer the life of his age than Millet. In Millet the great democracy spake its pure tongue. Daumier and Millet brought French art back to grips with Life. It was only when Millet went to Barbizon and found himself, that his art burst into song and he

thereby stepped amongst the immortals as the great epic painter of the life of the fields. It was at Barbizon, beginning with his great masterpiece of *The Sower* of 1850, and creating the *Gleaners*, the *Bûcheron et la Mort*, the *Man with the Hoe*, the *Meules*, the *Berger au Parc*, the *Vigneron au Repos*, and his other majestic utterance of the heroic employment of the labourers on the land that he won to immortal fame. He saw life grey, and he employed grey to utter it. The right and fit colour to utter the mood of the epic things that he saw, he employed with consummate tact and power. Millet was of the heroic essence. His emotional vision is awe-filled. His heart is like a god's. Whether peasant girls work at the churn, or old women wearily gather faggots for the winter's warming, whether peasant mothers nurse their little ones, or weary toilers return from the heavy day's work in the fields, Millet creates a majestic statement of their significance once and for all time. In his figures are the eternal types of the field.

I have seen it written for praise that Millet's *Killing a Hog* is beautiful. It is wholly unbeautiful. Had Millet made it beautiful, he had uttered the stupidest of lies. Indeed, Millet's aim in art, a large part of his significance in art, is a protest against the pettiness of mere beauty. He took the earth, this great-soul'd man, and he wrought with a master statement the pathos and the tragedy, and the might and the majesty of the earth, and of them that toil upon the earth. The *Man with the Hoe* is far more than "beautiful"—it holds the vast emotions of man's destiny to labour, and of man's acceptance of that destiny; it utters the ugliness as loudly as it states the beauty of the earth and of toil; and it most rightly utters these things, so that they take equal rank, and thereby add to our knowledge of the emotions of life through the master's power, and the wondrous craftsmanship whereby he so solemnly uttered the truth.

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CHAPTER XII

WHEREIN A TRUCULENT FELLOW TURNS THE EYES OF FRANCE TO SOMBRE REALITIES

THE DARK REALISTS OF FRANCE

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

THE Barbizon men found an ally in a forthright violent peasant of a fellow called Courbet. Courbet rose against the Romantic Delacroix as hotly as against classic Ingres; yet, whilst he painted what he saw, he invented and developed no new craftsmanship whereby to utter it, but fell back on the orchestration of strong light and shadow of the Tenebrosi. By consequence he painted darker than nature even whilst he clamoured for realism and Realism alone.

COURBET

1819 – 1877

Born at Ornans, GUSTAVE COURBET was the son of a peasant of the Doubs, who would have made the lad a lawyer, but from the time he left Ornans for Paris in 1839 he gave himself wholly to painting. He had already at the Seminary at Besançon learnt painting from a pupil of David, called FLAGEOLET; and in Paris he went to STEUBEN (1788-1856) and HESSE (1806-1879); but the Flemish masterpieces of the Louvre were his real trainers. He went straight to Nature. The romantic movement was beginning to slacken, and Courbet headed straight for the new Realism; and an innate insolence and conceit made him a fierce partisan.

He detested the orientalism into which the romantic movement was passing. With a contempt for the Classics and Romantics, Courbet painted what he saw; his only aim to paint well. He would have none of the dead symbols; none of the past. He was a born rebel, and leader of rebels. As a republican he bluntly refused the cross of the Legion of Honour from the Emperor; and he fought for the Commune. With the landscape men of the "thirties," who were outcasts, he threw in his sympathies. They were rebels. His famous portrait of himself as *The Man with the Leather Belt* announced a new movement in France of great power. In his hatred of "the pretty" of the academics he brought in the

painting of gross female nudes. He set character above beauty. He prepared the way for a greater—Manet.

WHEREIN A TRUCULENT FELLOW TURNS THE EYES OF FRANCE TO SOMBRE REALITIES

Henley, I think it was, who neatly put it that "in Millet there were none of the bad qualities of the peasant; there were few of the good ones in Courbet." It was a harsh judgment, but Courbet was a vulgar fellow, a braggart, and an egoist whose conceit drove him to any kind of notoriety, and to lord it amongst low fellows, and to rough company. But he had the hand and eye and brain of the born painter; even whilst he laughed loud at imagination and scorned poetry. He would scoff at the folly of painting angels. "Painting," said he, holding up his ten fingers, "is that"; but he forgot that the impression on the senses and the brain that guided the fingers were even more "that"; his instinct made no such mistake.

Courbet had seen Delacroix and Corot and Millet passed by; he was determined that he at least should be noticed. He shouted his way to notoriety. He was no mere artist, but hot politician and hard talker; he loved to hear himself shout down all opposition. And be it said, in all fairness, he did for Realism what the great artists of his age could not do—he made it a power, a thing to be considered.

He rid painting of the literary danger of Delacroix. He had to be, if the French genius were to be saved. 'Tis true he set up the false formula of Art for Art's sake—that is to say, for mere power of craftsmanship; but he killed the Beauty folly. The critics took the vapourings and theories of the drunken dog as seriously as they always do.

Courbet was an illiterate boor; saw only the crudities of life; and painted but material things. But what he could see he could paint. The mere realism of Hals and Zurbaràn and Ribera and Velazquez appealed to him as the whole end of art. He discovered that if a thing were to be painted with vitality it must be done rapidly, as at a stroke.

Yet Courbet began by copying Van Dyck, and was influenced by Delacroix. He slowly rejected the softer style for a more vigorous brush. His famous *Self-Portrait*, the *Man in the Leather Belt*, was of 1849. In 1850 he entered upon his great middle period, beginning with the powerful *Enterrement* (funeral at Ornans). Taking Hals, the great Spaniards, and Rembrandt as his masters, Courbet the great Tenebrosist opened the gates to France.

The Dresden *Stone-Breakers* was of 1850, the year of Millet's *Sower*—Millet had only broken with his past in 1848 with his

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

Winnower. The two men thus developed side by side, though probably the *Winnower* had made its mark on Courbet. Both men were deeply indebted to Daumier. But mightier as was Millet in his realm Courbet worked in a wider realm and had a far wider effect on the development of painting. Millet was the greater designer, the greater artist; Courbet, a far greater painter. But Courbet had relied on dark shadows; as a school arose that filled its shadows with colour, Courbet essayed to paint colour into his shadows, and found his limitations.

Of 1853 was his *Bathers*, the *Lutteurs*, and the *Fileuse*; of 1854 his *Cribleuses de Blé*; of 1855 was his famous one-man show in protest against the official display, which took Paris by storm with his realistic huge *Atelier*, in which he pays homage to Velazquez, a powerful work; to Velazquez he looked again in 1855 in his *Rencontre*, to the realistic Velazquez, not the impressionist; and in 1856 in his *Ladies on the Bank of the Seine*, and the portrait group of the *Proudhon Family*.

Then came his woodland scenes during the sixties. The *Curée* and the huge *Halali* were of the fifties; then in 1861 he painted the huge *Combat of Stags* and the rocky landscape of the *Roche Oragnan*, and thereafter he poured forth great pieces—the *Puits Noir*, the *Siesta* (1869), and the rest. But Courbet was not greatly concerned with atmosphere. He dwells, even in his nudes, upon the contrast of flesh with other substances. He was concerned with shadows more than with light.

In the mid-sixties begin his *Trouville Seapieces*. The nude *Woman in the Wave* was of 1868. The Louvre *Wave* is of 1870. Then came the War; thereafter the Commune, into which he was swept. Whether he took part in the Fall of the Vendôme Column or not, he went to prison for it for six months. At the prison of Ste.-Pélagie he painted some fine *Still Life* of remarkable power, and portraits. But prison broke him. His hard life, his harder drinking, perhaps a sense of dishonour in the affair which made him an outlaw, saw him rapidly break up; and he died at fifty-seven on the last day of 1877 in the Swiss village of La Tour. His repute suffered in the wrangle over his disorderly life and boorish ways; but to-day the genius of Courbet is being realised. He remains this great example to the age that, instead of going back to dead art, he took up art where the greatest had laid it down, and essayed to carry its utterance forward. Courbet must not be judged by much of the landscape of his last years, in which he employed assistants.

OF PAINTING

WHEREIN A TRUCULENT FELLOW TURNS THE EYES OF FRANCE TO SOMBRE REALITIES

ALFRED STEVENS

1828 – 1906

Courbet's friend, the Belgian STEVENS, born at Brussels in 1828, and dying in Paris in 1906, was one of the most exquisite masters of the age. His subtle sense of colour, and his style, make him one of the greatest limners of the age of the crinoline.

VOLLON

1833 – 1900

ANTOINE VOLLON, born at Lyons, "le Chardin de nos jours," is a superb painter of still-life. Self-taught in the mysteries, he learnt engraving in the École des Beaux-Arts of his town; he was early painting, and he made for Paris when the down came to his lip. The Salon of 1864 saw two pictures by him, *Art et Gourmandise* and *Interior of a Kitchen*, which last was bought by the city of Nantes. Thenceforth he knew success. A medal came to him in 1865; the city of Lyons bought his *Singe à l'Accordéon* from the Salon of 1866, and the Luxembourg his *Curiosités*. In 1870 he won the ribbon of the Legion of Honour with his famous *Poissons de Mer*, and thereafter came success after success. Vollon is also a fine painter in water-colours. Vollon trained VICTOR VINCELET, who committed suicide in 1871 whilst still young and at the height of a rare promise.

RIBOT

1823–1891

A most powerful artist, painting the nude with the strong lighting and dark shadows of the Tenebrosi, and carrying on the revelation of Ribera in an art akin to that of Courbet, RIBOT stands out as one of the greatest of the men belonging to the Realist movement. In his kitchen-scenes and still-life he takes rank hard by Chardin.

HENNER

1831–1905

Henner bathes his nudes of beautiful women in a rich warm colour, and treats them in an atmosphere of twilight that gives his work a character all his own, and makes his art kin with that dark movement towards impressionism that preceded Manet. Henner has painted fine portraits.

MERYON

1821–1868

A word must be said of MERYON, who etched several fine plates

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

of somewhat hard realism, amongst others the haunting masterpiece of the *Morgue*.

Meanwhile, to Belgium—to Brussels—had gone the glamour of Millet—her peasants and miners roused artistic utterance. Millet and Courbet appealed to such a people with power and sympathy. The movement was to bring forth two artists of genius—the sculptor MEUNIER and the painter-etcher ROPS.

MEUNIER

1831 – 1905

Although Meunier, as sculptor, is outside the range of this History, his influence has been profound. He began by essaying painting as well as sculpture. Sculpture he rid of tradition, as Millet had rid painting—particularly of Italian spectacles. He applied sculpture to life, and wrought it as an impression. Under Millet and Courbet he became a realist. In his sculpture he created the sensed thing ; he uttered the miner and the peasant with great power. He became in clay the poet of Labour. He gave forth its dignity and its tragic significance. There is epic grandeur in all his art.

ROPS

1833–1898

The Belgian FÉLICIEN ROPS, beginning under the glamour of Millet, alongside Meunier, soon found in the satire of sex a more congenial field of utterance for his biting line. As Guys concerns himself with the femininity of the Second Empire, so Rops may be said to have continued the inquisition. Pleasure was the aim of Paris ; but it was now pleasure by night. Rops satirises the lure of woman that seemed the dominating pursuit of the France of his age in his eyes. He has something of the mediæval idea of woman being the temptation of Satan ; and he draws her with great power, generally in this pose or the pose of the Sphinx, which was dominating the whole poetry of the age, from Baudelaire to Laforgue. Not only was Rops one of the greatest mezzotinters and engravers of his age, but he drew the nude with power ; even though he gave forth his art in erotics. The sense of wizardry and occultism that his work exhales is difficult to put into words.

Born on the 6th of July 1833, at Namur, to a rich manufacturer half Walloon, half Hungarian, Félicien Rops went through the

university as a gay student, given to pleasure, the hunt, and frail women. At twenty-three this man of the world was drawing for the satirical papers, and at once made a mark with drawings akin in style to the genius of Gavarni and of Daumier, but with a strong erotic note from the start, and with a pronounced revelation of his interest in sombre and dark grounds and largeness of design. By 1861 he was married and his repute established. His earlier satires on the classics and on the romantic schools were chiefly in lithography. With his famous attack on the scandals of the monasteries in *Les Trappistes*, he turned from lithography to the etching acid and entered upon his great series of etchings and engravings. His strength was always in mass; and the line etchings are weak compared with his mass work. Restless and energetic, Rops seemed unable to settle anywhere. From Thozé, his wife's château, he made for Brussels; from Brussels he made for Paris, held by perpetual discontent and disquietude. At Paris he met Daumier. Rops was a student all his life, ever bent on learning and on increasing his powers. From 1869 to 1874 he poured forth some of his finest plates. In 1875 he founded in Belgium the "International Society of Engravers." Living between Paris and Belgium, he made a journey to the Tyrol, returning to the Ardennes. By the end of 1878 he had created a large mass of studies of the nude. He now took a house at Marlotte by Paris, where he gave forth the famous *Woman with the Hog*, a large plate in colours.

WHEREIN A TRUCULENT FELLOW TURNS THE EYES OF FRANCE TO SOMBRE REALITIES

About 1880 he made for Seville and Granada. He steadily increased his craftsmanship to the end, coming to high achievement in aquatint. It is no easy matter to describe Rops' plates, as he invented with Rossenfosse a method of "Vernis-Mou" to produce the effect of pencil; and his essays in dry-point, eau-forte, and aquatint are affairs of technique that require the craftsman's skill to define; and as he employed on his plates water-colours, crayon, pastel, ink, and body-colour (*gouache*) his range is most intricate. Of his famous "Cent Croquis" he himself engraved but one, the *Fair of the Loves*; the rest were engraved after his death. In 1891-92 Rops began to suffer that paralysis of the brain that was to destroy him. The first attack passed, he went to Provence. His sight was attacked. The madness that fell on his friend Maupassant caused him severe suffering. He wrought a few fine plates in 1893 and 1894. Passing his winters in Provence, his summers at Corbeil outside Paris, death took him on the 24th of August 1897. He lived to see France supreme in art. His *Scandal*, the *Satan Sowing Tares*, the *Absinthe-drinker*, the *Woman Crucified*, the *Coup de la*

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

Jarretière, the *Sunday*, the *Head of an Old Flemish Woman*, the *Sphinx*, the *Dame au Pantin*; the fine nude of the *Masques Parisiens* in which the flesh is wrought with miraculous power, a plate wrecked, as so often by Rops, with tedious, puerile, and distracting details; as is the fine *L'Impuissance d'Aimer*, the powerful *L'Attrapade*, women quarrelling on the stairs; the lyrical etching of *La Grande Lyre* in which the strings of the lyre ascend into the heavens; the brutal but powerful *Le Gandin Ivre*; the fine *Gleaners*; and the largely designed *Woman with the Hog*, show the wide range of the man who gave all his gifts to the utterance of the call of sex.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEREIN THE BRITISH PAINTERS TAKE THE FIGURE INTO THE OPEN AIR, AND REALISM PASSES INTO THE GLAMOUR OF THE SUNLIGHT

ENGLISH REALISM OF THE FIFTIES CALLED PRE-RAPHAELISM

THAT most foreign writers should be utterly baffled by the English Pre-Raphaelite movement, and mistake its significance, its intention, and its results, is not difficult to understand when it is seen how vaguely the whole movement is understood by our own writers. The confusion is due to the complication that from the very beginning it was a vague effort involving two absolutely different intentions, which inevitably burst asunder in a very few years.

WHEREIN THE BRITISH PAINTERS TAKE THE FIGURE INTO THE OPEN AIR, AND REALISM PASSES INTO THE GLAMOUR OF THE SUNLIGHT

THE ENGLISH REALISTS

ETTY

1787–1849

A colourist of high rank, one of the great painters of the nude in his century, Etty's modest character and sincerity and simplicity are of the heroic essence. His masterly gifts have been all too long neglected. Think of the position that would be given to Etty if he had been a Frenchman!

Born to a miller of York on the 10th of March 1787, the boy WILLIAM ETTY, in 1798, at eleven, was 'prenticed to a painter of Hull for seven weary years. In 1806, at nineteen, he went to London to his uncle in Lombard Street, to work for the Academy schools, studying the plaster-casts at Gianelli's shop. Etty and Collins entered the Academy schools together in 1807. Etty's uncle now paid the fees to apprentice Etty to Lawrence, who shockingly neglected his pupils, and Etty went through the deeps of despondency. His year with Lawrence over, he went straight to Nature, and copied Old Masters the while for schooling; and to the end of his days he sat as a simple student at the Academy life-school.

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAELITE ACADEMISM

He missed all the prizes of art—he would, naturally. His pictures were rejected year after year.

At last, in 1820, the *Coral-Finders*, and in 1821 his *Cleopatra*, made his reputation. So in 1822 he made for Italy, Venice in particular casting its glamour over him. In 1824 he was back in London; showed his *Pandora crowned by the Seasons*; was made A.R.A., and in 1828 R.A. In the summer of 1849 a collection of his works in London surprised the public with his great gifts of colour; but he died in his native York on the 13th of November of the same year, a bachelor of retired and simple ways, who had won to considerable wealth. The National Gallery has his *Bather*.

To understand the Pre-Raphaelite movement it is necessary to grasp fully the fact that Pre-Raphaelite academism was but a small part of a movement which had for its far greater aim the intention of realism and colour under full open daylight.

It was from Etty that the young Millais learnt colour—and Madox Brown owned his indebtedness. They all strove to follow Etty's flesh-painting. They struggled to acquire the subtlety of his touch and his astounding range of colour from his three or four paints. Frith also, but Millais above all, was his worshipper and disciple. Etty it was who drew Millais to his gospel of early manhood "to go direct to Nature."

LEWIS

1805 – 1876

JOHN FREDERICK LEWIS, R.A., known in his early days as "Spanish Lewis," went thereafter to the East, always interested in the sunlight, and painting with minute care. He forestalled the detailed painting of the Pre-Raphaelites, their realism, and their gem-like colour.

PRE-RAPHAELISM

Meanwhile, the domestic anecdote or pretentious historical canvas was being produced by AUGUSTUS EGG, by POOLE, by MULREADY, by COPE, MACLISE, and their like.

Now, since so-called Pre-Raphaelism contains two great movements—the vital stream of Realism, and the reactionary stream of Primitive-academism—we had better first glance at the Primitive-academic intention which was setting in all over Europe, since it is the most serious threat to art to-day.

OF PAINTING

WHEREIN THE BRITISH PAINTERS TAKE THE FIGURE INTO THE OPEN AIR, AND REALISM PASSES INTO THE GLAMOUR OF THE SUNLIGHT

A pseudo-Gothic ideal had set in about the end of the seventeen-hundreds, led by Horace Walpole. Then the Houses of Parliament were built in the Gothic ideal. Primitive-academism was in the air. In France Poussin had called Raphael an ass, and even Raphael-worshipping Ingres had cast back his hard eyes. By 1820 Berlin was buying Primitives.

The group of German artists at Rome, called "Nazarenes," sought the foundations of art in mimicry of the Primitives. Of these "Nazarenes," Overbeck, Veit, Schnorr, Cornelius, and Pfühler, the leaders were CORNELIUS (1783-1867) and OVERBECK (1789-1869). Scriptural subjects of a somewhat frigid kind resulted; they were devout Catholics who worked in cells like Fra Angelico, hoping thereby to snare his genius. There were vigils, fastings, and flagellations. They had little concern with Nature; and abhorred the nude model as a sin. Sir Francis Palgrave seems to have been smitten with the affectation, for he published in 1840 the doctrines of the reaction, which Ruskin afterwards made the basis of his *Modern Painters*, and clamoured for the "arts and crafts" that afterwards became the gospel of Morris and Burne-Jones.

Now, the term Pre-Raphaelite has been so widely used both by this school itself and for other schools, that I here intend to use it in its only significant sense—as being a deliberate intention to paint in the manner of the Italians before Raphael. We shall see that this was a definite part of the intention of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, but *not its first intention*, nor long persisted in by the whole three original members.

WILLIAM DYCE, R.A. (1806-1864), born at Aberdeen, 19th September 1806, to a physician of that town, studied art secretly whilst at the Marischal College, saved enough to take him to London with a letter to Lawrence; and thereafter went to the Academy schools. In 1825 he was in Rome, went back to Aberdeen in 1826, then back to Rome the next year, where he met the German "Nazarenes." Back again in 1828, Dyce won to wide success in portraiture at Edinburgh. In Italy again in 1832, he became A.R.S.A. in 1835; he wrote on art education, and on the creation of the national Schools of Design he was made the head. He competed for the Westminster decorations; and painted the *Baptism of Ethelbert* in the Lords (1846), and the series of *Arthur* frescoes in the Queen's Robing Room. He did a large mass of decoration. He became A.R.A. in 1844, R.A. in 1848; and refused the presidency on the death of Shee. Dyce was an ardent High Churchman, a learned man, a fine musician.

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

But a far greater than Dyce, MADOX BROWN, it was who really gave its vital impetus in Realism to the coming school.

A group of young men drew together vaguely as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, weary of the banalities of classic-academism, and sought to bring back English art to relation with life. Yet so steeped was painting in the Old Masters, spite of all Hogarth's thunders and Constable's warnings, that these very men—a galaxy of genius whose intention *was* modern—sought to utter it in an academic craftsmanship older than the academism they despised. The Pre-Raphaelite artists, with a sincere intention to be Realistic, could not create a new form to utter it—even though Turner was before them as a stupendous creator of the new orchestra whereby to utter the new art. They therefore sought for a certain freshness of manner in the style before the classical, which had become a boredom; they naturally went to the century before Raphael—that was the most obvious path to unobviousness.

The Englishmen went back and steeped themselves in the scattered unrelated details of the earlier Italians. The first blight that fell upon them, almost of necessity, was symbolism—the mistaking of sensing in Art for intellectual appeal. At once they stepped outside the limits of painting into the art of literature. Their own age receded, and they tried to see it in terms of Renaissance Florence.

MADOX BROWN

1821 – 1893

There was born at Calais on the 16th of April 1821 to Ford Brown, a purser who had retired from the British Navy, a child, FORD MADOX BROWN, perhaps the genius of the whole movement. Now he went as a youth to Bruges to the Academy there, to learn the mysteries; thence to Ghent; thence to the Antwerp Academy under Baron Wappers—and whilst under Wappers he painted in 1837 his *Job and his Friends*. In 1841 he sent the *Giaour's Confession* to the Royal Academy, and was painting his *Execution of Mary Queen of Scots*. About 1842 he went to Paris for three years' study at the Louvre, and came under the glamour of Delacroix. Of 1844 was his *Bringing the Body of Harold to the Conqueror* for the Westminster Hall competition, and other works, with *Justice* in 1845. From Paris he made for Italy for the benefit of his wife's health, she dying in Paris on his way to London in 1845. He desired to get back to Nature, but the Nazarenes in Rome despised Nature. He could find no master to lead him to Nature, so he set to work to

discover her for himself. He went first of all to the white canvas instead of the brown as ground for painting. At twenty-five, in 1846, Madox Brown came to settle in London, with designs for his *Wickliffe* and *Chaucer*, and set to work on his *Our Ladye of Saturday Night*. It was in 1847 that he painted his oil-sketch for the *Wickliffe*, which, on being shown, drew a letter of warm enthusiasm from a young Italian in London called Rossetti, who begged him to teach him colour for six months. Madox Brown, then unknown, and suspecting irony from some flippant youth, sallied out with a stout stick to his address to chasten him, found a wild enthusiast instead, and refusing all fees, he undertook to train him—so to Madox Brown in the March of 1848 Rossetti went.

That year of 1848 there gathered together the youths Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Millais, and banded themselves into the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." Madox Brown was its father, though never a member.

Madox Brown was now to reject all forerunners and *create open-air painting of great power.*

The enthusiasm of the youngsters caught the inspirer of the school. In 1851 he painted the *Pretty Baa Lambs* in open-air effects, and the unfinished *Take Your Son, Sir.* The fine *Washing of Peter's Feet* was of 1852, in which year he begun to paint his famous *Work* wherein a new art arises in England, which *Work* he finished eleven years later, and his great and powerful *The Last of England*, painted from himself, his wife, and infant child, in the open air, regardless of all precedent, and suggested by seeing Woolner off to Australia—a haunting, powerful impression in which the stern resolve and pathos of the emigrant is rendered with immortal phrasing—this he finished three years afterwards—in both masterpieces he comes to grips with Reality, and paints poems of Life, hampered only by an antique instrument for the utterance of it. Though painting literary romance the while, he, in 1878, began his famous twelve historical paintings for the Town Hall of Manchester which he worked upon until the year of his death in London on the 6th of October 1893.

Madox Brown by 1840 was *making the play of light during the different parts of the day utter the colour-moods fitting to those times of the day.* But be it remembered that whilst he encouraged the youngsters he sternly refused to join any clique as being against the essential quality of a man's artistic utterance—the development of personality. He could not carry on, had not then the power to carry on, the development of the gamut of art where the greatest had laid it down; and his sole salvation was to go back to earlier

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realism—to get in touch with life at such a point on the backward road as he could reach. He then rapidly added the colour-harmonics of Turner, essaying to put his figure in the open air, and to utter the colour resulting therefrom in brilliant and broken form.

Madox Brown worked on with heroic dignity, unrecognised, passed over by Ruskin and the vogue that hailed with enthusiasm all that was reactionary and bad in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In him England brought forth one of her greatest masters, who wrought colour like flashing jewels, and snared the sun to his canvas. His greatly gifted son Oliver died at nineteen; but his daughters MRS. HUEFFER and MRS. W. M. ROSSETTI inherited also something of their great father's genius.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

HOLMAN HUNT

1827 – 1910

William Holman Hunt was born in the April of 1827 to a warehouseman of London in Wood Street, Cheapside. He had to struggle in youth against his father's desire to make a clerk of him. Leaving school at twelve or so, he went as clerk to an auctioneer, who by good luck was interested in art and encouraged the lad. At sixteen he went as assistant to the London agent of a Manchester calico-printer called Cobden, who was to become immortal as the champion of Free Trade, where a brother-clerk and he indulged in drawing flies on the frosted glass to trick their overlord into brushing them off. Much against the desire of his family he now spent his salary on painting-lessons from a portraitist. The loss of money by his father in a lawsuit looked like wrecking the eager young fellow's hopes; but by doggedly painting portraits after office-hours he paid his way and worked at the British Museum. Twice rejected for the Academy schools, he at last won through in the July of 1844. Here the youth of seventeen met the boy Millais, then fifteen, and Rossetti. Then in 1848 came the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and with the generous money aid of Millais he painted one of his finest pictures, *The Hireling Shepherd*, the year that Millais painted his *Ophelia*. It is remarkable that, whilst he never mastered a certain hardness, Holman Hunt in this open-air picture, in his effort to utter sunlight and out-of-door lighting, employs and masters the broken colour which was later to create an astounding movement in France. *The Hireling Shepherd* marks an epoch in the develop-

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HOLMAN HUNT

1827 – 1910

"THE SCAPEGOAT"

(Sir Cuthbert Quilter's Collection)

"The Apostles regarded it (the Scapegoat) as a symbol of the Christian Church, teaching both them and their followers submission and patience under affliction. . . . One important part of the ceremony was the binding a scarlet fillet round the head of this second goat when he was conducted away from the Temple, hooted at with execration, and stoned until he was lost to sight in the wilderness. The High Priest kept a portion of this scarlet fillet in the Temple, with the belief that it would become white if the corresponding fillet on the fugitive goat had done so, as a signal that the Almighty had forgiven their iniquities. . . . The whole image is a perfect one of the persecution and trials borne by the Apostolic Church, and perhaps by the Church, as subtly understood, to this day."

The picture was originally called "Azazel": it was painted near Oosdoom by the Dead Sea. "Every minute the mountains became more gorgeous and solemn, the whole scene more unlike anything ever portrayed. Afar all seemed of the brilliancy and preciousness of jewels, while near, it proved to be only salt and burnt lime, with decayed trees and broken branches brought down by the rivers feeding the lake. Skeletons of animals, which had perished for the most part in crossing the Jordan and the Jabbok, had been swept here, and lay salt-covered, so that birds and beasts of prey left them untouched. It was a most appropriate scene for my subject, and each minute I rejoiced more in my work."

W. H. H.

ment of painting which has never received its right recognition. Up to this time the critics had been assailing the youngsters; Hunt's father heard nothing but sneers about his son's art, and the young fellow had serious thoughts of emigrating to the colonies. *The Hireling Shepherd* was hung upon the line.

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The *Valentine and Sylvia* saw him return to illustration from which the *Hireling Shepherd* had freed him. The merchant-princes of Lancashire now and for years became noble patrons of art. The making of gem-like colours into pictures in the sordid purlieus of Fitzroy Square was at an end. Then came the friendship of the Combes at Oxford, who were also to become loyal patrons to him. Thereafter came *The Strayed Sheep*, the *Canon Jenkins*, and the *Claudio and Isabella*, which freed him of his debt to Millais and the debt to his landlady, which had been an agony to him. Then he painted the world-famous *Light of the World*, bought by Mr. Combe, and given to Keble College at Oxford. *The Awakened Conscience* of 1854 followed, and Hunt made for the East to paint sacred subjects "on the spot," returning after two years in the February of 1856 with his *Scapegoat*. He came home to find himself wellnigh forgot; he could not sell the picture; and then his father died. By the help of Mr. Combe he painted the *Finding of Christ in the Temple*, for which he received a large price. So he made for the Holy Land again for several years. In 1867 he was exhibiting, and painted the *Isabella and the Pot of Basil*. From 1869 until 1874 he was at work on his *Shadow of the Cross*. He was still to paint his *Triumph of the Innocents*. In black and white he made one of the supreme designs of this great age of illustration in his *Lady of Shalott*.

Both Millais and Holman Hunt, as well as Madox Brown, rid painting of low tones, and increased its orchestration; but they could not realise colour as a whole impression as Turner had done. Holman Hunt added to his artistic intention a further source of danger, the didactic aim, and, most dangerous of all, symbolism; thus he brought the Reason into play where it has little power of utterance. It is exactly in the degree that his pictures require a "book o' the words" that he fails.

MILLAIS
1829 – 1896

Born at Southampton on the 8th of June 1829, to a father and mother from Jersey in the Channel Islands, JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS passed his first six years of childhood in that island, going with his

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family to Dinan, in Brittany, thereafter (1835). He early displayed artistic gifts. The child was but eight when his family settled in London at Gower Street, and the boy was sent at the advice of Sir Martin Shee to Sass's art school, winning at nine the silver medal of the Society of Arts, surprising the audience and the Duke of Sussex who was presenting the prizes, when a child in a pinafore stepped forward on the call of "Mr. Millais." At eleven he went to the Academy schools. At seventeen he painted the *Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru* (1846), and at eighteen won the gold medal, the year in which he also painted *The Widow's Mite* for the Westminster Hall competition. The young fellow now realised that he was on the wrong road to mastery. The following year of 1848 he was one of the three leaders of the seven artists who became the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, with Nature as their aim, and the intensity and simplicity of the early Italians as their scheme of craftsmanship.

In 1850 the Brotherhood began the issue of the short-lived *Germ*, in which they gave forth their views on art. Millais' *Ferdinand and Isabella* had been received with tolerance; but his *Carpenter's Shop* (1849) was bitterly assailed. Then in 1851 came the exquisite *Bridesmaid* (or *All Hallows' E'en*). *Mariana in the Moated Grange* and the *Woodman's Daughter*, in spite of their literary aim, announced the coming power of the man. Literary he remained throughout his great period, but the *Huguenot* and exquisite *Ophelia* of 1852, his twenty-third year, reveal a living art. The *Ophelia*, painted from Miss Siddall, afterwards wife to Rossetti, is a superb masterpiece of colour, glittering like gems; and revealing an intense Realism of high poetic power—the Realism that must go before Impressionism is born. In his *Ophelia* Millais, and in his *Last of England* Madox Brown, and in his *Hireling Shepherd* Holman Hunt created a forceful and realistic art without parallel in Europe—a modern Realism.

Realism indeed paid a full price for *Ophelia*. Millais painted Miss Siddall as she lay in a bath; and Millais, on the last day of the sitting, forgetting to fill the lamps that kept the water warm, Miss Siddall received the chill that set up the rheumatic attack which at last brought about the suffering from which she sought relief in an overdose of the drug that ended her life. Millais gave forth the *Order of Release* and *Proscribed Royalist* in 1853, in which he reveals more breadth. The Academy had with rare courage elected the brilliant young Millais, but the election had been quashed owing to his age. In 1853 he was again elected A.R.A. In 1855 Mrs. Ruskin had her marriage with Ruskin annulled, and Millais married

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MILLAIS

1829–1896

"OPHELIA"

(TATE GALLERY)

her. The *Autumn Leaves* and the immortal *Blind Girl* were of 1856. Millais was now famous. The *Vale of Rest*, *Black Brunswicker*, *First Sermon*, and *St. Agnes' Eve* followed amidst growing enthusiasm; and in 1863, at thirty-four, he was elected R.A., entering upon a wide popularity and success that brought him fortune. The haunting *Sir Isumbras at the Ford*, the *Ruskin* (1854), the *Vale of Rest* (1858), mark the end of his so-called Pre-Raphaelite effort. In 1867 he was painting realistic detail; suddenly in 1868 he burst forth as an impressionist with his fine *Souvenir of Velazquez*.

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In 1871 he essayed to paint landscape in his *Chill October*, in which his limitations appear. But he was now rapidly advancing as a portrait-painter, of which was one of his masterpieces, *Mrs. Bischoffsheim* of 1873. In 1874 he painted his virile *The North-West Passage*, in 1876 the *Yeoman of the Guard*, and the *Princes in the Tower* in 1878. Fortune came to him, and wide popularity; and the frank, kindly, and downright man slowly lost his fine qualities in a somewhat commonplace style. Made an officer of the Legion of Honour in 1878, a baronet in 1885, and honoured by almost every nation in Europe, he became President of the Royal Academy in 1896, on the death of Leighton; but even as he stepped into the office he was a dying man, he knew that cancer had fallen upon him, and he died on the 13th of August 1896.

In the last of Millais that was buried in St. Paul's beside his dead friend Leighton, there was laid to rest the body of a noble-hearted and forceful personality. He rapidly rejected Primitive-academism, and from detailed Realism advanced towards a broader and more impressionistic vision, which, whilst he never reached in it to as great heights as he had done in his earlier manner, at least yielded the *Souvenir of Velazquez*, *The Convalescent*, and *The North-West Passage*, in which Trelawny, the friend of Byron and Shelley, appears. But Millais had shot his bolt.

ROSSETTI
1828 – 1882

There was born to an Italian poet and refugee, Gabriele Rossetti and his wife Frances Polidori, in London on the 12th of May 1828, a son GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI, a precocious child, who by sheer genius and personal force was to be chiefly instrumental in setting back the genius of British art. Leaving King's College School, where his father was professor of Italian, the young fellow in 1841-2 went to Cary's studio in Bloomsbury and the Academy schools in 1846. Whilst there he was more interested in the work of Gavarni than the teaching; and there he met two young students,

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Millais and Holman Hunt. Rossetti having taken lessons from Madox Brown, the three young fellows banded themselves together in primitive-academic intention as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in 1848, with its secret signs and all the other paraphernalia of a secret society that Rossetti's Italian blood and fancy made a part of the compact. Four lesser men were of the group. The aim was Realism. The German Pre-Raphaelism of the "Nazarenes" being their sampler to a certain degree.

Rossetti shared a studio with Holman Hunt Under Holman Hunt's guidance the young Rossetti painted his first picture, *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*, in 1849—of 1849-50 being the fine *Ecce Ancilla Domini* (Annunciation). The critics, including Dickens, bitterly assailed this work. Rossetti and Holman Hunt paid a visit to Belgium and Paris; then came the publication of *The Germ*. Rossetti came back to England to find himself frantically abused. He was miserably poor. He had as yet sold but one picture, and that to the rich patron to whom his aunt was governess. He now seriously thought of becoming a telegraphic clerk, but found the instrument difficult to learn. He called the unsaleable *Annunciation* his "blessed white eyesore"; turned his back on religious subjects, and opened his Keats, Dante, and other poets. In the November of 1852 he took rooms at Chatham Place, Blackfriars. Help was at hand.

Rossetti was essentially an illustrator of ballads and legends. Of 1853 was his only effort in Realism in relation to life, the well-known *Found*.

In 1853 the Brotherhood was broken up. Holman Hunt went to Palestine; Millais was elected to the Academy; Woolner had gone to Australia; Madox Brown alone remained to Rossetti. Ruskin now came into his life to save him; he became his patron as well as friend in 1854—and Swinburne and the Morris family increased the number of his circle.

In 1860 Rossetti married a milliner, Miss Siddall, his model, whose haunting face did much for his type of womanhood; she took on the 10th of February 1862 an overdose of laudanum and died the next morning, but had sat to him for five years before his marriage. He was pouring forth poems that are as much rich painting as his paintings are rich verse—the haunting *The Blessed Damozel*, and *Sister Helen*, and his writings for *The Germ* (1850). In bitter sorrow he buried his first volume of manuscript poems with his dead wife. In 1854 Rossetti started the public interest in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*.

A glowing colourist, Rossetti created a resonant use of colour-

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ROSSETTI
1828 – 1882

"ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI"

(TATE GALLERY)

From the oil painting (28½ in. × 17 in.) painted in 1850.

Slightly retouched in 1873 for the then owner, Mr Graham.

music all his own, if founded on old Italian art, with little relation to his age, redolent of a sweet, sad fragrance of the years that are gone; an alien art in an alien land, haunted by the longings of an exile for a make-believe land of which he dreamed all his years. Without the sense of the limitations of any artistic utterance, he painted literature and wrote colour; painted oils like water-colours and water-colours like oils.

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In the Christmas of 1855 an Oxford youth called Burne-Jones came to London and met Rossetti, whom he and a fellow-student at Oxford, William Morris, had began to worship. The fellowship of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood now bore fruit in creating at Exeter College, Oxford, a still more powerful fraternity, whose "crusade and holy warfare against the age" was to have a wide effect undreamed of by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Ruskin had already interested Rossetti in his East-End enterprise of taking art amongst the workmen. The Arthurian legend was the symbol of their cause. Rossetti flung himself into the new movement. In 1857 Morris took him to Oxford; and he entered into the project of the decorations of the debating hall of the Union Society which so rapidly perished. It was at Oxford that he met Miss Burden, who afterwards married Morris, and who sat for several of Rossetti's heroines. Of 1858 was his fine *Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee*. Of 1859 is the *Bocca Baciata*, in which the face of Miss Fanny Cornforth first appears, whom he painted again and again, bringing her to eternal fame in his *Lilith*. Of 1860 was his *Dr. Johnson at the Mitre*; of 1861 his delightful lovers kissing, called *Roman de la Rose*, and his two fine designs for his sister's *Goblin Market*, the frontispiece being Morris's first effort at a woodcut. It should be remembered that Morris and Company were now bringing Rossetti much work; Ruskin had practically given up all patronage of him long ago.

The tragic death of his wife on the 11th of February 1862 made Rossetti seek another home, and he at last found 16 Cheyne Walk, called Queen's House, where he went with Swinburne and George Meredith. Meredith soon left; but Swinburne there wrote "Atalanta in Calydon," and other poems. It was in the garden of this house that Rossetti gathered the "Zoo" which has been the source of much anecdote.

Rossetti was now being sought by collectors; became freed from the Morris movement; and could develop along his own lines. He filled his home with a mixture of many styles of furnishments, and with Whistler "discovered" Japanese art and china.

Here, with his heart-hunger for his dead wife, he painted his

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Beata Beatrix in her memory in 1863. Thereafter came a series of single figures, of which Adam's first wife, the *Lady Lilith*, combing her hair is the supreme achievement, painted in 1864. Of 1866 was the famous *The Beloved. Joli Cœur* and the superbly designed *Mona Rosa* followed, then the *Loving Cup* in 1867. Of 1868, the year that his health broke and his eyesight was threatened, was the portrait of *Mrs. William Morris*. In 1869 he was attacked with sleeplessness. In the October his book of poems was taken from his wife's grave and published in 1870. Buchanan's attack upon the poems in "The Fleshly School of Poetry," drove the ailing man to believe that there was a conspiracy against him. His habit of taking chloral for sleeplessness had now become a vice. Buchanan's hint of unmentionable vices set the drugged man brooding. He is said to have attempted suicide. He saw a hostile crowd in every gathering; spies lurked behind every wall.

In 1872 he went to the old Elizabethan manor-house of Kelmscott in Gloucestershire to his friend Morris, and got to work again; in 1874 he came back to London. Mrs. Morris from 1870 figures much as his heroine, in the *Mariana* and the like. His *Pandora* was of 1871, as was his famous *Dante's Dream*, his largest work. Mrs. Morris sat for the *Proserpine*.

On Rossetti's return to London in 1874, the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co. was broken up, and became William Morris only, leading to estrangement with Madox Brown; Rossetti also drifted away from Morris. Rossetti wandered hither and thither. In 1877 he had a severe illness, went to Herne Bay, recovered, and returned to London, but shut himself up in his house in Cheyne Walk, where a few close friends alone visited him, including Theodore Watts, Whistler, Legros, Shields, and Sandys. Of 1876 was the *Blessed Damozel*; of 1877 the *Astarte Syriaca* and the *Sea-Spell*.

In the September of 1881, Rossetti with the faithful Hall Caine went to Cumberland for a change; hurriedly returned; but, broken by drugs, was taken in the February of 1882 to Birchington-on-Sea, where he died on the 10th of April.

Rossetti had genius; and his power of uttering emotion raised his art to mastery, but it was rather the emotions roused by the art of literature than by life. He saw life always through the art of others. With the vast orchestra of modern art he had nothing to do, and was incapable of employing it. He was a master of old-world instruments, dragged out of museums, and restrung for his thrumming, out of which he drew the ghosts of the dead Past that

haunted them. The son of an Italian, he went to Sass's in youth, where Cary, the son of the translator of Dante, held sway, and he left his school to conquer English culture with the book of Dante under his arm, and wellnigh destroyed the native vision with Renaissance Italian spectacles. He was the one true Pre-Raphaelite of the lot; and he was and never became anything else but a primitive-academic. It is significant that under Madox Brown he delighted in the copying of pictures, but fretted at painting still-life. Yet it was a part of the strange paradox of his genius that he could and did people his art with ghosts from a bygone day; that he could make song out of the twilight of the past; that his power of imagination was so great that he could give us the fragrance of a dead day; and still more wonderful that, with all his hesitations in the craft of painting, he did deliberately and by instinct move towards the modern effort to break up colour, and to compel colour to rouse the eye, as the ear is stirred by concord of sweet sounds.

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Of the lesser members of the P.R.B. whom Rossetti beat up as recruits, F. G. STEPHENS gave up indifferent painting for indifferent criticism; WOOLNER the sculptor was a poet to the firm; Rossetti's brother seems to have been biographer and general secretary; and the sluggish COLLINSON, after suffering much dragging out of bed to see the moon shine, "got religion," and retired to Stonyhurst, when DEVERELL was elected in his place, but died young. An almost part of the brotherhood was Rossetti's greatly gifted sister CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Of the detailed Realists, wholly untouched by Primitive-academism, was FRITH.

FRITH

1819–1909

WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, C.V.O., R.A., was born to a man-servant in the house of Mrs. Lawrence of Stùdley Royal in the village of Aldfield in West Yorkshire on January 9, 1819, the father later, in 1826, becoming landlord of The Dragon Inn at Harrogate. When a boy at school at Knaresborough, the small Frith at seven showed signs of an artistic gift, and his father requested that all his other schooling should give way to drawing. At school at Dover later, the boy was copying prints. The father was set on the lad becoming an artist, checked his desire to become an auctioneer, brought him to London in 1835, where, after two

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

years under Sass, he joined the Academy schools, was early making portraits, tried his hand at subjects from literature, won Dickens's approval with his *Dolly Varden* in 1842, having shown in 1840 his first picture, *Malvolio*, at the Royal Academy. His first hit was made in 1843 with the *Vicar of Wakefield*. In 1845 he was elected to the Academy, of which he became R.A. in 1852. Two years thereafter he painted *Ramsgate Sands*, which was bought by the Queen; and in 1858 he knew a wide sensation with his famous *Derby Day*, and four years thereafter painted his *Railway Station*. The *Road to Ruin* in 1878 revealed loss of power. In passages, such as the central lady in the *Derby Day*, he not only proves himself a colourist, but an excellent painter of life.

It is to be noted that the Pre-Raphaelites were Realists first; and only after they had gathered together was it that, on looking at some prints of the frescoes at the Campo Santo in Pisa, did they become Pre-Raphaelites in aim. Even whilst, in intention, they only took artistic utterance as far as Hogarth had taken it, they in reality, coming to grips with life in order to create the illusion of life under full sunlight, vastly increased the gamut of painting. Their failure lay in dissipating Impressionism by breaking the impression upon warring details. Why Holman Hunt and Millais should have "gone to Nature" *before* Raphael, considering that the men before Raphael did not come within leagues as close to Nature as the masters *after* Raphael—Hals and Velazquez and Rembrandt and Constable and Turner—heaven alone knows, since by their very lack of the gamut of painting they could not possibly so go! The young fellows condemned Rembrandt, adored—Ary Scheffer! made Delaroche a god, and in general reorganised and kicked the world about for a few short years, rearranged the universe, and drew up a list of the only immortals—headed by Jesus Christ and ending with Tennyson!

Of the disciples of detailed Realism were several good artists.

Arthur Hughes (1830-) who was a mere lad when the P.R.B. took shape, wrought an art closely akin to that of Millais. His *April Love* is famous.

Sir Noel Paton (1821-1908), the friend of Millais, gave himself up to religious and fairy subjects. Born at Dunfermline, he came to the Academy schools in 1842. He was knighted in 1866.

Charles Allston Collins, son of William Collins, R.A., and brother to Wilkie Collins, painted in the manner of Millais *Convent Thoughts* and the like works, but died early. W. S. Burton, best known by his *Wounded Cavalier* and his haunting face of the Christ

behind prison bars in *The World's Gratitude*, was to suffer neglect, ill-health, and ill-fortune; beginning with winning the gold medal at the Academy schools, he has been dogged by sorrow and bad luck.

The art of WILLIAM LINDSAY WINDUS of Liverpool was silenced for many years by a great sorrow, after a brilliant beginning. MATHEW JAMES LAWLESS, born in Dublin in 1837, learnt the mysteries in London, and, though afflicted with deafness and ill-health, and destined to an early death, made a mark in illustration. Consumption took him in 1864. Holman Hunt strongly influenced W. J. WEBBE; also ROBERT MARTINEAU, who was doomed to an early death.

Others began their careers under the Pre-Raphaelite influence, and afterwards drifted from it: HENRY WALLIS, best known for his dead *Chatterton*; JOHN BRETT, A.R.A. (1830-1902), who first made his mark with his fine *Stonebreaker* before he became a sea-painter (he was the son of an officer in the 12th Lancers); HENRY MOORE (1831-1895), another sea-painter; INCHBOLD; SEDDON; WILLIAM DAVIS; WALLER PATON, R.S.A.; G. D. LESLIE; VAL PRINSEP; STOREY; J. D. WATSON, best known for his masterly drawing of *Ash Wednesday*; H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.; PHILIP CALDERON, R.A.; whilst the Scotsmen, SIR WILLIAM FETTES DOUGLAS; HUGH CAMERON, R.S.A.; JAMES ARCHER; JOSEPH HENDERSON; and the powerful broad work of a great Scottish painter, WILLIAM M'TAGGART, R.S.A., began in the Pre-Raphaelite tradition with such fine canvases as *The Thorn in the Foot*.

SIR J. D. LINTON is of this school.

WHEREIN THE BRITISH PAINTERS TAKE THE FIGURE INTO THE OPEN AIR, AND REALISM PASSES INTO THE GLAMOUR OF THE SUNLIGHT

DETAILED REALISM OF TO-DAY

Of the Detail-Realists, in Millais' vein, are BYAM SHAW, ELEANOR FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE, and KATHERINE CAMERON; whilst MRS. YOUNG HUNTER is one of its most exquisite disciples, as is her husband J. YOUNG HUNTER; nor is the slowly produced and gem-like work of CADOGAN COWPER readily passed by. The whole group of these painters is remarkable for brilliant colour, for mastery of daylight, and for poetic sense. FRANK CRAIG is one of the most gifted with imagination and craftsmanship of the group, combining something of the Sargentesque side of Abbey's art with his realism.

PAINTING

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

CAYLEY ROBINSON

1862 –

A man of pure genius is CAYLEY ROBINSON who, whilst he employs an antique style, breathes a modern utterance, and his art is at close grips with life. He gives voice to a haunting poetry that is a part of modern Detail-Realism; and his original and powerful art raises him to a high place in the art of our age. He combines mass with detail, and is in some ways quite an artist apart. His art gives forth a powerful emotional intensity difficult to describe; and the spirit of it is so remarkably modern that it perhaps pronounces the somewhat archaic form wherein he utters it. Its appeal is as forceful as its form is rhythmic. And its intensity of lyrical and at times tragic power seems to be enhanced by its restraint.

CHAPTER XIV

WHEREIN WE WALK WITH TWO ENGLISH GIANTS OF THE VICTORIAN YEARS

CLASSICAL-ACADEMISM ALLIED TO PRE-RAPHAELISM

WATTS

1817 - 1904

WHEREIN WE WALK WITH TWO ENGLISH GIANTS OF THE VICTORIAN YEARS

Born in London on the 23rd of February 1817 to a piano-tuner, George Watts of Hereford, was the child George Frederick Watts, who, beginning in boyhood by painting small pictures from Sir Walter Scott, and pastorals, and Cavaliers and Roundheads, and battle-pieces after Salvator Rosa, went for a month to the Academy schools in 1835, watched the sculptor Behnes at work, and came under the glamour of the Elgin marbles, but was destined to create a personal and powerful art that stands alone throughout a century vexed by wars and battle-cries of the studios through which he took his solitary way aloof and untouched, his eyes on Titian and his heart moved by the majesty of life. He was early painting portraits: the poetic *Self-Portrait* at seventeen, painted in 1834, reveals great personal beauty; and in 1837, at twenty, he sent to the Academy two portraits and a *Wounded Heron.* Thereafter came *Cavaliers and Roundheads*; in 1841 an *Isabella finding the Corpse of her Wounded Lover*; and in 1842 a *Scene from Cymbeline.* He about this time painted his first portrait of the Ionides family who were to be such lifelong patrons—the *Mrs. Constantine Ionides.* His *Aurora* pronounces his debt to Etty, who had a marked influence on his art. The new Houses of Parliament were now to be decorated, and Watts suddenly leaped into fame thereby; he an unknown man. His *Caractacus* of 1843 won the prize in the Westminster Hall competition, which gave him his desire to go to Italy where he lived for four years, the friend of Lord Holland, the British Minister, and there painted portraits. His *Alfred* for Westminster Hall in 1847 won him another prize—was bought by the State, and hangs in the

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House of Lords. His proposal to decorate the large hall of Euston Station was rejected ; but the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn accepted his *Justice*. In 1849 was shown his first allegory, *Life's Illusions*.

About 1850 Watts went to live with his friends the Prinseps, who had rented a house on Lord Holland's estate.

Watts's *The People that sit in Darkness* was of 1850, as was *The Good Samaritan*. In 1856 he went to Paris to stay with Lord Holland and painted several famous Frenchmen, including *Thiers*, beginning also the superb series of portraits of the great men of his age, which he afterwards gave to the nation. He went to Asia Minor in 1857. Fine paintings of these years are the *Bianca* and *Sir Galahad* of 1862, and the *Ariadne in Naxos* of 1863. In 1864 Watts was persuaded by busybody friends into the marriage with Miss Ellen Terry which proved a meeting of Autumn and Spring, and was soon dissolved. Watts was elected A.R.A. in 1867, and soon afterwards full R.A. He worked in considerable privacy in his studio in Melbury Road, setting himself the painting of that cycle of human life that has made his name immortal, and which he presented to the nation, besides the *Esau and Jacob* (1868), the *Death of Cain* (1886), the *Paolo and Francesca*, *Endymion*, and *Fata Morgana* of 1870 ; landscapes of poetic power ; sculpture of remarkable achievement such as his *Clytie* (1868), his great bronze equestrian *Hugo Lupus* (1884) ; and the colossal *Physical Energy* (1904), set up on the Matoppo Hills to the memory of Cecil Rhodes, and replica'd for Kensington Gardens. Marrying at sixty-nine Miss Mary Fraser-Tytler, Watts had made a country home at Limnerslease, in Surrey. Raised to the Order of Merit in 1902, having declined a baronetcy, the old artist wrought on to the end which came on the first of July 1904.

Watts was a poet of great power. Founding his craft on that of the Greeks and the great Venetians, he uttered the significance of life as he felt it in broad majestic fashion. His *Hope*, and *Love and Life*, his *Eve Tempted*, and *Eve Repentant*, his *Love and Death*, his *Love Triumphant*, his *Time, Death, and Judgment*, his *Sic Transit Gloria Mundi*, his *Minotaur*, the haunting *For he had Great Possessions*, his superb nude *Psyche* and the like masterpieces, show him employing his art to utter the mood aroused in colour-schemes of astounding power. And he is interesting as employing broken colour freely. He deliberately sought to mirror his age ; he made the problem difficult for himself by employing the speech of dead days. The century took itself seriously ; it was a century of nobly-striving men ; it was a century that realised that if ancient faiths were

XVII

WATTS
1817-1904

"HOPE"

(TATE GALLERY)

The heavens are illuminated by a solitary star, and Hope bends her ear to catch the music from the last remaining string of her almost shattered lyre. Painted in 1885 and given to the nation in 1897. A duplicate is in the possession of Mrs Rushton.

blown away, there was something more spiritual than mere arid materialism to take its place. He felt the desolation of catchpennies that paraded under great words and empty battle-cries. He felt life as a great and dignified adventure ; and his age being a didactic age, he preached ruthlessly. Essentially a Mass-Impressionist, Watts hampered his great gifts only by looking at old symbols wherein to clothe that Impressionism. His robust and powerful art loves power and force in Nature. He is without a touch of the mediæval spirit of the Pre-Raphaelite school ; he has nothing in common with the classical school of Leighton and Alma Tadema. Unable to copy, he learnt his craftsmanship by simply gazing on the masterpieces of the great dead. He could never illustrate another man's idea. He saw art as a national need ; he worked always with public aim. He gave freely of his masterpieces to the nation. He twice refused a baronetcy. Watts, I have said, employed the danger to art called symbolism ; but he used symbolism as only an artist should—as an emotional attribute that any man in the street may at once recognise. In his portraiture Watts stands out a giant—a poet—a mystic—for he reveals insight into the soul of man.

By nature a stoic, he looked on art as the utterer of moralities ; but he was an artist by instinct, and his paintings are, as he himself called them, "anthems." Seeing that worldly rewards pass away he fixed his eyes on eternal realities, and sought to find them in the nobler emotions. So, on the curtain in the *Sic Transit*, when Death has robbed man of crown and fame and strength and power and riches, Watts wrote : "What I spent, I had ; what I saved, I lost ; what I gave, I have." For Watts Death had no terrors, but was a calm majestic giver of peace.

Hotly opposed to the vapid ideals of all academies all his life, he never realised that the very basis of academies was Academism—art founded on the art of the dead instead of personal vision of life. His superb *Wife of Pygmalion* reveals academic ancestry ; and his carved bust of *Clytie* is wholly antique.

ALFRED STEVENS

1818 – 1875

Within a year of Watts was born England's greatest sculptor, Alfred Stevens. Stevens is one of the tragedies of English art. That his art should have been chiefly given to designing iron fire-backs, superb as these are, is tragic. His two female nudes for the famous fireplace at Dorchester House, and his *Wellington Memorial*

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

are immortal works in sculpture. His portrait of *Mrs. Collmann* (1854), at the Tate, proves his high artistry as painter.

Born at Blandford, Dorset, to a painter of signs and heraldry, George Stevens, on the 30th December 1818, the child knew school-life only until ten, when he passed into his father's workshop. The lad, befriended by the Honourable and Reverend Samuel Best, the rector, was sent to study art in Italy, whither he went in 1833. His instinct chose Andrea del Sarto as master, and he became deeply interested in the school of Giotto. He drifted to Florence, where he copied for the dealers for some years. In 1839 he was in Milan, thence made for Venice to copy Titian and the Venetians. Going back to Rome in 1840 by way of Bologna, his poverty drove him to become a clerk-of-works to a builder. His portrait of *Morris Moore* at the Tate shows his fine gifts in painting at this time. In 1841-42 he was assistant to the sculptor Thorwaldsen, whom he vowed to be his only master. By 1842 he was back in England. In 1844 he was in London, failed in the competitions for Westminster, and in 1845 became Master to the New School of Design at Somerset House, resigning in 1847, when he decorated Deysbrook, near Liverpool. In 1854 he was at work on St. George's Hall, Liverpool. In 1850, for the firm of Hoole of Sheffield, he designed stoves, fenders, and the like, winning for them great exhibition honours. In 1852 he was in London again, designing the lions on the railings of the British Museum amongst other things. Of 1855 were his series of decorative paintings after *Spenser* for the Murietta's house in Kensington. Then came medals, a ceiling for a music-room, and the like. In 1856 he began the *Wellington Monument* which took up the remaining seventeen years of his life, shackled by lack of money, and the Philistinism of officialdom, the Dean damaging the great design by objecting to the equestrian statue for the crown of the masterpiece. The four mosaics in St. Paul's (1862), of which the cartoon for the *Isaiah* is at the Tate, were of these days, and his masterwork is at Dorchester House. He died on the May-Day of 1875, worn out by the anxieties of his great monument, unrecognised and broken.

CHAPTER XV

OF THE GERMAN GENIUS AT THE MID-CENTURY

GERMAN REALISM

We have seen German art essaying a primitive-academism of Pre-Raphaelism. The German people forgot their native utterance, except that a certain morbid romanticism was latent. Krüger (1797-1857) showed the German middle-class with a certain smug middle-class truthfulness. Then came Menzel in the years of the French realism at Barbizon, and brought Realism with him.

MENZEL

1815 – 1905

Born at Breslau on the 8th of December 1815, Adolph von Menzel came rapidly to fame as a great draughtsman. His illustrations to the *History of Frederick the Great* are famous; they were of 1839 to 1842. His painting so far was feeble stuff. Suddenly, about 1845, he went to a display of paintings by Constable in Berlin. He left that display a painter; something had awakened in him. Thenceforth he painted little pictures that are redolent of the land that bred him—luminous, masterly, compelling. That very year of 1845 he painted the Berlin National Gallery *Interior* with the sunlit window-curtain. Here a sense of impressionism kept him from the minute detail that he loved. Those years of the forties and fifties were the years of the simple, strong, German citizen; and Menzel was of the fine breed, and uttered him. He has something of the German lack of fire, 'tis true; he is a little cold—except in those little masterpieces. His senses were stirred by material facts; he rarely felt the thrill of life as a great mystery. But his *Garden of the Tuileries*, his *Boys Bathing* (1865), his *Morning in Paris* (1869), his *Elephant* (1869), his *Peacock and Turkeys* of 1883, and the like, show Menzel a greatly gifted man.

THE ROMANTICO-CLASSICAL GERMANS

In the middle of the eighteen-hundreds two men of genius arose, spectacled in the vision of Italy, 'tis true, but of virile force—Feuerbach and Von Marées.

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

FEUERBACH
1829 – 1880

ANSELM FEUERBACH went to Paris, to the studio of Couture in 1851, a year after Manet began his six or seven years of studentship thereat, and Puvis de Chavannes was student there. Feuerbach left in 1854, Couture was in the ascendant, and Feuerbach mistook him for French art. Feuerbach was saved from Couture by the glowing colour of the Venetians as seen in his *Death of Aretino* (1854), and in his *Mother and Children*, founded on Titian's *Sacred and Profane Love* (1866); but even Paolo Veronese could not give him modern vision; he founded on Poussin, and he was of the classic mould. He steeped himself in Italy, and may be said to represent in German art what Chassériau created in French painting. Yet in his classicism was a certain fine feeling. Of light he knew little; of arrangement much. He lived in a dead city. He mistook the Past for culture. He was to know bitter neglect. His masterpieces, the *Medea* and the *Battle with the Amazons*, display his best and his weaknesses. His *Italian Funeral*, the hooded burial party of the Misericordia, is a noble work; and his portrait of *Lucia Brunacci* very sound.

VON MARÉES
1837 – 1887

HANS VON MARÉES came of French-Huguenot stock that had settled in Germany. His art was founded on the Dutchmen, particularly Rembrandt, judging by the fine portrait of *Hildebrand and Grant*. About the mid-seventies Marées developed a new style. He essayed great decorative painting; his intention is akin to that of Puvis de Chavannes, who had the fortune to work alongside of the mass-impressionists of France. He employed coat upon coat charged with varnish that has wrecked his work. His triptych of the *Hesperides* at Schleissheim is his masterpiece of this period, where also is his last fine work *The Wooing*. From his *Golden Age* to the *Wooing*, primitive-academism lies, a heavy burden, upon a fine nature. At work in Rome, with his pupil VOLKMANN, a carbuncle appeared on his neck; neglect of it brought death on June 5, 1888. In him died genius unfulfilled.

GERMAN ROMANTICISM

Romanticism in Germany was to be of native growth; the influence of Delacroix seems to have been wholly unfelt.

BÖCKLIN
1827 – 1901

OF THE GERMAN GENIUS AT THE MID-CENTURY

Schack had been awhile the patron of Feuerbach and of Marées; but neither the classic intention of Feuerbach nor the heroic intention of Marées had satisfied his desire for painted idylls. Böcklin's more quaint invention and essentially idyllic art appealed to him, and he rejected patronage over the others wholly for Böcklin. And, of a truth, Böcklin was essentially more German in imagination, even though he brought Pan and the Centaurs and the sea-gods of southern fable into the land. He is in this sense classical; but he set his classics into a German wonderland of gloomy or romantic landscape, painted with a primitive sense much akin to that of the English Pre-Raphaelites. He brought an austere and haunting power into landscape, which landscape, I take it, is in a manner suggestive of a certain part of Germany—feudal and romantic. Taught by SCHIRMER, his earlier work of the sixties has much of that smooth painter's emptiness, into which, however, Böcklin weaves a haunting poetry that cannot be denied even whilst its handling repels. The influence of Feuerbach is next seen in his *Shepherdess* and his *Murderer pursued by the Furies* (1870). Both men had a style founded on that of Poussin. Böcklin has at least painted mythic folk with a remarkable conviction of realism, though the intense realism at times tears the myth to pieces. This is the inevitable result of the very success of his attempt to show unrealities as real. We judge them as realities. Böcklin does so create these sensations. In his *Rocky Glen by Moonlight* (1848-9) he rouses the haunting sense of such a time, so in his *Pan amongst the Reeds* (1857), and his *Triton and Nereid* (1873), does he rouse in our senses something of the spirit of the hour amongst the reeds or by the sea, which every one of us feels as the twilight falls; so in his *Nymph and Pan* (1874) our senses, urged by remote echoes from some ancestor, make us see haunting shapes in the thicket or the grove; so in his *War of the Centaurs* (1878) we hear the tramp and fury of the gale that drives across the moors; or when the seas swing over the great rocks at set of sun we hear the *Family of the Tritons* (1880) at play, or the *Mermaid with the Seafowl* and the *Sea-idyll* of 1887; or in the great majestic glades of the forest, as in the *Sacred Grove* (1882), we almost see the procession of priests and priestesses emerge to make sacrifice at some high altar; just as his terminal god of the *Frog-King* might have emerged from the weedy pool. So also his gloomy tragic landscapes, founded on Nature, are

REALISM AND PRE-RAPHAEL-ITE ACADEM-ISM

of the imagination, and rightly and fitly create a world of the imagination. That he failed badly at times cannot be denied.

The short-lived VICTOR MÜLLER, the friend of Feuerbach, was the connecting link between the German romantics and the realists. Fellow-pupil of Feuerbach at Antwerp, he was with him also under Couture in Paris. His portrait of a *Girl with Terrier* and his self-portrait show that Courbet had impressed him. He was to have a great influence on Liebl and to turn his eyes to the French realists.

BURNITZ, the landscapist, and BURGER, who became the head of a school at Cronberg, were of Müller's school.

Backward as was German painting, it was a remarkable sign that out of such an art as that of SCHWIND (1804-1871), of RUNGE (1777-1810), of WASMANN (1805-1886) and of OLDBACH (1804-1830), so wide an art as that of MENZEL should suddenly emerge.

1860

THE CONFLICT OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM WITH THE MEDIÆVAL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

CHAPTER XVI

WHEREIN WE WALK AWHILE WITH THE ÆSTHETES

THE MEDIÆVAL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

WHEREIN WE WALK AWHILE WITH THE ÆSTHETES

We have seen how, at the Christmas of 1855, the Oxford youth Burne-Jones, then studying to become a cleric, came to London and met Rossetti, whom he and his fellow-student William Morris worshipped. At the end of 1856 Burne-Jones and William Morris left Oxford, settled in Rossetti's old rooms at 17 Red Lion Square, and, hanging the place with old Church brasses and drawings by Dürer, set to work to make furniture of mediæval style. Then antique pictures were painted on the walls and cupboards and doors. Morris was now dreaming of a "palace of art" at the Red House at Upton, by Bexley Heath. In 1861-2 was started the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co., whereby Morris, Rossetti, Burnes-Jone, Madox Brown and others were to reform the "arts" of decoration and furniture, by which they meant the crafts. The Anglo-Catholic movement had begun, and kept them busy. Glass-painting, tapestries, wall-papers, carpets, all were to know a great renaissance.

Mark, it was the true primitive-academic, not the two realists of the brotherhood, to whom this Oxford group paid homage. So Rossetti created at Exeter College, Oxford, the still more powerful Brotherhood of the Æsthetes, whose "crusade and holy war against the age" was to have a wide effect. In 1857 Morris took Rossetti to Oxford, and he entered into the scheme of decorating the debating hall of the Union—decorations which rapidly perished.

The Arts and Crafts movement, born out of the brains of the Æsthetes, had for its head and front the vigorous personality of William Morris, who brought an academic and precious kind of Socialism into the affair, whereby enormously expensive tapestries and mosaics and mediæval crafts were to be wrought for the beautifying of the home.

A HISTORY

THE CONFLICT OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM WITH THE MEDIÆVAL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

WILLIAM MORRIS

1834 – 1896

Born at Walthamstow of a well-to-do family on the 24th of March 1834, WILLIAM MORRIS grew to manhood a remarkable personality. WILLIAM MORRIS first essayed architecture but wearied of it. With a deep love of the mediæval life, he gave himself up to the revival of the arts and crafts. He went back to mimicry—splendid mimicry though it be. By consequence the whole modern movement has been eclectic—borrowing—not a natural development, and consequently incongruous and out of keeping with modern life. Its initial blunder was in the curse it laid upon machine-made work, the which, instead of despising, it ought to have made subject to it. We have had by further consequence most expensive arts and crafts, beyond the reach of the ordinary man, whilst manufactured things, though better in design, have not advanced to the degree they should have done. Morris brought back to the pure printed page the distracting ornament of the early printers; elaborate bindings added to the cost, and made these books the mere museum treasure of rich collectors. These things had no relation to the vital quality of a work of literature—that it should be read by the millions. Morris's *Defence of Guinevere*, with its archaic form and spirit, published in 1858, of course drew the unqualified praise of the academic æsthete Walter Pater, who was equally trying to write English like a dead language. But Morris brought pure colour to design, and pure materials. To his service he called five architects: De Morgan designed tiles; Crane, Voysey, Heywood Sumner, Lewis Day, wrought for him; as did Benson, Rathbone, Ashbee, Wilson, Alexander Fisher, and a swarm of other fine craftsmen.

It was out of the brain of Morris that the vigorous movement of the "Arts and Crafts" was proposed, which we shall see spreading across the face of Europe, and creating the widespread primitive-academism of our time. And in order to understand the two great movements of Impressionism and Primitive-Academism, that are the serious rivals in art to-day—the one the forward impetus, the other the reactionary—we must grasp the significance of Morris and his Æsthetes in the England of the sixties, and the great Impressionistic revelation of France to which we are about to come.

BURNE-JONES

1833 – 1898

There was born in Birmingham to a Welsh father on August 28, 1833, a son whose birth cost his mother her life—he was to

XVIII

BURNE-JONES

1833 – 1898

"SIDONIA VON BORK"

(In the Possession of W. Graham Robertson, Esq.)

"Sidonia von Bork" was one of the characters in a romance called "Sidonia the Sorceress," written by a Swiss clergyman—a favourite book of Rossetti's.

become famous as Sir Edward Burne-Jones. EDWARD COLEY BURNE-JONES showed no artistic gifts until, going to Exeter College, Oxford, in 1852 to study for the Church, he met another student, also intended for the Church, also a Welshman, to become famous as WILLIAM MORRIS. Both keenly interested in literature, developed interest in art; and a woodcut by Rossetti set art aflame in both men. Both men, like Rossetti, mistook Romance for something dead; and were unable to see living romance. Sincerity was ever on their lips, yet both men, like Rossetti, were mimics of dead things.

WHEREIN WE WALK AWHILE WITH THE ÆSTHETES

In 1854 Burne-Jones and Morris heard of Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; saw Millais' *Return of the Dove*. Burne-Jones was already drawing. In 1855 the two friends went to France, and decided to be artists. Then came Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* into their lives; the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* was founded; and in the winter of 1855-6 the young Burne-Jones came to London, and his drawings won the approval of Rossetti, who urged him to make art his career, and Burne-Jones became his greatest disciple.

In 1857 Burne-Jones, thanks to Rossetti, was commissioned to paint two pictures of the *Blessed Damozel*, was designing for stained glass, and with Morris, Rossetti, and others, decorated the Union Hall at Oxford. Swinburne was to enter the circle. The year 1859 saw Burne-Jones in Italy; and marrying Georgina Macdonald in 1860, he thereafter painted his *Sidonia von Bork* and *Clara von Bork* which are very Rossetti, as is the *Backgammon Players*. *The Merciful Knight* of the following year shows personality emerging. He was soon pouring forth from his studio works in oils, in tempera, in water-colours, cartoons for stained glass, mosaics. Swinburne cast his glamour over the enthusiastic group round Morris and Burne-Jones. For five or six years Burne-Jones was enamoured of water-colours—of which were the *Laus Veneris* of 1861, the *Backgammon Players* of 1862, the *Merciful Knight* and *Wine of Circe* of 1863, the *Chaunt d'Amour* of 1865. He had joined the R.W.S. in 1864. Stained glass and tapestry designs were being made the while. Burne-Jones was one of the leaders at the founding of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, sending *The Days of Creation*, the famous *Mirror of Venus*, and other works. The gallery greatly spread his fame. The large *Laus Veneris* was of 1878, the famous *Golden Stairs* of 1880, the *Fortune* of 1883, the *King Cophetua* of 1884. He next set to work on the series of *Perseus* and the *Briar Rose*. In 1885 he was elected to the Royal Academy, sent *The Depths of the Sea* thereto in 1886, retiring in 1893; being made a baronet in 1894. To the New Gallery,

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founded in 1888, he was a tower of strength, until his *Love the Pilgrim* ended his career. He died suddenly on June 17, 1898.

Burne-Jones's decorations, like those of Morris and the whole school, were but enlarged book-illustrations. With little relation to life whatever, indeed despising modern life, he created for himself a beautiful pallid wonderland wherein he sought to escape from life. He is melancholy, wistful, hungry of soul. He stands out the supreme master of this "Æsthetic School" of Pre-Raphaelite academism—its chief poet, its finest imagination. But like all academics—and the irony of his life was that he detested academism when it was classical—like all the Æsthetes he mistook Style as the foundation of art, mistook art for Beauty instead of realising that it is the impression of life, and strove to create art by looking at the works of art of the Past.

Of the brilliant group of Æsthetes who arose about Morris and Burne-Jones were several men of rare gifts.

FREDERICK SHIELDS (1833-1911), though he painted pictures, did much decorative work of considerable distinction as a religious designer in private chapels, such as the famous chapel in the Bayswater Road.

WALTER CRANE

1845 –

Born in Liverpool in 1845 to a miniature-painter, WALTER CRANE early showed artistic gifts. He was exhibiting at the Academy by 1862, after schooling at Heatherley's in Newman Street, and apprenticeship to the wood-engraver W. S. Linton. The amount of his decorative work is enormous, from wall-papers to designs in damask. Pottery, fabrics, books, metal-work, and his wide industry in other crafts, are outside our survey. Crane has been one of the most original and influential of all his group.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT (1811-1890), born at Edinburgh, painted mural decorations.

Akin to the Pre-Raphaelite and Æsthetes in intention was a remarkable school of classical-academics.

SANDYS

1832 – 1904

FREDERICK SANDYS was a man of genius interested in the tragedy of the antique heroes and heroines. Sandys was not only a fine painter but one of the greatest masters of black and white. Born at Norwich in 1832, he became pupil to his father, and came under

the glamour of Madox Brown. The friend of Rossetti, he was strongly influenced by him. His drawing of *The Old Chartist* is a masterpiece. Tragic and intense, his glowing sense of colour was employed with rare force; and he showed malice and hatred in a beautiful face with gifts that were beyond the reach of Rossetti. He was one of the greatest draughtsmen of the century, as he was one of the most poetic artists. His portraiture was very fine.

LEIGHTON

1830 – 1896

FREDERIC, LORD LEIGHTON, was born at Scarborough on December 3, 1830, to a physician, a man of culture, who trained the child in classic lore from the first; and often the boy was taken abroad by his ailing mother to Italy, France, and Germany, where he met the most eminent men in art and society from tender years. At ten he was drawing under Meli at Rome. His father consulted the American sculptor, Hiram Powers, who replied that the lad was an artist already! So to Florence the youngster went to art-masters. In 1849 he was at Paris, copying Titian and Correggio in the Louvre and working from the life. Then he went to Steinle, one of the "Nazarenes," at Frankfort for a year. From Frankfort he went to Brussels, thence to Ingres and Ary Scheffer in Paris, where he painted his first picture, *Cimabue finding Giotto in the Fields of Florence*, revealing that Italy had won him from the beginning. Going back to Steinle at Frankfort in 1850 for two years, Leighton then made for Rome. Thackeray, meeting him at Rome, wrote his famous prophecy to the young Millais: "Here is a versatile young dog who will run you close for the Presidentship one of these days." In 1855 he brought from Rome the *Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence*, which was bought by the Queen at the Royal Academy and created a sensation. His home in the Rue Pigalle in Paris he changed to London in 1860, and made his superb drawings for *Dalziel's Bible* and his less successful *Romola* drawings. Made A.R.A. in 1864, he became a full member four years thereafter; in 1866 he painted the *Wise and Foolish Virgins* in spirit-fresco on the wall of Lyndhurst Church, in which year his famous house at No. 2 Holland Park Road was finished.

Ancient Greece and the Italian Renaissance were his life, and created his vision. With Life he had no relation.

In 1867 he was in Egypt, which often afterwards called him back. With independent means, he was able to cultivate the love of society that was so large a part of his handsome life.

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Leighton was now thoroughly set in the classic mould. He painted picture after picture with Beauty for his sole aim. The teaching of Ingres had done its deadly work, and he smoothed out his fine designs until their vigour was lost. Yet he caught the moods of antique days in the *Summer Moon*, the *Daphnephoria*, the *Nausicaa*, and the glowing *Eastern Slinger*. Of mural decorations were the famous *War* and *Peace* at South Kensington.

But it was in portraiture and sculpture that Leighton was to reach the highest achievement of his art. His *Captain Burton* is one of the portraits of the age.

In 1877 Leighton with his fine *Athlete struggling with a Python* proved himself a sculptor before a painter, even though the Greek vision was upon him. The following year, elected President of the Academy, he was knighted; and his high social gifts made him an ideal President. He stood out, a handsome romantic figure, and he gave himself unsparingly to his office. From his *Garden of the Hesperides* to the *Captive Andromache*, from the *Elijah* to the *Greek Girls playing Ball*, from the *Bath of Psyche* to *The Sea gave up the Dead*, from the *Phryne* to the thought-filled *Fatidica*, the Greek intention of the beauty of the human figure is the sole aim of Leighton's art. The sculptured *Sluggard* was of 1886.

He never developed; as he found himself, so he went to the end. His *Clytie* of 1896 showed such rapid decline in power, that it was no surprise to hear that his peerage had come almost too late—he died on the 25th of January 1896. His art lacked passion; but his exquisite sense of draughtsmanship brought forth an eloquent rhythmic line and held subtlety of form.

ALMA TADEMA

1836 –

Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema was born Laurens Alma Tadema, at Dronryp in Holland, on the 8th of January 1836, to a lawyer with a taste for music, who died in Tadema's childhood. The boy was early revealing the artistic bent. By 1851 he showed a portrait of his sister. He went to Antwerp, where David was living in exile, heading the classicals; and Tadema declared for the opposition, the Belgian Realists, led by Wappers! From Wappers he went to Van Leys, the historical painter, whom he assisted in his frescoes at the Town Hall. This roused his interest in the early history of the Low Countries. Married in 1865, his wife died in 1869, leaving him two girls, Laurence and Anna. Meantime he had been to Italy. Then the French dealer Gambart came into his life and

XIX

LEIGHTON
1830 - 1896

"THE BATH OF PSYCHE"

(TATE GALLERY)

Painted six years before his death. Exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1890. Purchased by the Chantrey Trustees in 1899.

set him hard at work to fulfil commissions by the dozen, and treated him most generously. In 1870 Tadema came to London, where he was at once a success, and settled, marrying a year thereafter his second wife, Miss Epps, better known as the painter Mrs. Alma Tadema, now Lady Tadema. Entering the Academy in 1876, he became R.A. in 1879, being knighted in 1899. His reconstructions of Roman life under the Empire are well known; and it is a common jest that he paints marble well: *At the Shrine of Venus*, the *Ave, Cæsar! Io Saturnalia!* and the *Earthly Paradise*, are amongst his most famous works.

Sir Edward J. Poynter, *P.*R.A., is another excellent reconstructor of the life of antiquity, his *Catapult* being one of his best works. Others of the school were George Richmond, R.A. (1809-1896), Sir William Blake Richmond (1843-), C. E. Perugini, F. Dicksee (1853-).

Albert Moore (1841-1893), the son of an artist and the brother of artists, began in sacred subjects on academic lines, then suddenly in 1861 he invented the series of ideal classic figures in a decorative style that are so personal to his achievement, being harmonies in colour schemes of women with *Pomegranates*, *Apricots*, and the like.

Simeon Solomon wears a part of the cloak of Rossetti. Born in 1841, Simeon Solomon also came of artist stock. Largely self-taught, he reached such heights as his *Amor Sacramentum*. He died in 1905.

George Wilson (1848-1890), born near Cullen in Banff, came to London at eighteen, passed from Heatherley's school to the Academy schools, thence to the Slade. Struggling against ill-health and lack of recognition, a shy, silent man, he set himself to paint idylls from Nature in sincere fashion, wherein he calls the dryads out into the valleys. Loving his Shelley and his Keats, he lived in the rarefied atmosphere of a dream-world peopled by nymphs and fauns.

Spencer Stanhope (1835-1908), friend to Rossetti and Burne-Jones, and taught also by Watts, painted religious and allegorical and romantic themes, and decorated churches. Fairfax Murray was of the group. Strudwick, the assistant of Stanhope and Burne-Jones, was born in 1849, learnt his craft at South Kensington and the Academy schools. Rooke was the assistant of Burne-Jones. Mrs. Stillman and Mrs. de Morgan, who founds largely on Botticelli, are two lady-artists of remarkable distinction in the Æsthetic movement. The movement also found a group of artists in book-illustration: Walter Crane, Kate Greenaway, Selwyn Image, Gaskin, Lawrence Housman.

PAINTING

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ANNING BELL, born in 1863, is one of the finest artists brought forth by the Æsthetic movement. He has a purity of line and a richness of colour wedded to a severe sense of design.

C. HAZLEWOOD SHANNON and CHARLES RICKETTS are prominent and brilliant men. HAZLEWOOD SHANNON, a fine colourist, and a painter of rare and consummate gifts, who has brought a poetic vision to all he does, has largely looked at life through the spectacles of the great dead instead of with the modern vision. BATTEN, HOLIDAY, HEYWOOD SUMNER, the brothers RHEAD, and other lights of the Arts and Crafts are well known; as well as SOUTHALL, GERE, MUCKLEY, GASKIN, and others of the Birmingham men; and GERALD MOIRA, RYLAND, and GOTCH. MISS FLORENCE HARRISON has shown herself a perfect illustrator in colour of Christina Rossetti's poems. Of the Scottish artists of our day under this influence are BURNS, MRS. TRAQUAIR, KATHERINE CAMERON, JESSIE KING, all touched by the Pre-Raphaelite flare, as also have been MACDOUGALL, J. J. GUTHRIE, and WILL MEIN.

Of the classical aim are two men of imagination—SOLOMON J. SOLOMON and HACKER; of the mediæval aim, more closely akin to the original Æsthetes, was the art of WATERHOUSE (1849-).

CHAPTER XVII

WHEREIN WE LOOK UPON THE VARIOUS FORMS OF ACADEMISM IN THE MID-CENTURY OF THE EIGHTEEN-HUNDREDS IN FRANCE

REALISTIC HISTORICAL PAINTING

WHEREIN WE LOOK UPON THE VARIOUS FORMS OF ACADEMISM IN THE MID-CENTURY OF THE EIGHTEEN-HUNDREDS IN FRANCE

HISTORICAL painting in France took to extreme accuracy of incident and costume.

MEISSONIER
1815 – 1891

JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER, born at Lyons in 1815, went to Paris at a tender age, poor, and with his livelihood to earn. First trained under Cogniet, he soon set to work to teach himself as etcher and illustrator. In 1834 he went to colour, and began to make a mark about 1840 with the famous little highly finished interiors such as the famous *Chessplayers*, the *Artist at his Easel*, and *La Rixe*. Then came the cycle of Napoleon. On the 31st January 1891 his career was at an end. He devoted enormous pains to the creation of military subjects, but Meissonier was more concerned with "accuracy," with details, and the like. Oddly enough, his realism was not given to events of his own age, but to the past.

Meissonier's interest in war created a school developed by DETAILLE and DE NEUVILLE and AIMÉ MOROT in France.

In England war, strangely enough, found its genius in the remarkable gifts of a woman, ELIZABETH THOMPSON (LADY BUTLER), in such works as *Scotland for Ever* and *Quatre Bras*. CATON WOODVILLE, though it is said an American, chiefly wrought his telling art in England.

LAURENS
1838 –

In historical painting, the French school has produced JEAN PAUL LAURENS. Born at Fourquevaux, Laurens was trained at the Beaux-Arts at Toulouse, he thence went to Cogniet and Bida in Paris. In 1863 he showed his *Death of Cato*, making his mark about 1869 with his *Supper of Beaucaire*.

OLIVIER MERSON and his son LUC-OLIVIER have a certain

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distinction in their academic intention. FERDINAND HUMBERT produced a sad art also of some distinction.

CORMON (1845-) reconstructs savage man of primeval times; ROCHEGROSSE the barbarians of primitive Asia and the Grecians. TATTEGRAIN rebuilt the Middle Ages. FRANÇOIS FLAMENG (1856-) is interested in the eighteenth century.

MID-CENTURY SYMBOLISM

RETHEL (1816-1859), influenced strongly by Ingres in his portraiture, had the innate German gifts for the woodcut, which brought him fame in his *Dance of Death*. SATTLER more recently took up the German line of Dürer and far surpassed Rethel in its employment, bringing superb gifts of design and powerful craftsmanship to his remarkable achievement.

The symbol, if living and understood of the man in the street, is perfectly legitimate in art; the moment it requires a "book o' the words" to explain it, then it is a dead thing. Rossetti, for instance, used "the stars in her hair were seven." It means nothing, except to pedants. Burne-Jones requires a library to interpret him.

MOREAU

1826–1898

GUSTAVE MOREAU, having made a mark at the Salon, hid himself in solitude, selling his work to collectors who, it is said, under promise to him, concealed them from the public eye. On becoming professor at the École des Beaux-Arts, to the consternation of the academicians he showed a wide taste in art, whilst he pointed the students back to the primitives. Why "primitive-academism" should offend the academics more than any other form of academism, who shall unravel? At his death he left a large number of his works to the State. Moreau is essentially a painter-illustrator; his subjects are mythological anecdotes, impossible to be understood except by the book-read. His *Salome*, *Hydra*, the *Phaéton*, the *Indian Poet*, and *Jupiter and Semele* are held to be his masterpieces.

His school brought forth EUGÈNE MARTEL and SIMON BUSSY, who have both left their teaching. ROUAULT and DESVALLIÈRES have gone to the primitives to find utterance for the occult and the mystical; VALÈRE BERNARD also worked under Rops and Puvis de Chavannes. ARMAND POINT seeks inspiration in the Italian Renaissance. The Swiss CARLOS SCHWABE employs symbolism of a more modern intention. ODILON REDON (1840-), has essayed

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symbolism in lithography; he began to exhibit in Paris about 1881. He influenced the Belgian FERNAND KHNOPFF (1858-) and others; and his art spread to Germany.

MID-CENTURY CLASSICAL-ACADEMISM

Under the Second Empire, classicalism brought forth CABANEL (1823-1889) with his *History of Saint Louis* at the Pantheon, and his portraits, and his famous *Birth of Venus*. BOUGUEREAU (1825-1905) is of this type; his *La Vierge Consolatrix* having some emotional sense of a conventional style. JULES LEFEBVRE was of the school (he made also some good portraits), as was HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN.

PRIMITIVE-ACADEMISM

Akin to the classical painters, but creating a more primitive academism, and endowed with rare decorative gifts, appeared a man of power in the mid-century who was also strongly influenced by Millet and the men of Barbizon, thereby bringing vitality to the aid of outworn forms—but it was chiefly the decorative work of CHASSÉRIAU that inspired PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

1824 – 1898

Born at Lyons on the 14th December 1824, Pierre Cécile Puvis de Chavannes became pupil to Henri Scheffer and Couture, and came to the front late, his first Salon picture being of 1859. An aristocrat and a religious mystic, Puvis de Chavannes wrought his art amidst the last half of the eighteen-hundreds. Deeply immersed in classic poetry, and as deeply rooted in the land that bred his stock, he looked out upon the world with the eyes of the past.

Without subtlety of vision, vigorous of body and in spirit, he could feel the splendour of the whole impressionistic intention; but he could not become a part of it. As a colourist he uttered sweet if pallid harmonies; and remained, even so, more deeply concerned with line; yet even his line had a rude, severe, old-world intention. His colour-faculty creates no profound sensing; it is chaste, severe, pleasantly austere. He was a realist in a primitive fashion, not a classicalist. His favourite poet is said to have been Virgil; and his art is epic of the soil. He detested the Academy, and it returned the dislike. It was but a war of academisms. Puvis de Chavannes made his spaces as splendidly "empty" as Chassériau had over-

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loaded his surfaces; he won to a greater power thereby, but remained somewhat empty.

Puvis de Chavannes wisely discarded fresco, and painted on canvas attached to the walls; he had the right instinct to paint in harmony with stone walls, not to make easel pictures. At the Pantheon is his fine *Life of Saint Geneviève*; at the Hôtel de Ville his famous *Summer* and *Winter*; at the Sorbonne he wrought the decorations of the amphitheatre; at Rouen is work by him; at Lyons the *Sacred Wood*, *Vision Antique*, the *Rhône*, and the *Saône*; at Amiens the decorations include his *Work*; at Marseilles are his *Marseilles*, *Porte de l'Orient*, and the *Greek Colony*; at Boston the famous decoration for the Library.

The general impression is that of a man essaying to put back life into terms of the past, painted with exquisite freshness of colour, but pallid of vision. Like all academics, he creates types rather than character; a landscape setting that is typical rather than real. Bookish men have dubbed him "Hellenist"; he conveys to me no classic intention. He paints his decorations with consummate tact to fit the conditions of their position. There is a mystical haunting sense about his works in position which is not fully realised in his painting when seen apart.

BAUDRY

1828 – 1886

Paul Jacques Aimé Baudry, third of the twelve children of a maker of wooden shoes in Brittany, was born on the 27th November 1828 at Roche-sur-Yon, and taught by a local artist Sartoris, from whom he went to Drolling in 1844. Winning the Prix de Rome, he made for Italy for five years, working under the glamour of Raphael and Correggio. His famous nude of *The Wave and the Pearl* was of 1863. Thence he went to decoration; and his best-known work was the decoration of the Opera House.

As Delaroche had been the favourite of the Orleans Restoration, the favourite Court portrait-painter under the Second Empire was Winterhalter (1806-1873), who had an enormous vogue; he has sunk into his mediocre place. Hébert also painted the portrait in these years.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEREIN WE SEE FRENCH REALISM SEEKING FOR THE SUN IN THE EAST

MID-CENTURY ORIENTALISM

ORIENTALISM was a part of the Romantic movement. Delacroix in his *Massacre of Scio* concerned himself with it. DECAMPS made the subject his own, with a fine sense of colour. Even Ingres painted pseudo *Odalisques*. MARILHAT (1811-1847) went rather to Algiers than the Levant. BERCHÈRE followed, creating Eastern sentimentalism. CHASSÉRIAU, the favourite pupil of Ingres, from whom he went to Delacroix, gave his best work to the painting of the Arabs; and he painted their fights and their doings with masterly force and glittering colour. GUSTAVE BOULANGER wrought Orientalism.

WHEREIN WE SEE FRENCH REALISM SEEKING FOR THE SUN IN THE EAST

ZIEM

1821–

FÉLIX FRANÇOIS GEORGES PHILIBERT ZIEM, born at Beaune, left the Côte d'Or as early as he could and made for Paris, where he worked for several years; but at twenty-four he went to Italy, thence to the East, being away some three or four years. Coming back, he sent a *Bosphorus* and *Grand Canal, Venice*, to the Salon of 1849, his first display; the next year of 1850 his *Meudon* won him a medal; he made for Holland, and in 1852 won a First Class Medal with his *Chaumière à la Haye*. His *Anvers* of 1855 was bought by the State. The *Constantinople* of 1857 won him into the Legion of Honour. In 1868 he showed his last picture, his *Marseilles*. He never again exhibited. In 1878 he was promoted Officer in the Legion of Honour. One of Ziem's four studios was at Barbizon. Another was at Venice, the painting of which city is his chief claim to fame. He loved to paint her red. Some of his finest water-colours are of Venice. A friend of Rousseau, he bought the famous old windmill, the Moulin de la Galette, Montmartre, intending to rebuild it at Barbizon as a studio; but the affair fell through.

GÉRÔME

1824–1904

JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME, born at Vesoul on the 11th May 1824, became the favourite pupil of Delaroche, and encouraged by his parents in his artistic desires came early to fame, making his mark with his first Salon picture in 1847. In 1854 he made his first journey to the East. Gérôme interested himself largely in Orientalism, as well as the nude and history. He has marked dramatic gifts. His coloured statuettes are remarkable. His famous statue of *Bellona* shrieking war was dramatic and powerful. One of his greatest works of art is his much despised *Death of Ney*; and his *Napoleon and the Sphinx* has rare dramatic intensity.

CONSTANT

1845 – 1902

BENJAMIN CONSTANT also interested himself in Orientalism, and won to wide favour; his portraiture of a somewhat theatrical academic type also had a wide vogue. Morocco brought out all his best qualities.

FORTUNY

1838 – 1874

Born at Reus on the 11th of June 1838 of humble Catalonian stock, his father dying when the boy was little more than a child, MARIANO FORTUNY was cared for by his grandfather, a travelling showman, the little fellow painting the marionettes for the old man's show. The boy knew terrible hardships. He was early carving the little dolls that form so large a part of Spain's devotional offerings. The grandfather sent the lad to the Reus Academy, thence he went to the Academy of Fine Arts at Barcelona; his student days saw him suffering wretched want. At twenty he won the prize that took him to Rome, after sharing the money with his grandfather, who, unfortunately, was to die before the young fellow returned. In 1860 Spain sent an expedition to punish the Riff pirates, and Fortuny was allowed to go with it. Here General Prim, the "kingmaker," became his friend. Fortuny painted for Barcelona the great canvas of the fight of *Wad Ras*. On his return he was sent to Paris, but Tangier called and called, and to Tangier he went, Rome seeing much of him also. In 1867 he married the daughter of MADRAZO—a happy marriage.

He led the way to that vivid use of floating water-colour that was to produce the finest modern achievement. The dazzling highly finished glittering work that brought him to early fame and

wealth, fretted him; and bored at last by it, he was turning from "the kind of art which success has imposed upon me," and was about to enter upon the art of his desire, when he caught a chill whilst sketching until sunset in a damp part of the marshes by the Tiber and died suddenly on the 21st of November 1874.

Fortuny created school in illustration, a large part of the best modern endeavour, such as that of Edwin Abbey, being founded upon him. The Warrington Gallery possesses a superb oil sketch of *Arabs Tumbling* by him.

REGNAULT

1843 – 1871

Regnault by thirteen was so skilled that he could have earned his livelihood as an illustrator; he haunted the Jardin des Plantes sketching animals. It was when at Rome, in the March of 1869, after Fortuny's marriage, that Regnault met Fortuny and hailed him master; but he had already painted his superb portrait of *General Prim,* which that worthy did not like, whereby the Louvre came to it, and the heroic *Automedon with the Horses of Achilles.* He was in Tangier when the threat of the Prussian War broke out, and, locking the door of his studio, he made for Paris to volunteer for the front. He refused a commission as officer—"You have a good soldier in the ranks in me; why lose him to make a mediocre officer?" said he. He fought through the war; but in the last action before Paris, perhaps by the last rifle fired in the war, he was struck in the left temple by a bullet. He fell for his country at twenty-eight.

The virile art of Henri Regnault created the greatest equestrian portrait of the age, *General Juan Prim* reining up his black horse. Regnault is essentially of the spirit of the earlier Romantic movement, and one of the supreme masters of it, and he bridges the gap to open-air painting. His water-colours of Oriental life are bathed in sunlight.

Gustave Guillaumet (1840-1887), living the life of the Arabs in Algeria, essayed to utter the true colour of the desert fringe; and his Luxembourg *Sunrise* in the desert and *Evening at Laghouat* show remarkable powers so to do.

Noiré has uttered the waste places of Algiers; Cottet created Oriental splendour before he gave his art to Brittany.

Eugène Fromentin (1820-1876) painted the gleam of the sun's flood upon Arab horses in Oriental pictures; bringing to Orientalism less pose. Binet paints the Eastern women with mass-impressionistic power.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEREIN WE SEE DARK REALISM IN FRANCE SENDING FORTH FORERUNNERS TO IMPRESSIONISM

JONGKIND
1819 – 1891

THE CONFLICT OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM WITH THE MEDIÆVAL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

THERE was born at Latdorp, by Rotterdam, in 1819, JOHANN BARTHOLD JONGKIND, who lived his life in France. Pupil to Scheffont, he then went to Isabey (1804-1866). At the Salon of 1852 he won a first class medal, and was thereafter steadily rejected. Living a life of bitter neglect and penury, he produced water-colours of a strange glitter, sold a few works here and there at a wretched price, and crushed by want and utter misery he drank himself to death at Isère in 1891, alone, deserted, forgotten. Yet this man was throughout these years striving to break up and set upon the paper the vibrating rays of the sun's light; to master the gleam of reflections; and to catch and utter the changing colours created upon the same objects by the light at different hours of the day. His art deeply impressed two young Frenchmen, Manet and Monet. Monet hailed him "le grand peintre." He found towards the end of his life the fulness of his powers in the painting of the country of the Dauphiné, in which luminous atmosphere is his chief concern.

BOUDIN
1825 – 1898

Jongkind had a friend, LOUIS EUGÈNE BOUDIN, born at Honfleur on July 12, 1825, to a bluff, hearty sailor fellow, the pilot who guided the fortunes of the steamboat *François* of Havre, and to his wife the stewardess aboard her husband's boat. Little Boudin began to earn the bread of his harsh life as cabin-boy, seeing before his fourteenth year the seas that lie between France and England and the Western Indies. At fourteen the lad yearned to become a painter and to be done with seafaring. Luck was in his way, for the father, weary of the sea, set up a little stationery shop on the Grand Quai at Havre, and young Boudin became shopboy. The shopboy taught himself painting on the quays in and out of season. Into the shop strayed a hard-up artist called Troyon, then well

content to sell a picture for a sovereign, bought a canvas, and made friends with the lad. Another down-at-heels fellow called Millet, then near starving, and pestering the merchants, officials, sailors and their sweethearts to let him paint their portraits at thirty francs a head, also befriended him. Courbet sought out the lad. His friends and kin warned the youth that Corot at fifty could not earn a livelihood; but to painting young Boudin would go. The town council of Havre raised him a small students' allowance, and to Paris he went on a pound a week for a short while. The money was soon at an end; and Boudin found himself without friends or fee. He paid his laundress forty francs with a picture—it has recently brought four thousand. For his wine he paid in pictures —they have passed into gold at forty times the cost of the wine. So Boudin knew the bitters of penury. Driven home at last, he tried to raise the money to get to Paris in 1857 by auction of pictures, tempted by Claude Monet thereto, who promised him the help of dealers. He had settled in rooms at the old inn and farm-house on the road to Honfleur called Saint Simeon; the sale failed; the man sadly opened a school of painting there. That old inn of Saint Simeon was to become the nursery of French Impressionism. There for five-and-twenty years lodged from time to time Millet, Troyon, Courbet, Diaz, Harpignies, Jongkind, Lepine, Isabey, Daubigny, Monet, Cals, and others. However, Boudin's academy was no success; and he moved twenty miles to the coast, to Trouville. Rapidly his mastery of the sea and heavens won him the homage of painters. Courbet cries "you alone understand the heavens"; Dumas calls him "master of the skies"; Corot dubs him "king of the heavens."

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But the public would not buy, nor the dealers. Boudin, utterly poor, married in 1864, and with a small *dot* of eighty pounds the pair made their home in a garret up a flight of rickety stairs in a mean street of Honfleur at a rental of half-a-crown a month. There the out-at-heels Jongkind would sadly visit them. Boudin fought starvation there for four years; then made for Havre, but his poverty was so acute that he had to lose an order to decorate some panels for a rich tradesman of the town, not having decent clothes wherein to go to the business. The winter saw him burning the furniture for warmth, and going out to work as a common labourer. The artists called him to Paris, a city he detested, only to be dogged by the ill-luck of the war of 1870. Boudin made for Brussels, and amidst the swarm of refugees knew the bitterest poverty; he had to go out as a labourer again. His wife, by good luck and manage-

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ment, interested a dealer in his art whilst marketing, and the good fellow enabled the artist to get back to his easel. At last in 1881, Boudin's persistent appearance at the Salon won him a third class medal. In 1884 he won a second class, which cleared him of all future terrors of rejection and put him "hors concours." He had now been selling his pictures slowly for some time, if at poor prices. In 1888 a hundred canvases were sold at the Hôtel Drouot for but £280. But the tide was turning. The State bought his large *Russian Corvette*; but 1889 saw him struck his bitterest blow in the loss of his wife; and the gold medal was given to a heart-broken man. In 1896 the State bought his *Rade de Villefranche*, and sent him by Puvis de Chavannes the Cross of the Legion of Honour. But the old artist's health was broken by long years of want. Whilst at work on a canvas at his chalet near Deauville, his native Normandy, in 1898, he fell dead.

A modest man, who sought honours only for his fellows, Monet said of him, "his advice has made me what I am."

BOSBOOM
1817–1891

The Dutchman JOHANNES BOSBOOM, born at The Hague, learnt the mysteries from Philippus Jacobus Van Brée (1786-1871). A very master-painter of interiors, Bosboom employed a breadth of handling and a glorious colour to utter the mood of daylight playing within church and house, such as place him amongst the immortals. His art yields the haunting spirit of the place. He draws the very atmosphere on to his smallest canvases, and arouses the poetic mood of the place before him. His water-colours are as great as his oils.

A southern school of French painting had been rising somewhat akin in vision to the Romantics—the animal-painter ÉMILE LOUBON, AUGUSTE AIGUIER the marine painter, PROSPER GRÉSY. It was to come to splendour in RICARD and MONTICELLI.

MONTICELLI
1824 – 1886

ADOLPHE MONTICELLI was born at Marseilles. Under the training of RAYMOND AUBERT (1781-1857) Monticelli began his art career subject to Ingres and Raphael. But standing before a Delacroix his eyes were opened; and Diaz, who lived near him in Paris for several years, revealed the wizardry of colour to him; indeed, he copied Diaz so closely that his work of this time was,

and is, sold as the work of Diaz. Then Monticelli, a typical son of Provence, eccentric, handsome, vigorous of body, eloquent, winning of manner, made for the south to come to wide triumph awhile. Then came reverses. He made for Paris again, in desperate state. In Paris he knew bitter want, selling his pictures on the pavements, sleeping at night with vagabonds and wastrels on waste places and in empty houses. Then came the war of 1870, and he made south, tramping it to Marseilles, getting food and shelter for the thirty-six days' journey by painting from place to place.

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Back in his native Marseilles again he settled down to what is called his original manner. A slave to absinthe, he wrought his visions rapidly, and made and sold a picture a day for anything he could get that he might have the means to indulge his vagabond tastes. The colour that he used with such musical skill to utter the romantic mood of the moment—fair ladies on terraces, in the woods, and the like—grew less coherent. His charming temper and eager will were soon clouded with drink. The paint grew clotted and the forms more vague. For years at last no one knew whether he were alive or dead. He passed away in the most miserable penury.

Monticelli "painted music." He poured forth symphonies of rare and exquisite subtlety. To him had been revealed the secret of colour's power to arouse moods and sensations, as music by sound so rouses the senses. The Judge Evans' *Landscape* proves how he could catch the poetry of the sun's light upon the land. But he gave himself rather to dreams than to Nature. He wove golden songs without words.

After he died his art came to great fame; he is one of the most widely forged artists of modern times. His best-known works are his *Fêtes galantes*; but his rarer landscapes are amongst the most powerful interpretations of Nature in his age. Still-life, flowers, seascapes, he wrought them all. His earlier "allegories" or "fêtes" are painted somewhat smoothly, marked by attention to form and drawing. He rapidly increased the loading of his paint, developed touch-impressionism, and came to his middle and greatest original style. The painting is broken, and is a mass of radiant gems, whilst the resultant effect is large and decorative. His art is blithe and joyous, as if it were good to be alive. It is a miracle when one remembers that he dashed off these pictures in a few hours. He is said rarely to have used brushes; but to have squeezed the colour in touches on to the panel or canvas straight from the tube, and to have used the palette-knife or his fingers or nails when

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desired. "I am painting for thirty years hence," said Monticelli in 1870.

MONTICELLI, whose art was confined to small easel pictures, is one of the supreme decorative painters of the land.

RICARD

1824 – 1873

GUSTAVE RICARD is one of the master portrait-painters of Provence. Beginning by copying Van Dyck and Titian for ten years, Ricard gave himself thereafter to portraiture. Founding on the Venetians, his searching vision for character revealed itself in a refined and subtle portraiture, which in its reserved and aristocratic way is one of the achievements of his age. Ricard states the essence of the sitter in haunting fashion.

BONVIN

1834 – 1866

LÉON BONVIN, one of the best painters in water-colours of his great age, painted the blithe beauty of flowers amidst a miserable life. There lived at Vaugirard, a suburb of Paris, a man who came from Lille, a hard old fellow who had been a domestic servant, then a barber, then a farmer, then a soldier, thereafter a gendarme. He was ending his days as a rural policeman and tavern-lord. The stern, harsh old man was the terror of evil-doers, and had been known to descend on a quarry and arrest a gang of them single-handed. He was dreaded as much in his own home. One of his elder sons, FRANÇOIS BONVIN (1817-1887), had run away from home and became an artist of the realist school, and of fine gifts. The old Bonvin had married again, and his fourth child was born to him on the 28th of February 1834, and was to know a rough and harsh childhood. Though old Bonvin added to his other means of livelihood the setting up of the little rockeries in the windows of restaurants, he would let his sons learn no trade, making them act as waiters in his tavern. The youngest son, LÉON BONVIN, had not the initiative to run away, and suffered the buffets and blows in silence. Timid, embarrassed, and awkward, he became silent and moody. His brother François would come home at times, and see the poet that lurked in the heavy, clumsy, fair lad, would give him pencils and set him to "copy what he saw as he saw it." Later he took him to the art school in the Rue de l'École de Médecine to Lecocq de Boisbaudran. By 1857 the young fellow was painting remarkable water-colours. In 1861, at twenty-seven, the loveless

man married, eagerly looking to that marriage to bring into his life the tenderness for which he craved. He found himself tied to a virulent shrew. The man was a poet—not only by instinct a painter, but a musician. He had been compelled to live his day over the pots and pans of a tavern kitchen, seizing the early hours of the morning and the lamplit night in which to paint his superb water-colours. The gentle and affectionate, tall, blonde fellow now spent his days in like fashion, to the tune of the raillery and biting irony of a shrewish wife's tongue, flinging drunken ruffians out of the tavern as part of his day's work. He saved enough from "pourboires" to buy an harmonium which he learnt to play from an old German in the neighbourhood; and after dinner he would play Beethoven and the masters, until his ignorant and scoffing wife went and tapped him on the shoulder, telling him he was "boring the people with his gloomy church music—play them something gay"; and he, to prevent a scene, would strike up a popular polka or lilt. And all the while, when he could escape his tavern, he would paint flowers or still-life, or the interior of his house with the shrewish wife at her household doings, or landscapes outside his doors, with exquisite and subtle power. For these superb things he could get but miserable fees. At night he would paint, enclosing a lamp in a box to throw a strong light on the flowers or still-life.

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The winter of 1865 was a terrible one for Léon Bonvin. Other taverns had been opened near him, and the workmen drifted away from him. Léon had to go out and work as a carter. Debts were growing. On January 29, 1886, he took some water-colours to an art-dealer, who said they were "too dark, not gay enough." On the evening of the last day of January he went to a wood at Meudon and hanged himself. They buried him in unconsecrated ground; the poor soul slept at last.

FANTIN-LATOUR

1837 – 1904

Ignaz Henri Jean Théodore Fantin-Latour was born at Grenoble to a pastel artist; from whom he passed to that trainer of fine artists, Lecocq de Boisbaudran, thence to the École des Beaux-Arts under Ingres. In 1857 he painted awhile under Courbet. But the old masters at the Louvre were his teachers; his first display was at the Salon of 1861; thereafter he steadily won his way. The Legion of Honour came to him in 1878. His *Hommage à Delacroix* was of 1863, the *Toast* of 1865, his *Atelier à Batignolles* and *Coin de Table* of 1872, and the *Famille D——* of 1878. Of 1884 was his *Autour du Piano*;

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and of 1886 his famous fourteen lithographs for the *Richard Wagner*. His immortal achievement is in the painting of *Flower-pieces*. His portrait of *Manet* is famous. Odd to say, his portraiture is generally cold and colourless, who was wont to make of his paintings of flowers a very music of splendid colour.

LEGROS

1837 –

ALPHONSE LEGROS, born at Dijon, was 'prenticed at eleven to a drunken house-painter of the town, going to the school of art there for awhile until he made with his family for Lyons. There he got work at a decorator's. Thence to Paris, where he was employed by the scene-painter Cambon; entered the École des Beaux-Arts; went to Belloc (1786-1866), the pupil of Regnault and Gros, and thence to Lecocq de Boisbaudran. At twenty, in 1857, he showed a portrait of his father. The *Angelus* was of 1859; the *Ex Voto* of 1861; the *Messe des Morts* of 1863; but not winning to success he then came to England. At the Salon of 1866 he won a medal with his *Lapidation de Saint Étienne*. Perhaps his best-known paintings are his *Pèlerinage*, his *Bénédiction de la Mer*, his *Chaudronnier*, his *Repas des Pauvres*, his *Jacob's Dream*, and his *Marchand des Poissons*. Legros has also made a high reputation in etching. Slade Professor at University College in London in 1876, he has become famous as a great teacher, besides doing fine work as a sculptor. Though Legros was hailed as a realist, his art really breathes the spirit of a bygone day. Solemn, grey, severe, he belongs to another age.

CHAPTER XX

WHEREIN THE GREAT REVELATION OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM COMES TO FRANCE

THE FRENCHMEN OF 1860

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We have seen in England the Realism of Constable go to France; we have seen the Realism of Barbizon pass into the Dark Mass-Realism of Courbet. Alongside these Realist movements in England and France, we have seen Primitive-Academism ousting Classical Academism. France was now to take up the Mass-Impressionism of Velazquez and Hals and the Tenebrosi, and develop the gamut of Art.

The wag on *Charivari* who on seeing Monet's sunset labelled *Impressions*, and who thereupon nicknamed the whole movement "Impressionism," spake truer than he intended. The essential point of Impressionism, as I have already shown in the chapter on Velazquez, is to paint the impression of the whole as it strikes the eye. Every mood of life that is uttered by the artist must be created by so bending colour and form, that both colour and form shall be redolent of the mood—that blithe colours must give forth blithe moods, sombre colours sombre moods. Turner had discovered this majestic modern revelation—his revelation almost died with him. It lay to a certain extent implicit in Velazquez and Hals and Rembrandt; but the Frenchman thrust it forward. Manet painted what he saw in great flat masses, thereby giving a superb decorative effect to all he did, and ridding the eye of petty fatigues. It was in his power of selection, and his consummate use of colour to create the impression desired, that he stepped leagues beyond Courbet. Courbet said of Manet's *Olympia* that it was "like the Queen of Spades coming from the bath"; Manet answered that Courbet's ideal of art was a billiard-ball. Yet so hard does academism die, that even Meier-Graefe discusses Manet's aim in terms of Beauty! But then he sees beauty in the bowels of a bullock!

Now, lest there be confusion about the Impressionistic movements, owing to the befuddling of the name, we had best be clear at once.

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Courbet went back to the Tenebrosi, and painted sheer Realism in Mass. Now came a group of men and took up the large art of Velazquez where he had left it. Remember that Chardin had already painted sheer impressions; but the Revolution had come to destroy his revelation and to turn back art to classical academism.

It will be seen that the art of painting has steadily essayed from development to development to find a wider gamut of craftsmanship whereby to utter its fuller significance—the play of colour so that it shall yield wider and more complex emotions.

Now COURBET in his gross way, with exaggerative violence, had struck against classic ideals, had struck down the historical ideals even of the early Romantic movement, railed against the painting that required literature to explain it, attacked symbolism as being an intellectual effort outside the province of art, and went to extremes in denying art the power to interpret the soul. In the larger part of this Realism he was unassailably right; but being a coarse fellow of considerable genius he naturally did not *feel* spiritual things. But the senses are the avenues to the intellect; and as long as an idea reaches the intellect by way of the senses it may become prodigious art. However, at first, Realism became largely an affair of sordidness. An ugly tendency also set in to mistake mere craftsmanship for art. And these two vulgarities lay upon and largely threatened Painting and Literature awhile. But at least it drove artists to set their own age above all the claptrap of tradition and the past; it cleansed and purified the whole intention of art, and freed the artist from imitation of dead men.

Manet now came to rid the movement of Courbet's grossnesses. Manet saw and felt life as a much nobler, more profound, and complex thing than the mere vulgarities of Courbet. He saw that colour was like rhythm in music, creative and arousing certain sensations each in its own power. The artists now cease to talk of Beauty—they speak of Character. They are concerned with Life, with Truth, the value of things; they realise that to the eye *Light reveals all things*. This rejection of Beauty for Life and Character is a prodigious forward movement to the heights. The life of the humble is seen to be as "noble" as the life of the rich. Painting is realised to be as a music of colour harmonies; not a code of rigid academic laws.

Let us realise that by 1860 a group of men have arisen who, in their different ways, have found an instrument that will give them the orchestration they desire for the utterance of the impression of the thing seen by means of "values"—that is to say, by their colour

as seen in the depth of their atmosphere from the eye—and by *massing* their forms and colours. And, led by Manet, they now all seek to create the impression of the thing seen by massing. Courbet's mass Realism has at least led to that.

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THE MASS-IMPRESSIONISTS

MANET
1832–1883

Coming of the old magistracy, born to a judge in Paris on the 23rd of January 1832 in the artery of the Latin Quarter now known as the Rue Bonaparte, ÉDOUARD MANET, the eldest of three brothers, grew up to manhood as the Elegant—the man about town. As a lad he had shown great gifts of drawing; but the judge had a judge's career in his mind for the young fellow. Manet's uncle, Colonel Fournier of the artillery, supported the youth. He was sent a voyage in the *Guadeloupe* to Rio de Janiero to lure him from art. But artist he would be; and in 1850 went into Couture's studio. Couture was at least a small respecter of tradition, but he demanded from Manet what he would not himself give to others. They quarrelled and wrangled from the start. But Manet realised that the shoemaker's quarrelsome, thickset, scowling son was the finest teacher in Paris; and he stayed with him for six long years. At twenty-five he left him, and went a-wandering over Germany, Holland, and Italy—copying Rembrandt in Germany, Hals in Holland, Titian and Tintoretto in Venice. Coming back to Paris he copied the Spaniards—Velazquez and Goya—at the Louvre. Beginning by painting in low tones, and strongly influenced by Goya, Manet concerned himself with Spanish subjects. Then came Courbet into his ken with his trend from Romanticism to mass-Realism. In 1859 Manet made his first attack on the Salon with his *Buveur d'Absinthe*, and was rejected. Here we see that Courbet's blacks and greys have become rhythmical. The next Salon (1861) displayed Manet's portrait of his *Father and Mother* and the *Guitarero*; Manet received honourable mention due to Delacroix. Ingres was kind. Couture sneered: "He will be the Daumier of 1860." Daumier was the abhorred of the academics. Gautier hailed Manet with delight. There was general consternation. His *Music at the Tuileries* had been rejected. The *Street-singer* and the *Boy with the Sword* were of 1861; the sad-faced girl with the guitar is his first great effort in realistic impressionism. The *Old Musician* was

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of 1862. The death of his father brought Manet a considerable fortune; in 1863 he married a Dutch lady of musical gifts, Suzanne Leenhoff. A little one-man show, in which were seen the *Spanish Ballet* and *Lola de Valence*, with other works, won the alliance of Baudelaire but divided the town. Then he knew repulse. The Salon of 1863 refused him; and with him Whistler, Cazin, Fantin-Latour, Harpignies, Jongkind, Legros, Pissarro, and others. The Emperor had insisted that a room should be given to the rejected, and Paris flocked to the Salon des Refusés to laugh herself hoarse. Manet made the sensation of his *Breakfast on the Grass*. A new vision was come to France. All objects were shown in full light; no dark shadows were "arranged." The picture of the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* with its nude lady amongst the dressed figures scandalised every one—even those who gazed unmoved on Giorgione's *Fête champêtre* at the Louvre.

In 1864 the Salon accepted the Venetianesque *Angels at the Tomb of Christ* and the *Bullfight*, out of which he cut the dead Toreador, burning the rest.

The academicians in alarm threw wide the doors of the Salon of 1865; Manet made his mark with *Jésus insulté* and the famous *Olympia*. The air rang with tumult. The next Salon rejected him vindictively. So far, Manet had founded his art on Hals and Velazquez; he had mastered their craft, and blended it in his own vision. This had scandalised the academic! By 1865, then, he was famous—the talked-about man. Paris was divided—and fiercely. Baudelaire hotly supported him. The famous *Olympia* finished the business. This superb colour-harmony of the nude courtesan lying on her bed, a negress bringing her a bouquet of flowers, and the black kitten at her feet, hangs to-day at the Louvre, the flag of a great victory—it reveals a new vision wholly distinct from all that has gone before—the subject is placed in full light as though a great window were behind the painter; and the massy arrangement is enhanced by the rhythm of its lines and the orchestration of its colour. Superbly drawn with large touch, this immortal masterpiece sets Manet beside Hals and Velazquez. The simplification is masterly; yet even Manet hesitated to show it until Baudelaire urged courage, reminding him that much genius had found derision.

Manet was now the recognised fighter and leader of the new movement; his vigorous personality marked him for the office of this leadership. He bore the brunt of the attacks by the critics. The elder of the group, he was at full manhood, set in his purpose. To him gathered his friends Whistler, Fantin-Latour, and Legros.

XX

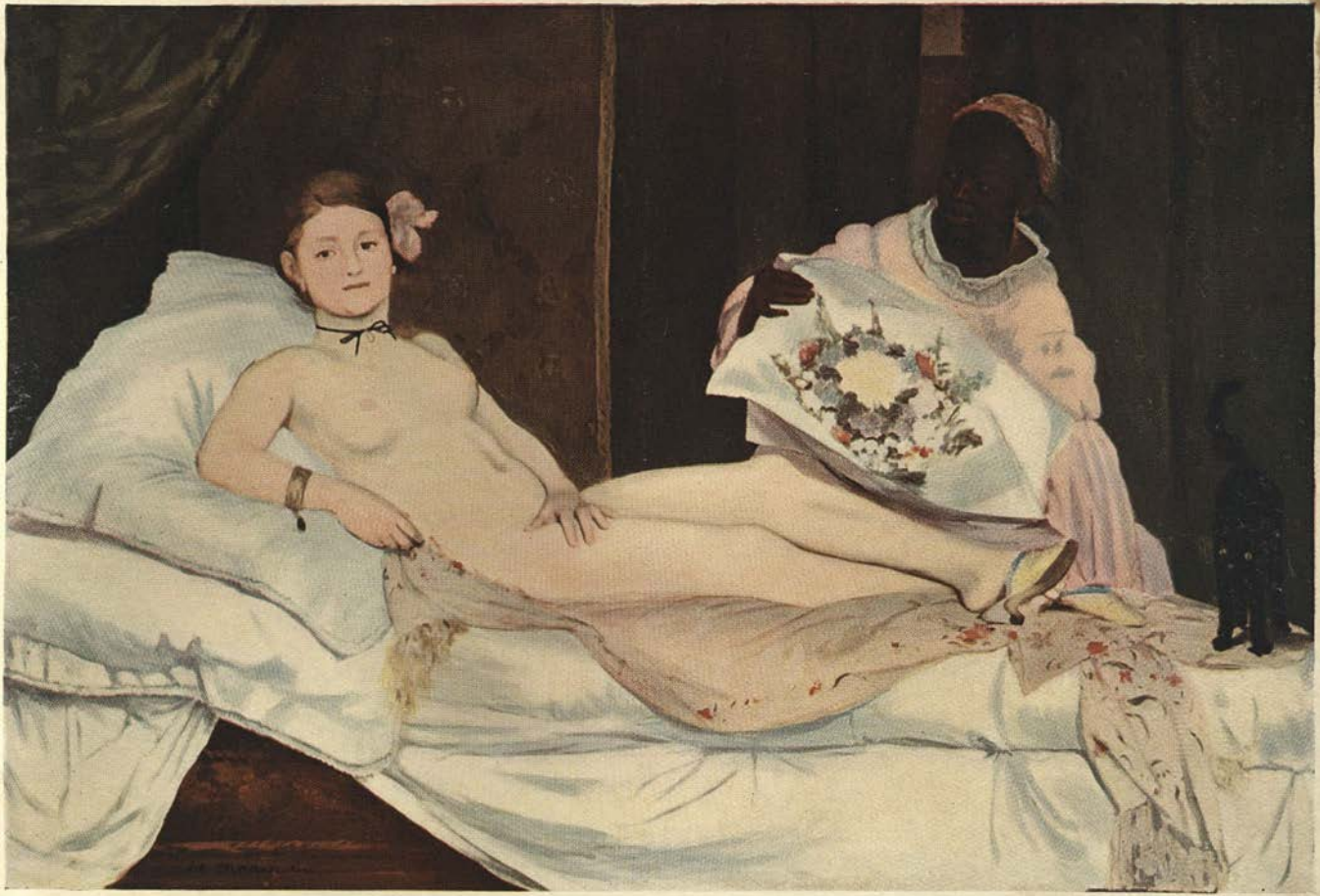
ÉDOUARD MANET

1832 – 1883

"OLYMPIA"

(LOUVRE)

Signed on left:—"ED. MANET, 1865." Painted in oil on canvas. 4 ft. 2 in. × 6 ft. 3 in. (1·27 × 1·90).



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To Whistler his revelation was vital. The ill-favour of the academicians drove others under his flag; and the young Degas, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Caillebotte, Berthe Morisot, and the young Bazille, who was to fall in the war of 1870, forgathered. The writers Gautier, Baudelaire, and Banville were his hot allies; and later Zola and the De Goncourts and Stéphane Mallarmé all came to his support. The generous nature of the man made him a born leader, to say nothing of his fire, his large spirit, his tireless energy, and his dauntless courage.

The friends were soon jeeringly known as "L'École des Batignolles," from the obscure Batignolles café at which they met—the Café Guerbois. So far he had mastered the craft of Hals and Velazquez, and, as colourist, surpassed them in orchestration.

In 1886 the Salon rejected the *Fifre* and the *Tragic Actor* (Rouvière in *Hamlet*). Finding the Salon inimical he in 1867 showed fifty of his collected works in the Avenue de l'Alma, with Courbet. He was free of bread-winning, and he fought for his poorer brethren. The catalogue held the famous phrase: "The artist does not say to you to-day: Come and see flawless works, but, Come and see sincere works . . . the painter has only thought of *rendering an impression.*"

Zola's enthusiasm for Manet led to that writer being dismissed from the *Figaro* in 1866. Academicians would buy the *Figaro*, waylay Zola or Manet on the boulevards, and tear the paper to pieces before them in public!

Of 1868 were his *Émile Zola* and *Lady with a Parrot*; of 1869 the fine *Déjeuner* and *Balcony*; both revealed the man's compelling power. For 1870 the Salon had the portrait of his pupil, the gifted pastellist *Eva Gonzales*, and he had painted the famous *Execution of Maximilian* (1867-8).

It was in the early part of 1870 that his old journalistic friend Duranty attacked him in the press; at the Café Guerbois Manet struck him across the face. In the resulting duel, with Zola and Vigniaux for seconds, Manet wounded Duranty in the chest. Thereafter there was reconciliation. The cloud of war was gathering over France that called Manet with the rest of the manhood of the land to the colours. Even the short-sighted Daudet did sentry-go; Regnault fell in a sortie; Bazille was slain; Meissonier was made colonel of the Garde Nationale, and, grimly enough, Manet was promoted captain to his staff! Years afterwards, Manet, gazing upon Meissonier's *Charge of Cuirassiers*, was heard to mutter: "Good, quite good! everything is steel but the

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cuirasses." However, Manet was through some hard fighting under the fire of the Prussians, and of his own people later in the Commune.

Manet had now spent his patrimony, and had to look to his art for livelihood. Impressionists, so nicknamed, were not in the fashion; Manet alone having considerable vogue. With all the breeding that distinguished him, he took advantage of his vogue to display the works of his comrades in his studio. Manet heretofore had not greatly concerned himself with the figure in relation to its lighting out of doors. With his wonted force, he now shook off Hals and Velazquez, as he had shaken off Goya. His superb painting of the lady *Before the Mirror* was of 1876.

Manet was thirty-eight; was done with the Old Masters, and had created an intensely individual art. After the war, he allied himself with Monet, Degas, and Renoir, and increased his Impressionism towards brilliant lighting. This very year he had painted but had not shown the *Garden*; he had already in 1886 painted the sun-filled sea-piece of the *Fight of the "Kearsage" and the "Alabama,"* which revealed his development in the open-air painting towards which he had already moved in his *Musique aux Tuileries* and the *Bal de l'Opéra*; just as the Halslike *Bon Bock* of 1873, a masterpiece of great power, and the *Liseur* saw him working still in his earlier manner. From 1868 Manet had been painting in the open air. The Salon of 1874 showed his *Le Chemin de Fer*.

In 1875 he sent his open-air *Argenteuil* to the Salon; and the jury, afraid of the greatness of the man, admitted it under protest. But the following year of 1876 they rejected his *Desboutin* portrait and the fine open-air *Le Linge* of 1875. Manet promptly repeated his retort of 1867, and opened his studio to the public. The Salon of the next year, 1877, accepted the *Faure as "Hamlet,"* but withdrew the *Nana*; but at last the jury realised that Manet was too great to reject, and every Salon henceforth knew him until the day he died; and there appear in 1879 *En bateau* (in which blue-and-white scheme Mr. George Moore is seen arrayed in boating flannels) and *Dans la Serre*; of 1880 were the *Antonin Proust*, the luminous *Père Lathuille* restaurant; and in 1881 the *Rochefort* portrait and the serio-comic *Pertuiset, the Lion-slayer*, brought Manet a medal, and his old friend Proust being Minister of Fine Arts, Manet found himself in the Legion of Honour. Of 1882 was the glittering *Bar aux Folies-Bergères* and the portrait of a lady called *Jeanne*.

But Manet had fallen a victim to locomotor-ataxy, and, worn

out with the great fight and his prodigious industry, having suffered amputation of a foot to save him from gangrene, he sank and died on the 30th of the April of 1883.

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The hand of the vigorous and forthright painter of the *Woman with the Parrot*, of the unforgettable young mother seated *In the Square* near her infant in the perambulator, of the portrait of a lady called *Rest*, of the great three-quarter-length portrait in profile of *Madame M. L.* was stilled at last, in but his fifty-first year. Void at last was that searching eye for character that set down with powerful direct strokes the weaknesses and the strength of men as you may see in his unflinching masterly portraits of *Zola*, of *Rochefort*, of *Desboutin*, of *Proust*, of *Clémenceau* and *Guys* and *Faure*, of *Baudelaire*, and of Irish *George Moore* amongst others.

Manet was a giant. Knowing what he desired to utter, and with consummate hand and unerring instinct employing an art best fitted to that utterance, he never swerved a hair's-breadth towards the academies. He stands alone, and apart, as Hals and Rembrandt and Velazquez stood, without rival in his age. Men were shaped by him—Whistler and Sargent and Degas and others of great gifts; but he stood serenely above all. He handed on the torch to the coming years. He was one of the subtlest colourists. His handling and his virile forcefulness are a marvel. He was never subject to touch-impressionism; never wrought his art by colour-spots. He rejected science wholly for sensing; by consequence he achieved the dignity and stateliness of the grand style of the classical without the emptiness, and mastered a compelling poetry of reality. Seeing that the sensitive temperaments of the rebels of his day flinched from war, he took that war upon himself, and fought the battle with his own sword. They resigned themselves to being misunderstood, but Manet was of more heroic clay, and insisted on being understood, or at least accepted; by consequence he brought them courage, and, but for him, they might have been overcome. To him the nude or the portrait, landscape and seascape, the home-life or still-life, surrendered their wizardry. He never mistook Realism for sordidness, nor Life for a dunghill. His grasp of Life was profound; his temperament fine and comprehensive and balanced. He lacked the psychology of Rembrandt, as did Hals and Velazquez; yet psychology he had, as his illustrations to Poe's *Raven* prove—indeed in illustration, in his etchings, his lithographs, and his pastels, he showed his powers as in all else that he wrought. In his portraits above all he proves his psychology, a grip of character. He scorned to imitate any man, even himself. He saw that art must create a style to fit every subject.

THE CONFLICT OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM WITH THE MEDIÆVL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

"Each time I paint I throw myself into the water to learn swimming," said he.

Manet not only led France into the promised land, he was the mightiest achiever. Rembrandt's impressionism is the highest in spiritual sensing that the world has yet seen; but it is created by light and dark, not by colour—it is as effective in black and white—Manet's is absolutely dependent on colour. Mauclair reveals the bookish man when he asserts for one's understanding of Manet's art that "one has to know his admirable life, one has to know well the incredible inertia of the Salons," or that one can feel something great in him "even without knowing the conditions of his life." Art reaches the senses with truthful power or it does not; and no reading about outside things can increase that sensing. The increase that critics feel has nothing to do with art, but is a refined form of intellectual snobbery.

The object of loud laughter—the Empress Eugénie demanding that his works should be removed from public display, thereafter President Grévy pursing his lips in demur at the name of Manet on the list for the Legion of Honour, indeed being overruled only by Gambetta—Manet fought every inch of the way to conquest.

DEGAS

1834–

Manet eagerly joined battle with convention; Monet and Degas and Renoir shrank with horror from the squabbles of the academies and the publicity of war with the critics.

Hilaire Germain Edgard Degas was born of bourgeois stock in Paris on July 19, 1834, and entered the École des Beaux-Arts in 1855 in his twenty-first year, working under Lamothe and Ingres—it was Degas who carried Ingres out of his studio when the old artist was stricken down in the seizure from which he died.

Degas had gone to America, and the luminous atmosphere and colour of Virginia and Florida roused the painter's vision for colour. Back again in Paris he joined the art rebels. In 1865 he was one of the group at the Café Guerbois on the Boulevard des Batignolles with Manet, Renoir, Monet, Lhermitte, Fantin, Legros, and Cazin, Whistler and Stephens and Pissarro. From 1860, when he painted the *American Cotton-broker's Office in New Orleans*, his vision was essentially realist and modern, even though he had not yet concerned himself with atmosphere and impression. He appeared at the Salon of 1865 with a pastel of *War in the Middle Ages*. But the following

year of 1866 brought forth his *Steeplechase* which began his long series of racing subjects. The next year saw portraits from his hand; 1868 a *Ballet-dancer*; and more portraits followed in 1869 and 1870. Thereafter he never again sent to the Salon. He played with classic subjects, *Spartan Youths Wrestling*, and the like, even whilst he essayed the modern life.

WHEREIN THE GREAT REVELATION OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM COMES TO FRANCE

In 1874, '76, '78, '79, and '80 he displayed his work with the impressionists, with Manet and Monet and the rest. In 1884 he showed some scenes of the racecourse. Degas found his strength in draughtsmanship. He is a genius of great power, ruthless, compelling, vital. His frank truthfulness and his biting wit were gall to Whistler, whom he loved to taunt with his poses and his theatricalities. He refused all decorations.

Degas continues the development of Daumier. The Luxembourg possesses his superb *Café on the Boulevard Montmartre* amongst other fine works.

Degas saw life in a narrower fashion, and was impressed by life on a lower plain of realism than was granted to the mightily endowed Manet. He became influenced by the touch-impressionists as did Manet. He has not the colour range either of Manet or of Monet; but he has the vision for mass and the power to utter modern life of the mass-impressionist. His colour ranges through quiet grey harmonies; his sense of orchestration is limited. Retiring, silent, and solitary, he is said to be pessimistic; reputed to be of quick and biting wit that men dread. He has an astounding draughtsmanship; his line is broad, firm, telling—his drawing and his vision are opposed to classical drawing and vision. He has a cynical contempt for critics, and says that a man only buys pictures because he thinks they will increase in value. Beginning by copying the Italian Primitives, Fra Angelico above all, he was for long under their glamour, painting finely drawn tawny portrait-heads against black or black-grey grounds, intense and earnest in inquisition. In his beginnings he had these two things in common with Ingres, hard mastery of drawing and photographic vision—what we may call scientific perfection. He was at that time doggedly set on mathematical precision and mastering of technique—soulless and icy. But from the first he revealed a marvellous sense of the harmonies that lie in greys and blacks. On such severe training was being built that loose pulsing drawing that was to bear him to his own. Thence he clearly came awhile under the glamour of Corot—his subtle and intense feeling for greys developed. Degas never gave way to lyricism in colour; even in his highest range

THE CONFLICT OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM WITH THE MEDIÆVAL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

in colour the scheme is grey and black with here and there a colour-note.

Bitterly ironical, sensitive to impressions and to wounds, Degas has given forth the emotions of life as though guardedly. His whole interest is in life—in the world of his own day. He is said to share Ibsen's contempt for modern morality. But his astute vision is impartial, judicial; he takes life as he finds it and sets it upon the canvas, careless of its why or its wherefore.

His interests are curious—the racecourse, the ballet-dancer, and middle-class women taking their baths. One remembers his finely arranged *Carriages at the Races*, saved from photographic truth by its subtle statement of colour. He catches the movements of horses; and his subtle gradations of colour are as nervous and alive as the mettle of the thoroughbreds. But it is the flutter and whirl of the ballet that brings out the vitality of the man. His severe training in draughtsmanship here serves him to fine purpose. The cloud of gauzy skirts, the swing of the pink-fleshinged limbs, of the gracefully poised arms, the glint of mirrors, all bring out his innate gifts. In the often vulgar girls he sees no ideal Greek figures, but the coarsely muscled legs, the commonplace heads, the narrow shoulders, the at times ugly features. His insight into character never hesitates. He shows, with relentless skill, the allure of sex even under the betrayal of bodily imperfection. He suggests the curious movements of ballet-girls, and the jerk of their gauzy skirts, with rare truth. He is wholly concerned with truth of impression.

When bookish theorists see in these masterpieces the "lavishness of Degas's intellect," and that a "figure or attitude tells us more about Parisian life than a whole novel," they mistake the function of painting for that of literature—Degas never makes any such mistake.

A very luminous example of Degas's art is the *Dancer at the Photographer's*, as she poses in her gauzy skirts before a large window, one foot out-pointed in the hideous convention of standing on the points of the toes which gives the foot an ugly buniony appearance, and does so much to destroy the grace and slay the rhythm of the dance in the ballet. Here we see him concerned with light in amazingly masterly fashion, as in the pastel of the three girls in the *Greek Dance* we see him akin to the touch-impressionists.

The series of women of the people bathing in their rooms shows Degas's grimly humorous searching vision into awkwardnesses—he catches the awkwardnesses of the ungainly woman when

she has put off public pose and gives herself to the slovenly habits of privacy.

About 1896 Degas proved himself a poetic painter of landscape, perhaps in some ways the truest utterance of his soul.

The art of Degas is said to reveal lassitude and disenchantment with life; his subjects would go to prove this rather than his art. A lonely man he is, with few friendships. His satirical temperament shows throughout his work. He is ever something of the mocker. Pessimistic therefore he is in a degree. The human race scarce looms majestic in his eyes. A genius—as pastellist, as draughtsman, and within his limited gamut as colourist—Degas is steeped in his age. He can feel none of the heroic faculty of the people. They race and dance in ballets or wash themselves—they are innately awkward even when they pose as graceful. A man of prodigious force, he has created a craft all his own. He had the genius and the courage not to paint vulgar things in the grand style.

Degas made school. His influence has been very wide. A retiring man, he trained at least two remarkable pupils—FORAIN and MARY CASSATT. Out of Degas also grew the school that brought forth RENOUARD, and a greater, TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, and a still greater, STEINLEN.

WHEREIN THE GREAT REVELATION OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM COMES TO FRANCE

OF SOME WOMEN OF GENIUS IN MASS-IMPRESSIONISM

BERTHE MORISOT

1841 – 1894

Great-granddaughter to Fragonard, Berthe Morisot had come under the influence of Corot, when the genius of Manet burst upon France. She was on the edge of twenty when the great battle began; and she flung herself on the side of Manet. Marrying Manet's brother Eugène, she continued to sign her works as Berthe Morisot, out of respect to her great brother-in-law's name. An artist of remarkable gifts, as her luminous work of *A Young Woman seated on a Sofa* proves, she had the genius to express herself, to utter a woman's vision instead of aping that of a man. Her realm was the garden and the life of young girls; she had rare gifts in water-colour. A woman famous for her beauty, she came to as wide fame in her art. On the death of Manet, it was she who championed his name and fame until she died in the fulness of her gifts at fifty-

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three, leaving behind her a large output of her luminous designs, wherein her love of flowers, her blue and silvery colouring, her interest in the coast of Normandy and the glittering gardens of Nice, her concern with young women, and her glory in fruitful orchards keep her fame green. Manet painted her in the famous canvas where she is seen seated on a sofa and in the *Balcony*.

MARIE BRACQUEMOND, wife of the famous engraver, was pupil to Ingres, then joined the Impressionists. She has painted enormous decorative schemes and delicate etchings.

EVA GONZALÈS

EVA GONZALÈS, the favourite pupil of Manet, was coming to fame as an exquisite pastellist; and, having rejected her early training under Chaplin, was winning to powerful utterance under Manet, when the end suddenly came. She was the wife of the engraver HENRI GUÉRARD. Manet has left us a portrait of her at work at an easel. The Luxembourg has a small pastel by her.

MARY CASSATT

An American, Mary Cassatt, is a remarkable woman of genius. Pupil to Degas, Mary Cassatt joined the Impressionists, and, like Berthe Morisot, she had the instinct to utter art as a woman, instead of aping men. She gives forth the woman's vision of motherhood and children. She has come to mastery of oils and pastels.

CHAPTER XXI

WHEREIN WE SEE MASS-IMPRESSIONISM ARISE IN ENGLAND

MASS-IMPRESSIONISM COMES INTO ENGLAND

In the meantime Mass-Impressionism was being created in England in the hands of a black-and-white artist—his name, Charles Keene.

CHARLES KEENE
1823 – 1891

Of Suffolk stock, born at Hornsey to a solicitor of Furnival's Inn on the 10th of August 1823 (his mother a Sparrow of Ipswich, therefore also of Suffolk stock), young Charles Samuel Keene entered his father's office at sixteen, soon thereafter going to an architect. Then he was apprenticed to the engraver Whymper for five years. In 1851 he first drew for *Punch*, and was soon working for the magazines. But it was *Punch* that gave him his great scope, his high gifts winning the admiration and applause of Menzel and Degas.

In Keene we have the impressionism of the British genius developing into superb black-and-white illustration of the life of the age rendered with a power that has never been surpassed by mortal hands. He advanced impressionism in the utterance of the life of his age, so that it is to Keene that the future must go to see that life, whilst not a single painter was creating it, and painting was seeking false gods and aims in primitivism. The critics have placed the etchings and illustrations of Whistler upon the altar of their faith, accepting Whistler at his own valuation; but the line-work of Whistler cannot approach the art of Keene, who stands head and shoulders above his age. With the pen's stroke he could weave the winds of heaven, the gale, the onset of waves, the movement of boats, the glamour of the sun on the fields, as well as the life of the streets, on to the paper with a wizardry of genius that has never been surpassed. Keene died at 112 Hammersmith Road on January 4, 1891.

In his painter-like use of line Keene creates the impression of

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the thing seen with compelling power. He gave us the life of the middle and lower classes in immortal fashion. And he did it by the conjunction of mass and of broken line which forestalls the whole European intention of the years to come in painting.

DU MAURIER
1834 – 1896

What Keene did for the middle and lower classes, GEORGE DU MAURIER, with great gifts of impressionism in pen-line about equal to those of Keene, did for the upper classes. His earlier work is so close in genius to the art of Keene that it is difficult to separate them. Du Maurier and Keene, if all other records were swept away, create for us the life of their age with consummate genius.

WHISTLER
1834 – 1903

Whistler looms large to the English-speaking peoples, since he was the disciple who spread the gospel of Mass-Impressionism; it was the wilful genius of Whistler that bore the torch to his own people. A shrewd self-interest made him hide his indebtedness to Manet in the strut of the heir to Velazquez. Every ounce of his innate gift of intrigue and his arrogant egoism were absolutely essential to his triumph. And he rested neither day nor night, nor flinched from any act that might impress him upon his race. The influence both of Rossetti and of Fantin-Latour are most marked; nor is the pseudo-classicism of Albert Moore absent from his vision. Then Courbet dominated him awhile, as we see in the *Coast of Brittany* (1861), the *Wave* (1862), and other strong landscapes. Thereafter came Manet. Then in the *Old Battersea Bridge* of 1865 Whistler found himself.

Whistler, on the father's side, came of English stock long settled at Whitchurch and Goring-on-Thames, being descended from Charles II.'s President of the Royal College of Physicians. The family had gone to Ireland, thence to the American colonies, and in the United States, at Lowell in Massachusetts, to Major George Washington Whistler and his wife, Anna Matilda M'Neill, of the old Southern aristocracy of Baltimore, descended from Scottish stock, was born on the 11th of July 1834 JAMES ABBOTT M'NEILL WHISTLER, who was to bring immortal fame to the name. At seventeen the youth was sent to the military college at West Point, but his time being up, he surrendered the sword for the brush, and

XXI

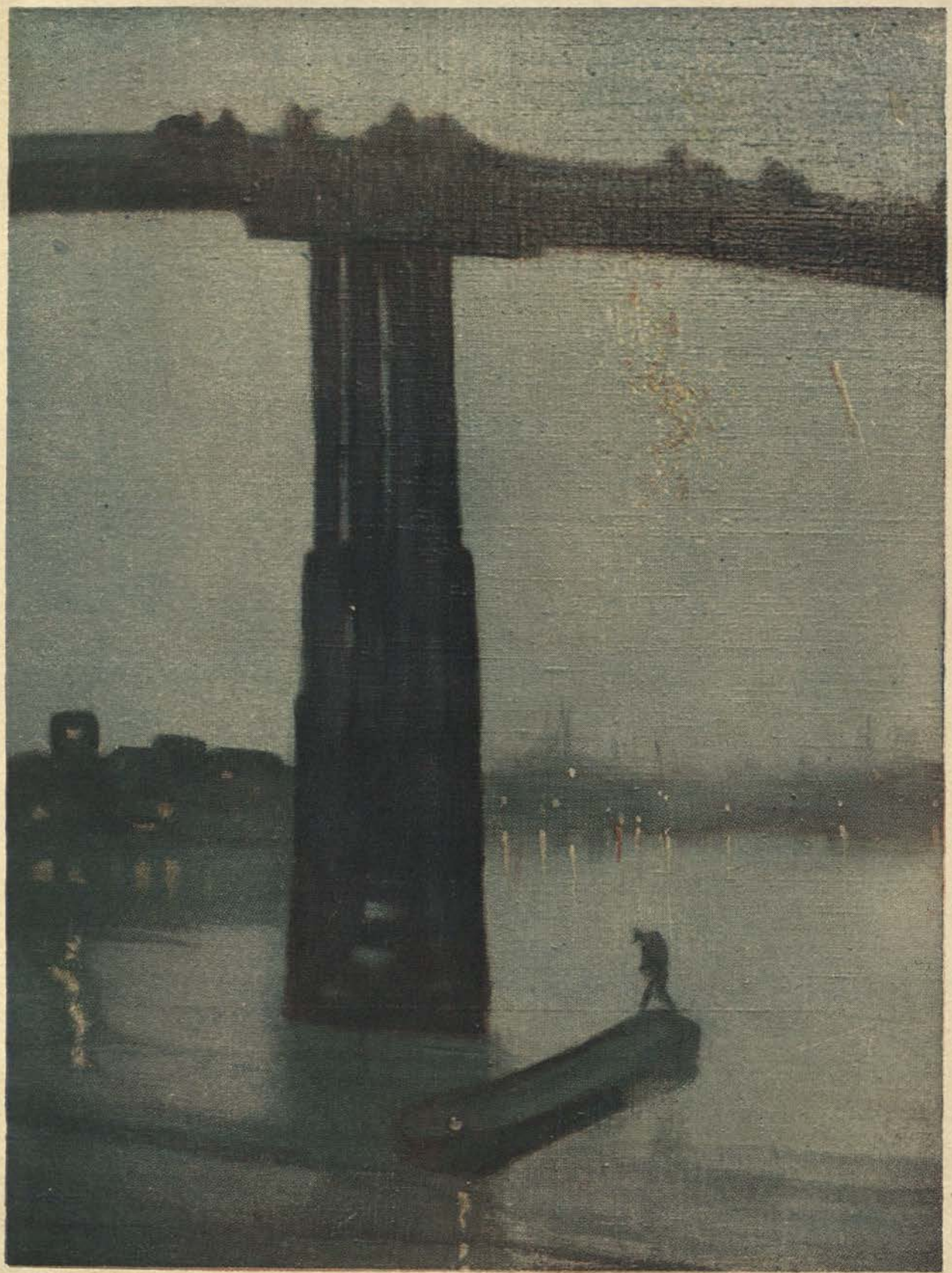
WHISTLER

1834 - 1903

"OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE"

(National Gallery)

Bought by the National Collections Fund from the Whistler Memorial Exhibition. One of the canvases brought forward during the Whistler *v.* Ruskin trial.



made for Paris at twenty-one, never to see his native land again, entering the studio of Gleyre in 1855, where Du Maurier and Poynter were amongst his fellow-students. Fantin-Latour came into his life when Whistler was copying the Old Masters at the Louvre; and Manet, two years older than he, began to come to the front at the end of the fifties. Whistler's quick senses realised the new movement. He was soon attached to the group who worshipped at the Café Guerbois at Manet's feet—Degas, Fantin-Latour, Monet, and the others. Into the fray he was later to fling himself. It was in etching that he made his first advance with the "little French set" (1858). At twenty-five (1859) he came to live in London with his brother-in-law, SEYMOUR HADEN (1818-1910), the surgeon whose capable etching won him knighthood. Soon thereafter he was sharing a studio with Du Maurier in Newman Street; then painting and etching at Wapping. The end of the year saw him settled at Chelsea.

WHEREIN WE SEE MASS-IMPRESSIONISM ARISE IN ENGLAND

In the following year of 1860 he sent his first painting to the Royal Academy. At the Academy of 1862 was *The Thames in Ice*. Paris struck him his first rebuff. In 1863, on the edge of thirty, his *White Girl* was rejected at the Salon, being hung at the Salon des Refusés with the works of Manet and other rebels.

Unfortunately, amongst Whistler's many affectations was the giving of numbers to the titles of his pictures instead of a distinguishing name, and this *White Girl*, "No. 2," hides a fine achievement.

BRACQUEMOND had burst into enthusiasm over the art of Hokusai in 1856; all Paris awoke to Japanese art. Whistler missed nothing. He saw that Japanese art was bringing a new arrangement into composition. It broke down classical symmetry. Manet was strongly influenced. Whistler revelled in the revelation. He took violent perspectives, and the sprigs of leaves, and set up schemes on Japanese lines. He invented a Japanese butterfly signature out of his initials which he set in his design. Above all he painted in flat coats. He employed oil-painting as the Japanese employed colour-prints from the wood. The result was tender, delicate, subtle; but on the other hand it lacked power and other great attributes. But, since Whistler was not stirred by great and majestic moods, it did little harm; and in adapting the Japanese colour-print he wisely realised his limitations, at the same time that he increased his exquisiteness. Just as his landscapes of London were soon to suggest London seen through eastern vision, so we shall see his portraits suggest British folk seen through the eyes of a Spaniard.

THE CONFLICT OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM WITH THE MEDIÆVAL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

The following year (1864), rejected by Paris, Whistler showed at the Royal Academy the *Wapping* and the *Die Lange Leizen—of the Six Marks.* In 1865 the Academy held his *Golden Screen,* his *Old Battersea Bridge, The Little White Girl,* and *The Scarf*—masterpieces all.

Whistler was now come into his kingdom. The voyage to Valparaiso in 1866 completed the conquest. His hand becomes bolder; he rises above schooling and tradition. The superb *Nocturne in Blue and Gold—Valparaiso* is the revelation of an original and consummate genius. He had already proved that genius in the *Old Battersea Bridge*; he now established it.

He came back to Chelsea and proceeded to paint masterpiece after masterpiece of poetic Thames river-pieces.

Whistler now used colour in glowing restrained key with a tense, emotional exquisiteness. Beauty of statement and ease of utterance were become a confirmed habit. Some magic had fallen on the vision of the man, and his skill of hand leaped eagerly to express the lyrical ecstasy within him. Henceforth his craftsmanship stated every impression that he desired to arouse. Without a note of music in him—indeed, he owed the musical notation of his works to Fantin-Latour—he has discovered the oneness of the arts of colour and sound.

Using a large polished table instead of palette, he mixed in the centre of it a great patch of the colour he decided to be the key to his scheme, and into this he dragged each colour of his gamut. But his eyesight always baulked him from complete mastery of values; and he painted far darker than Nature. He painted up his whole canvas together, not in patches. He required for portraits many sittings. His earlier work is in bold, thick, vigorous strokes; rapidly he came to painting in a thin fluid manner. He painted direct, never softening the stroke of the brush-work. In oils he constantly mixed black with his colours, as in water-colour he mixed white.

Not sending to the Academy in 1866, he sent in 1867 *The Symphony in White No.* 3, the *Battersea,* and *Sea and Rain.* Skipping two years he sent in 1870 *The Balcony,* then skipping a year he sent to the display of 1872, in his thirty-eighth year, the world-famous and powerful *Portrait of Whistler's Mother—Arrangement in Grey and Black,* which now belongs to the French State. Thereafter Whistler only sent once again to the Academy—an etching in 1879.

In his fortieth year Whistler held a display of works in Pall Mall, and the world saw his superb *Carlyle,* and perhaps his supreme

XXII

WHISTLER

1834 – 1903

"THOMAS CARLYLE"

(Corporation Art Galleries, Glasgow)

portrait of the little girl *Miss Alexander*, wherein the subtle atmosphere of girlhood is caught with rare purity and exquisiteness. The tenderness of the colours, the marvellous brushwork, the command of greys, alone raise Whistler in this canvas amongst the masters of the ages had he never painted another masterpiece. The *Carlyle* shows Whistler creating the effect of philosophic grim old age, with a power that equals his statement of *Miss Alexander's* childhood, and his own *Mother's* serene old-ladyhood.

WHEREIN WE SEE MASS-IMPRESSIONISM ARISE IN ENGLAND

The Grosvenor Gallery meantime was giving him a splendid outlet for his genius ; to London indeed he owed his recognition, his rapidly increasing vogue, his honours and his discovery—and he proceeded to flout and sneer at England for the rest of his life ! Yet there was a reason for his spites. The whole solid body of Academicians, the Press, and Ruskin were bitterly hostile to the man.

In 1877, at forty-three, Butterfly was to arouse the petulant ill-will of Ruskin. Ruskin was now the despot of the art-world. In an evil moment for himself, he turned peevish unseeing eyes upon the master-work of Whistler, and uttered the now notorious drivel: "The ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence before now ; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public face." The injustice and sin of this thing were insane, almost criminal. A weaker man than Whistler must have been utterly destroyed by it. But Ruskin had delivered himself, naked, into the hands of the spoiler. He never spoke again with the same authority. . . . Whistler sued him for libel ; and the doings of those two dark November days, when the case came before Baron Huddleston and a special jury, became the laughter of the whole country. It was a duel between him and the Attorney-General, with Whistler's brilliant wit and passionate confidence in his art against the pompous playfulness of the legal luminary screening his ignorance. The Attorney-General walloped the air with a sand-bag, hitting his own nose, perspiring and inanely jocund, slowly realising at last that the keen rapier-play of his enemy was shedding his brains all about the cockpit. Stupidly asked by the Attorney-General whether he asked two hundred guineas for the labour of two days, Whistler made his famous reply: "No ; I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime" ; and later, to the Attorney-General's "Do you think you could make *me* see the beauty of that picture ?" Whistler, after a pause, gazed at the Attorney-General's face, looked

THE CONFLICT OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM WITH THE MEDIÆVAL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

at the picture, and answered to the expectant Court: "No. I fear it would be as hopeless as for the musician to pour his notes into the ears of a deaf man." His farthing damages made him the best talked-about man for many a day; his pictures advanced in the favour of many who, whilst they did not fully appreciate his art, admired his courage and his wit. Whistler knew full well that that farthing on his watch-chain had dealt a blow for art which a public subscription to Ruskin's costs could not mitigate.

Out of the devilry emerged the first of those brown-paper pamphlets in which Whistler was wont to rail at his enemies.

The next year (1879) saw him in Venice, where he wrought for nearly two years upon the famous series of Venetian etchings; and he was busy thereafter with portraiture. In 1884, at fifty, Whistler was elected to the Royal Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street.

In 1885 he delivered his lecture *Ten o'Clock*. It was the year of his *Sarasate*. The last day of the year saw the eruption of his quarrel with Mr. Leyland over his famous decorations for the *Peacock Room*. Whistler had set up his *La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine* as the keynote of the room. The red of the valuable gilt Spanish leather upon the walls jarred with the work. Whistler, with an assistant, feverishly painted out the leather with peacock-blue and gold. The strife became very bitter.

But a fiercer quarrel was coming. Whistler was elected President of the Royal British Artists; fell foul of the old gang in the Society; the decline of sales gave the Society the excuse for compelling his resignation; and he withdrew with all the young bloods in 1888. Meantime he had begun to work in lithography.

The nineties opened with a roar for Whistler. He published his *Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. It tickled a large public to whom his high achievement in art was Greek or boredom—the human always turns aside from the serious business of life to watch a dog-fight. It set up such a nervous dread amongst critics that from the day of its appearance he became immune from attack. But the bulk of the book is the record of his quarrels; and such things are best forgot at setting of the sun. Whistler played catch-as-catch-can with an open razor. For, when all 's said, and the face draws serious after the laugh, we become aware that he set up as picture of himself an acrid-witted and somewhat unlovely figure that was scarce even a half-truth of the man, but which was straightway accepted as his whole confession. Whistler himself felt this sense of blight. At that May-Day banquet of his life, when England rendered him homage, at the summit of his achievement, world-

wide his repute, fifty-five of his stormy years of life behind him, rising with friendly faces greeting him, he made his public confession that he had had to "wrap himself in a species of misunderstanding, as the traveller of the fable drew closer about him the folds of his cloak the more bitterly the storm assailed him on the way." It is not in his book but in his art that you shall find him. Whistler attacked the teacher, scorned the didactic; his life was one long effort to be thought a teacher. His *Ten o'Clock* is the narrowest didacticism, as it is false from end to end.

WHEREIN WE SEE MASS-IMPRESSIONISM ARISE IN ENGLAND

A year or so before he was sixty Whistler showed his "Nocturnes, Marines, and Chevalet pieces" in 1892 at Goupil's; the world flocked to render homage. Such as felt no artistic emotion before his work kept silence, afraid to be thought dullards. His contempt had now the furnace-blast to wither reputations. Insincerity in praise was become as widespread as aforetime was fatuity in blame. A born fighter, there was now nobody to fight—no giant to slay. Peace had settled upon his kingdom. He slowly died of it.

Whistler went abroad and, roaming through Brittany, drifted to Paris, taking a studio in the Rue du Bac. At sixty-one he came back to England, showed his lithographs, and the following year settled in London again. Tragedy now entered to him. His wife, the widow of the architect Godwin, died, leaving Whistler a lonely old man. In 1898 the "International Society" was founded with Whistler as President. But the great fight was done. Honours poured upon him. In 1899 he essayed to repeat his success of *The Gentle Art* with *The Baronet and the Butterfly*, but to break the butterfly on a clumsy wheel. His quarrel with Sir William Eden was too parochial to stir the public pulse. There was a sense of stooping. The old war-dog was growling at shadows—seeing ghosts in the twilight of life. He worked to the last. In the early part of 1903 he was slowly failing—he died rather suddenly on the 17th of July, in his seventieth year.

Whistler, when he spoke upon art, would have us believe that it is the province of Art to say nothing very beautifully; his instincts and his genius made no such mistake. He said that Art was the Science of the Beautiful—which were no mean definition of Craft, and had been no bad definition of Art, but that Art is not Science and is not Beauty. It is of the wisdom of the wiseacre who defined a crab as a scarlet reptile that walks backwards—which were not so bad had it been a reptile, had it been scarlet, and had it walked backwards.

THE CONFLICT OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM WITH THE MEDIÆVAL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

Art concerns itself with tears and pathos and tragedy and ugliness and greyness and the agonies of life as much as with laughter and comedy and beauty. Neither Whistler nor another may narrow the acreage of the garden of life.

It was exactly in his confusion of Art with Beauty that Whistler fell short of the vastnesses. There are far greater emotions than mere beauty; and it was just in these very majestic qualities, in the sense of the sublime and the immensities, before which his exquisite and subtle genius stood mute. But at least one of the greater senses was granted to him in abundance—the sense of mystery. His fine instinct told him that Suggestion was the soul of craftsmanship, and he never over-stated the details of life. Out of the mystic twilight he caught the haunting sense of its half-revelations and its elusiveness with an exquisite emotional use of colour. His masterly brush painted the moods of landscape with a power that compels them upon the senses.

It is often sneered that America can only create a British art. So far from being subject to sneer, it is America's glory and her significance. The fact that she has politically separated from England is a mere parochial affair. Her law, her speech, her whole significance are a part, and a magnificent part, of the English-speaking genius. She inherits Shakespeare and Chaucer as much as England inherits them. When Whistler flung his spites at England, as he never hesitated also to do at America, he was but a suburban Buggins quarrelling with a suburban Tompkins; but both Buggins and Tompkins in their hearts know full well that they are of the same breed, and the mastery of their race is their pride. To miss the oneness of the English-speaking peoples is to miss their whole destiny, their significance, and their reality.

Whistler flouted his race; but he took good care to live in England. He flits across the Victorian years—gay, debonair, laughing, quarrelsome, huffy—a dandified exquisite of a man, insolent, charming, unexpected—a wit amongst the chiefest wits; and he drew his rapier upon them all, hidalgic, swaggering, blithely stepping into frays for mere love of a quip; like one of those tempestuous Spaniard dons of his beloved Velazquez, hot upon his honour always, just to keep his blood jigging. Strutting it like gamecock he fought his duel, drew blood, and, almost before his blade was wiped, had forgotten his man, and, with flashing eyeglass in choleric eye, was peering for another.

WHEREIN WE SEE MASS-IMPRESSIONISM ARISE IN ENGLAND

And it was behind this so mocking fantastic figure, which he whimsically created and set up, and almost came to believe in, to trick the herd of men and bewilder the authorities, that he strove to hide the wounds he suffered from the dull unseeing eyes and clownish malice of his stupid day. And with the bitterness of years of hate and obloquy in his heart, and stung by the injustice of it all, he grasped that what the world would not see he could whip it into seeing; so he whipped it—with flout and knout and jeer and sneer and caustic jibe he whipped it, until its unwieldy bulk became first uneasy, then wholly perplexed, then tolerant, then forgave itself, then recognised him and paid him cautious homage, admiring just his truculent audacities, discovering only his greatnesses after fearsomely bowing to his small disdains.

So he smiled away the agonies, playing the fop, with flashing eyeglass and long cane and flat-brimmed silk hat and the long glove and devil-may-care laugh; and, except from a few, hid as best he might the serious artist that was in him. All that was greatest in him he spent in the eager agony of artistic endeavour. The rest of his day he played at play-acting in a fantastic farce, dressing up in theatric attire, and thrusting before the footlights the dandified quarrelsome little figure that strutted it with bigod airiness, making even of Nature's defect, the white forelock amidst his black hair, a source of pride—moving in a whirl of mockeries and witticisms, and rough and stinging repartee, reckless of consequence except the answering laugh, reckless of friendships broken. He essays to play the part of Butterfly—the gorgeous wings but thinly veil the venomous body of Wasp. He did not wholly deceive himself—the butterfly that was his pictured signature he often drew with sting for tail.

He tried to despise the good opinion of the world; and he came near to breaking his heart in the effort to prevent the world from ignoring him.

Endowed with great gifts, he would spend precious hours of his working day in attacking critics, sometimes friends, for stupidities or unmeant slights. To this end he would cudgel his keen wits to pen the spontaneous epigram, or to find a victim for a ready-made slur.

Whistler stepped into the Victorian years out of some old-world tangle, some old romantic brawl, unreasonable, quixotic. He was of the blood of the dictators. He must never be in the wrong. He ruffled it, dapper, fire-eating, striking insults with his cane across offending shoulders, calling men out to duel—and in

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whimsical aside, tongue in cheek, hopes to God they may not come out.

He was a rollicking law to himself, whether in the country taking his walks abroad in dancing-pumps, or climbing rocks by the seashore in the same—whether in town posing and strutting by the hour before the mirror at the tailor's or the hairdresser's.

He was a very strategist. He detested the vulgarities. If possible, the rude scuffle was to be avoided. But war must be. He had the genius for war. If it had to be the personal scuffle, fearless but small, he did not give battle until the more powerful enemy was at disadvantage—then he darted in and flung the clumsy fellow, taken unawares, through the plate-glass window in Piccadilly. And before the other had recovered from the fierce surprise of the first onslaught, Whistler had skipped into the public eye and was crowing his victory. He set his wit against the other's strength. The most mischievous of sprites, and at eternal strife, he detested war as an unrighteous horror and unclean. He hated sport—abhorred killing.

Up with the lark—ever blithe—he was an early riser, a tireless worker, the man of taste in all the things that he did. He lived delicately on slender fare; was temperate with wine, of which he was a good judge. He was the dandy always, dressed even at his work as though ready to enter the drawing-room of fashion. His day's work done, he sallied out to dine with the wits. With friends he spent his evening at the playhouse—Shakespeare's or other serious play a huge joke to him—the comic song of the music-hall a joy. He had no sense of music whatsoever. Intellectual pursuits were not for him. He had few books—and read fewer. Religion troubled him not at all. His day's work shed from him, he must enjoy life—know men through contact with their wit and gossip. Always fresh, always bright, never weary, he was never heard to utter an indecent phrase—he detested all uncleanness.

Vague in affairs of money, his difficulties at times were pathetic. He loved his work—to part with the work of his hands was an agony, the drawing of blood. He refuses an etching to a dealer for a guinea—he gives it to a poor admirer for a crown.

Full of energy, he never lounged in an arm-chair; and his home contained no comfortable furniture. "If you want comfort," cried he, laughing, "go to bed." And his evening's gadding over, he would walk home, making of his exercise an opportunity to study the glamour of the night—when sluggards are abed.

OF PAINTING

WHEREIN WE SEE MASS-IMPRESSIONISM ARISE IN ENGLAND

Whistler had certain evil effects on art. With a trivial mind he gloried in art being a trivial thing. He deliberately belittled the range of art, for he deliberately saw life as a little thing. But he saw it exquisitely and created it exquisitely. Whistler mistook the joy of craft for the sole aim of art; as men—and women—only too often mistake church for religion.

About Whistler arose a cult of Art which is about as sorry a falsity as was ever uttered upon it. There lies before me a book, wrought through and through with the antique drivel about art being beauty, and the stupid cackle about "Whistler helping to purge art of the vice of subject"—as if Whistler might not have become a mightier genius had his subjects been of vaster range! For, subject, spite of the gabble of the studios, there is in all art—a portrait is a subject. Then we come on such fatuities as that "the realist in this troubled world cannot look through rosy spectacles," as if it were not the idealists who are not amongst the greyest of pessimists, whilst the realists almost as often bring forth the optimist! Whistler, exquisite and subtle as were his sensing, at least cannot be accused of wearing "rosy spectacles"; that eyeglass of his was the window to as pessimistic a soul as any man ever possessed.

CHAPTER XXII

OF THE ENGLISH PAINTERS OF THE PASTORAL, AND THE GREAT ILLUSTRATORS OF THE HOME-LIFE OF THE SIXTIES

THE CONFLICT OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM WITH THE MEDIÆVAL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

WHILST the mass-impressionism of Charles Keene in black and white brought forth a superb achievement in pen-work, there also arose in England a group of painters of pastoral idylls and landscapes.

BIRKET FOSTER
1825 – 1899

Of Quaker stock, born at North Shields, Northumberland, in 1825, the youth MILES BIRKET FOSTER went at sixteen as 'prentice to the wood-engraver Landells. At twenty-one he was illustrating children's books, and working for the *Illustrated London News*. Wielding a delicate poetic craft, he wrought a multitude of little landscapes that breathe the very air of his beloved England. By 1858 he was also working largely in water-colour, and was elected to the R.W.S. in 1860.

MASON
1818 – 1872

GEORGE HEMING MASON came of the old county aristocracy. Born at his father's seat, Wetley Abbey in Staffordshire, on March 11, 1818, the lad was sent to Edward VI's School at Birmingham with the intention of making a physician of him. Going abroad with his brother in 1843, at twenty-five, the young fellows, whilst at Rome, heard that money disasters had fallen on the family. Mason turned to art. At Rome the young Leighton found him near starving; befriended him, and secured him work. Coming back to England in 1858, Mason married and went to his old home in Staffordshire, and began the painting of those rural scenes which created a school. In 1865 he came to live in Hammersmith; in 1869 he became A.R.A. But his health, never of the best, gave way; and he died on the 22nd of October 1872.

Side by side with this Idyllic movement was working a school of Realists who won to chief mastery in the field of Book-Illustration, known as "the men of the sixties," some of whom

adventured into painting, into which they carried their book-illustrating intention almost to a man.

FREDERICK WALKER (1840-1875) idealised the pastoral life of the land. Born at Marylebone, London, on May 24, 1840, to a working jeweller, the lad early showed the artistic bent. Entering the office of an architect in 1855, he studied at the British Museum; in 1858 entered the Academy schools, apprenticed himself to the wood-engraver Whymper for three years, and was soon illustrating for the magazines. Thackeray called him to work up his own sketches for *Philip* in *Cornhill*. In 1863 he showed paintings at the Academy; was elected to the old Water-Colour Society in the following February; and in 1867 the Royal Academy showed his *Bathers*, which began his series of works at these displays. Elected A.R.A. in 1871, he was already suffering from the consumption which was to cut short his life at thirty-five; he died at St. Fillans in Perthshire on June 4, 1875. His *Harbour of Refuge* is typical of his art.

GEORGE JOHN PINWELL (1842-1875), born to a builder at High Wycombe on December 26, 1842, developed early, and became a designer at an embroiderer's. In 1862 he went to Heatherley's school, and was soon illustrating. He worked with Whymper just after Walker had left. He was early doing important work for the illustrated magazines. In 1865 he was painting. Like Walker, he was doomed to an early death, dying on the 8th September 1875.

BOYD HOUGHTON (1836-1875) was another good artist of this time.

To JOSEPH CRAWHALL, one of the finest descendants of the old chap-book illustrators, I shall return as creator of one of the most vigorous of the younger schools amongst us to-day. He was the friend of Keene, and to his wit we owe many of the humorous legends that adorned Keene's masterwork.

Of Tenniel (1829-) and the other brilliant illustrators there is not space here to speak. It was a great period of some of the supreme work done in black and white, to which the rare imagination of Tenniel and the men of the time brought a vast range of achievement.

CHAPTER XXIII

OF THE MID-CENTURY SCOTSMEN

SCOTTISH PAINTING UNDER WILKIE

THE CONFLICT OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM WITH THE MEDIÆVAL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

In the forties Scotland brought forth a group of painters of the home-life, who emerged from under the wing of Wilkie—the Realists Erskine Nicol, the Faeds, and R. T. Ross, all of them good colourists.

Thomas Faed, R.A. (1826-1900), showed at the Royal Academy for the first time in 1851, and settled in London the next year. His pictures of Scottish home-life were painted with power and breadth.

Erskine Nicol, A.R.A. (1825-1904), painted the life of the people, Irish as well as Scottish, with broad humour and a telling brush.

At the same time the Pre-Raphaelites cast their glamour over Sir Joseph Noel Paton (1821-1901), James Archer (1823-1904), David Scott's brother W. Bell Scott (1811-1890), Sir W. Fettes Douglas (1822-1891), Herdman (1829-1888), and Gavin (1827-1883), all seeking literary inspiration.

JOHN PHILLIP

1817 – 1867

It was out of Wilkie's school that one of the most powerful painters of Scotland was to come—a man to whom was revealed that broad mass-impressionism that was arising in France across the Channel. The son of a poor soldier, young John Phillip, born in Aberdeen on April 19, 1817, apprenticed at an early age to a house-painter, was soon essaying portraiture, beginning with the copying of a picture of William Wallace from a signboard. A local painter of portraits, called Forbes, gave him lessons; and in 1834 he made for London as a stowaway aboard a brig. In London he visited the Academy, was taken up by Major Lockhart Gordon, and under his influence came to the notice of Lord Panmure, who placed the youth as pupil with Joy. He joined the Academy schools in 1837,

his twentieth year; showing at the Academy in 1839 his *Moor*. In 1840 he went back to Aberdeen to paint portraits—amongst others the young *Millais* in 1843. In London again in 1846, it was in 1851-2 that he first went to Spain, winning the name of "Spanish Phillip," or "Phillip of Spain." The Diploma Gallery copy of *Las Meninas* proves his deep interest in Velazquez. He was in Spain again in 1856-7 with Ansdell; was elected A.R.A., and in 1859 R.A. In 1860 he was again in Spain; and began his famous series of brilliantly lit and broadly handled pictures, which had a wide influence in the north. His royal portraits are of this time. In 1866 he went to Italy, studied Titian; but was driven home by ill-health, dying in London of a paralytic stroke on February 27, 1867. Phillip had a marked influence on Millais, and was the man who bought Whistler's first painting at the Royal Academy.

WARD
1816–1879

EDWARD MATTHEW WARD, under the advice of Wilkie, entered the Academy schools in 1835; went to Rome in 1836 for three years, thence to Munich under the Nazarene Cornelius to study fresco, and came back to London in 1839; showed his *Cimabue and Giotto*. Made A.R.A. in 1847, he became R.A. in 1855, having in 1853 been commissioned to paint eight historical pictures for the House of Commons. He died by his own hand on January 15, 1879. Ward had married in 1848 HENRIETTA WARD, herself an artist, daughter of George Raphael Ward, and granddaughter of James Ward. Ward's best-known pictures are the *Doctor Johnson waiting for an Audience in the Ante-room of Lord Chesterfield*, the *Disgrace of Lord Clarendon*, the *South Sea Bubble*, and *James II receiving News of the Landing of the Prince of Orange*.

In *landscape* the Scottish artists were now close at grips with Nature, catching her moods, her weather, and the breezes that blew across her face. Naturalism and Pre-Raphaelism went hand in hand. SIR GEORGE HARVEY (1806-1876) gave his later years to landscape; and MILNE-DONALD (1819-1866), SAM BOUGH (1822-1878), and FRASER (1828-1899), and DOCHARTY (1829?-1878), all wrought their art.

JOHN CRAWFORD WINTOUR (1825-1882) bridges the gap towards the modern achievement, as seen in his poetic masterpiece, *A Border Castle*. Etty had initiated him into his splendid art, thence he broke into landscape, with Constable as his influence, and came to splendour thereby.

A HISTORY

THE CONFLICT OF MASS-IMPRESSIONISM WITH THE MEDIÆVAL ACADEMISM OF THE ÆSTHETES

SCOTT-LAUDER'S SCOTSMEN OF THE SIXTIES

In Scotland about 1860 the work of R. Scott Lauder began to tell; he had trained a group of painters—romantic illustrators—who for awhile dominated the Scottish achievement, and there emerged Orchardson, M'Taggart, Cameron, Chalmers, MacWhirter, the Grahams, the Burrs, and others.

ORCHARDSON
1835 – 1910

Sir William Quiller Orchardson, born in Edinburgh, was a Highlander. Joining the Trustees' Academy in 1850, he early showed such gifts that he had left when Scott Lauder was made headmaster. Orchardson returned and became leader of a brilliant group of Scott Lauder's students, Chalmers, M'Taggart, Pettie, Tom Graham, Peter Graham, MacWhirter, who joined together into a sketching club, and came in touch with the Pre-Raphaelite movement in 1857, doing much illustration. Orchardson rapidly developed a manner of his own, in which the exquisitely drawn line in pencil on the canvas was made the base, about which the strokes of paint were subtly and tenderly hatched with flowing touch, employed in a restrained pearly or golden harmony. Orchardson came to London in 1862 and made a mark, being elected A.R.A. in 1868, and R.A. in 1877, the year of his *Queen of the Swords*. Of 1878 was his *Social Eddy*, in which he began his series of modern dramatic scenes, the *Mariage de Convenance* being of 1884. The *Napoleon on the Bellerophon* was of 1880, initiating his French series. Of 1886 was his superb black-and-gold harmony of his wife and babe called *Master Baby*. His *Sir Walter Gilbey* of 1891 was one of the finest portraits of his age; as his Windsor group of the Royal Family (1899) was one of the greatest Court portraits.

John Pettie (1839-1893) struck a more vigorous and dramatic note, and was a good colourist, taking his anecdotes from history; Chalmers (1836-1878) painted homely subjects; M'Taggart (1835-1910) beginning in Pre-Raphaelism developed into one of the most powerful painters of the sea, of the sunlight and the wind, the poet of the fisherfolk.

Besides this dominant group, Lauder trained or influenced Peter Graham (1836-), well known for his landscapes and seascapes; John MacWhirter (1839-1911) the landscapist; Tom Graham (1840-1906) who came to brilliant achievement in the

painting of the figure, he was under the Pre-Raphaelite influence, and HUGH CAMERON (1835-) who painted the humble folk. OF THE MID-CENTURY SCOTSMEN

Closely akin to this school was a group of well-known artists. Lockhart (1846-1900) came under the influence of Scott Lauder's school at a time when John Phillip's masterly Spanish phase was making a profound impression in Scotland. GIBB (1845-) painted battle-pieces; WILLIAM HOLE (1846-), most famous for his etchings, is an Englishman trained in Scotland; C. MARTIN HARDIE (1858-) is best known for his *Burns in Edinburgh* in Orchardson's manner; OGILVY REID is much of the same style; and J. WATSON NICOL is interested in the romance of old Scottish life. George Wilson (1848-1890) was Pre-Raphaelite.

The Pastoral cast its glamour over ROBERT W. MACBETH (1848-), whose art is akin to that of Mason and Walker, the English Pastoral painters; MANSON (1850-1876) and P, WALKER NICHOLSON (1858-1885) and JOHN R. REID (1851-), WHITE, NOBLE, and ROBERT M'GREGOR, were all born at this time. The portrait-painters include the academic SIR GEORGE REID (1841-).

Of the illustrators, one of the finest was WILLIAM SMALL; and the humourist W. RALSTON.

Landscape brought forth W. D. MACKAY; A. K. BROWN; DAVID MURRAY; DAVID FARQUHARSON (1839-1907); JOSEPH FARQUHARSON; LESLIE THOMSON (1851-); CAMPBELL NOBLE (1846-), whose art is so akin to that of the Modern Dutchmen; ROBERT NOBLE (1857-); COUTTS MICHIE; R. B. NISBET; CECIL GORDON LAWSON (1851-1882), who made his mark in England; HOPE M'LACHLAN (1845-1897); both deeply moved by the work of the men of Barbizon, and the subtle and tender landscapist WINGATE (1846-), one of the most poetic painters of the age who had looked upon the art of Corot.

Of the sea-painters, CASSIE (1819-1879) painted calms; but M'Taggart revealed his vigorous art to COLIN HUNTER (1842-1904), HAMILTON MACALLUM (1841-1896), HENDERSON (1832-1908), and R. W. ALLAN.

Of the animal-painters were ROBERT ALEXANDER, whose *Watching and Waiting* is in handling much like the work of Macbeth; and DENOVAN ADAM (1842-1896), who painted cattle.

There also arose in England a school of illustrative painters largely concerned with Historical Illustration, that brought forth fine craftsmen.

SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A. (1849-), proved by his famous

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Gordon Riots a close kinship with the painters of Hogarth's time; the Scotsman Gow, R.A. (1848-), gave himself to historical anecdote; whilst YEAMES, R.A. (1835-), wavered between historical anecdote and the type of costume-comedies by which MARCUS STONE, R.A. (1840-), is best known.

1870

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRESSIONISM

CHAPTER XXIV

WHEREIN WE SEE THE REVELATION OF ENGLISH TURNER BURST UPON FRANCE OF THE SEVENTIES

WITH the seventies there came to France the revelation of Turner. Mass-Impressionism developed to Broken-Colour Impressionism—colour employed like music.

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRESSIONISM

Broken-Colour Impressionism (or Touch Impressionism) it was that was labelled "Impressionism" by the Press; and if we would understand its significance we must here and now rid it of this false critical claim of *the* impressionism. It were best to grasp it before we proceed further. This misuse of the word impressionism by the critics must be stopped if the student hopes to understand modern painting.

The Mass-Impressionists had been essaying to thrust forward the massing of the Tenebrosi and Hals and Velazquez, so that colour should take the place of merely dark shadows. But towards 1870, the artists were getting into the sunlight, and they felt that their masses were founded on indoor colours that failed to utter the glittering impression of sunlight. They looked about them, and in all the vast achievement of art but one man beckoned to the sunlight—English Turner. They discovered the whole modern revelation in what bookish men called the Decline of Turner!

Now science was showing that a ray of sunlight on passing through a prism is broken into three pure colours, yellow, red and blue—and at their edges by junction these colours by mingling create violet, green, and orange. The men of '70 (or rather of '75) found that by using pure colours in broken strokes side by side, the impression of colour could reversely be created—and, not only so, but that the results were far more brilliant than the painting of the old masters.

Turner had conquered.

A HISTORY

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRESSIONISM

THE FRENCHMEN OF 1870

The war of 1870 scattered the artists of the Café Guerbois. Several made for London town; and in London town was revealed to them the genius of Turner. The effect was profound. Whilst Boudin and Jongkind were working as common labourers in Belgium, Monet and Pissarro, and F. Bonvin and Daubigny, with others, were in London, almost penniless. Monet worked in the parks, Pissarro joyed in the fog and snow and the coming of the spring; both haunted the galleries and museums, revelling in Turner and Constable and Old Crome. They sent to the Academy and—were rejected.

They noticed what Delacroix had noticed, that Constable and Turner employed flecks of colour side by side to create masses of tone; and that it created intense luminosity. They copied bits of Constable and Turner and Watts. They went back to France complete revolutionists in painting. They preached a new gospel. They set up a brotherhood at the Café de la Nouvelle Athénée, forgathered there with Manet, and greatly influenced him. They added to their old literary allies Arsène Alexandre of the *Figaro*, and others. They were poor, and unpopular; the critics were hostile; the public timid; the music halls laughed them to scorn; the dealers shut their doors to them; the Salon would have none of them. The artists knew starvation; their houses were sold up; they were glad to sell a picture for a couple of pounds. The dealer Durand-Ruel was near bankrupt with their former stock. The historic exhibition of Impressionists in 1874 was a failure; the critics bitterly assailed it. But on the roll of honour were the names amongst others of Boudin, Cézanne, Degas, La Touche, Lépine, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley. By 1879 the group includes Forain and Mary Cassatt; by 1880 Raffaëlli, Vidal, increase the list; and in 1886 appear Odilon Redon, Seurat, Signac.

Of the Painters of the Broken-Colour of the Seven Hues of the Spectrum or Touch-Impressionism, the leader was Monet.

MONET

1840–

Born in Paris on November 14, 1840, to a rich merchant of Havre, CLAUDE MONET early revealed artistic gifts, hotly discouraged by his parents, who sent him travelling abroad. At Havre

he played with caricature and made friends with Boudin. Two years of soldiering with the Chasseurs d'Afrique in Algeria sent him home with fever. Thereafter he went to Gleyre's studio in Paris.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE REVELATION OF ENGLISH TURNER BURST UPON FRANCE OF THE SEVENTIES

Claude Monet, founding his art on Corot and Boudin, then sat at the feet of Manet; attracted to his art by 1863, he thereafter based his art upon mass-impressionism. Monet first appeared at the Salon of 1865; the art and the nearness of the man's name interested Manet. But it was in 1870, on coming to London with Pissarro, that he saw the work of Turner, and returned to France to create a new craftsmanship from that revelation, and was soon thereafter influencing Manet.

Let me put this in simple terms. Turner's earlier art is concerned with the impression of masses. His genius from the first kept him from mistaking art for imitation. He strove always to give the "impression" of the scene—he used the word as the whole aim of art. He sought to express the romance of a place, the mood it aroused in his sensing. He did this by massing. Then he rapidly realised that colour, regardless of mass altogether, when employed like music, did, by certain combinations, create the mood; and when this colour orchestration was combined with massed forms, colour yielded so vast an utterance that the most subtle and mystic emotions could be suggested. It is this later phase of Turner that the critics usually call his decadence!

It so happened that the scientific discoveries of light and colour by Chevreul in 1864 interested the whole world in the seven colours of the spectrum.

Monet found that, instead of mixing colours into mass like Manet, he could, by setting little strokes of the seven colours of the spectrum side by side, create the illusion of a scene before him, when you stood off and focussed the painting as a whole. He not only found this, but he also discovered that the gamut of artistic utterance was enormously increased, so that the play of light upon objects could be suggested almost to any degree of intensity.

Monet found that painting as heretofore practised, except by Turner, would not yield the wide orchestration necessary to utter the intense moods of full sunlight. He found that the sun's light changed the whole colour-scheme of the same thing in every differing hour of the day. The texture of surfaces, the glint of leafage, the surface of rocks, the glitter of water, are all an illusion of colour. The distance or nearness of things is not an affair of black and white, but of the *values* of colours.

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRESSIONISM

If you look at the same scene in different times of the day, you will find that the green leaves of a tree are not the green of a single leaf, but, according to the lighting, may be many colours. So, also, shadows are not blackness or brownness, but *different values of colours*; they are the colours of the spectrum, but seen in less intense light. In other words, high lights are colours more vibrant than colours in shadow; but both are in a rhythmic state of vibration. To add to this rhythm, all objects reflect light on and from each other.

Thus, an unobservant person is astonished to see a face against a blue ground that is lit by orange light, showing green reflections.

Now Monet found that for all Manet's superb instinct for mass-values he could not utter the vibration of colours as he saw them playing under the glamour of sunlight; so he took the seven pure solar colours, added black and white, and employed these in touches until he created the illusion that gave forth the vivid moods of nature, not by mixing them, but by putting them directly on to the canvas side by side. "And all was light."

It has this immense advantage, not only that it creates astounding brilliancy and rhythm, but that the purity of the unmixed colours keeps the whole work fresh and brilliant. But—and here it is necessary to contradict the sneers of the academic—it creates an enormous increase of difficulty in handling to do it.

Impressionism by broken-colour had this advantage that it turned the artists from bastard artistic intention. *It compelled artists to look at Life, not at pictures.*

Now, whilst Monet's portrait of a *Lady in a Fur-lined Jacket* shows him a master in portraiture, he gave his genius nearly wholly to landscape. Manet himself added colour-orchestration to his powerful flat-impressionism.

Monet began his art career by painting figures; he then went to landscape, and to sea-pieces with boats in harbour. In 1883 he settled at Giverny, and the neighbourhood inspired his present work. About 1885 came his first efforts in luminosity, in rhythmic orchestration of colour. Only displaying his work in private galleries, he won his way to fame but slowly. He and Degas knew a long climb, side by side, to recognition. Against both was brought the charge of charlatanry—they were tricksters, mad!

Monet now took scenes and painted them at different hours of the day; his famous *Haystacks* of 1890 are perhaps the best known. He painted the same haystack in a field in phase after phase of the day's light; by consequence they varied in colour-harmonies from

silvery greys to brilliant reds and purples. He did the same with near as famous a series of lyrical poems of the *Poplars*, of the *Cliffs of Étretat*, of the *Golfe Juan*, of the *Coins de Rivière*, of the superb series of *Rouen Cathedral*, of the *Water-Lilies* and of the *Thames*. These series are his chief triumphs. He made of these themes a sequence of lyrical poems: the thrill of colour playing through the leafage of the trees, given forth by the sparkling waters, all created by the symphony of reverberating colour employed in an astounding orchestration like the notes of musical instruments. It is difficult to put into words the resonance of these things. His power of conveying the sense of heat, of luminosity, of what one may call the vitality of the atmosphere, is miraculous. The wizardry whereby he pours into our senses the aerial lyric of the famous *Poplars on the Epte in Autumn*, one of his masterpieces, just with those simple lines of trees, is an unforgettable thing. The compelling force of the thing is as much a wonder as its poetic dreaminess. Yet, on looking into it, we see but a shower of gaudy spots. Monet is one of the greatest painters of symphonies. His skill can conjure up for us the vaporous mists of heat as easily as the ruggedness of rocks. The thunder of the seas, the peace of tranquil waters, the level flower-fields of Holland, the snow, the river, all yield their essential significance to him. The sunlight pulses and throbs and thrills over his landscapes; the wind moves and stirs.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE REVELATION OF ENGLISH TURNER BURST UPON FRANCE OF THE SEVENTIES

PISSARRO

1830–1903

CAMILLE PISSARRO has carried out his art in landscapes, pastorals, and pictures of streets and markets. Born in the Danish island of St. Thomas, to a well-to-do Jewish trader of the West Indies, the young Pissarro early showed artistic bias. Sent to Europe about 1837, he returned to St. Thomas about 1847; the youth was taken into the studio of the Danish painter Melbye. In Paris again by 1856, the Salon of 1859 displayed his first success. He worked in the woods of Ville d'Avray beside Corot on huge canvases. Then he came under the glamour of Millet and changed his style, painting peasant life, and adding to his repute. Then he fell under the glamour of mass-impressionism; and later again changed his artistic style and intention to broken-colour. It brought him great increase of power in rendering his scenes of harvests and of the market-place. The war of 1870 sent him with Monet a fugitive to London. He returned to France with his great leader Monet to work on the new Turneresque revelation. Twelve years thereafter he was bitten

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRES-SIONISM

awhile with the new idea of scientific painting called Pointillism, to which we are coming. He was the close friend of Monet and of Renoir. His finest works are perhaps his *Streets of Paris*.

SISLEY

1839–1899

A more personal vision is that of Alfred Sisley, a fine master of landscape, poetic, luminous, with a remarkable grasp of the play of light and atmosphere. Sisley must be ranked close to Monet. He has not Monet's tenseness, his compelling impression of heat, of the sluggardy of nature, of the anger of nature ; he does not concern himself with these moods. But the more placid moods of France reveal him a master. Sisley died an old man at the little village of Moret on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, which he made immortal. Whether he painted the *Road under Snow*, the *Bougival*, by the water's edge with willows aquiver, boats reflected in the still flood, and all bathed in the daylight, or the *Bridge at Moret*, he caught with rare skill the mood and atmosphere of the thing seen. Born in Paris to English parents, Sisley adopted the land of his birth. Beginning under the vision of Courbet, he painted huge canvases of landscapes in brown and grey, in the manner of his master. Thence Corot won him away, and he painted smaller canvases. Thereafter he found himself creating rich colour, being caught with the glamour of the violet glow of the country under sunlight. Then came England, and he grew to love Hampton Court and the Thames. To France he went back ; and painted along the Seine. Settling at last at Moret he immortalised the neighbourhood. He wrought all his life in dire poverty, though his blithe art does not reveal his sufferings. He never knew relief from the toil for daily bread. He needed all his great courage and dogged will—for the struggle never ceased. Unjealous, loyal, great-hearted, he saw the others winning to fame whilst he was passed by.

RENOIR

1841–

I have seen it written that Renoir, "like all truly great and powerful painters, has treated almost everything—nudes, portraits, subject-pictures, sea-scapes, and still-life, all with equal beauty." I do not think that Renoir is so poor an artist as that ; at the same time the great tragic moods may not have been attempted by him, and therefore he may not have been guilty of the unforgiveable

WHEREIN WE SEE THE REVELATION OF ENGLISH TURNER BURST UPON FRANCE OF THE SEVENTIES

artistic lie of painting horrible, terrible, or dreadful things as if they were beautiful.

The son of a poor tailor of Limoges, the youthful Renoir was earning his livelihood at seventeen by painting on china. His gay and glowing sense of colour was revealed from the first. Then, owing to the ruin of the painters on china—by the invention of printing on china—being in a sorry plight, the young fellow saw that hands were wanted in a shop for painting the transparent blinds for churches; he went in—offered himself—was set to work —was within a week earning good money by his rapid skill. He saved the money to enter the École des Beaux-Arts; met Monet and Sisley and Bazille there; went to Fontainebleau in the summer with them, and met the veteran Diaz, who liked him and gave him lessons and helped him. Renoir, with Monet and the rest, now under the black glamour of Courbet, was disciplined thereby to realism. Then Manet brought him a more juicy handling.

From his early Boucher-like phase he rapidly developed to impressionism in landscape, flowers, and portraiture.

I have said that there is something feminine, receptive, in the art of Renoir—he is quick to catch the movements. His hand is less virile than that of Manet. But he was to paint masterpieces. By twenty-six, in 1867, he had painted the famous open-air portrait, *Lise*, a powerful work. In 1873 came the *Lady on Horseback with Boy on Pony*; in 1874 he gave forth the *Ballet Dancer* and *La Loge*. Then colour and luminosity came to Monet; and Renoir drank of the revelation. Monet uprooted Courbet's influence; Renoir sought colour, and forthwith he entered upon his finest phase of brilliant lighting. Healthy of brain and senses, he was to paint the healthy allure of women, the healthy charm of children, in all their natural mundane reality.

Of 1881 was the *Déjeuner des Canotiers*; and his *Bal au Moulin de la Galette*, the *First Step*, the *Sleeping Woman with Cat*, the *Box*, and the *Terrace* are of this time, and his finest landscapes. The portrait of *Sisley* shows the use of the point, and the *Jeune Fille au Panier* shows his having looked upon Greuze, whilst Fragonard inspires the *Jeune Fille à la Promenade*. Always he sees life superficially. He was as yet selling his works at miserable fees and with cruel difficulty. He now turned to draughtsmanship and bent his will to the line of Ingres awhile. The result was seen in his masterly works from 1885, the year of his fine *Women Bathing*, in which a girl in the water splashes two nude women on the bank. Renoir had found himself. In the *Women Bathing* he has not only

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brought colour and line subject to his intention, but he increases the impression desired by the angular awkwardness of the reclining nude, who makes an abrupt effort to defend herself from the assault of the cold water. He gave forth also his superb nude seated three-quarters back to us, doing up her red hair (1885).

Thereafter Renoir went to Venice, painted fine landscapes, and met and painted *Wagner*, whom he worshipped. Wagner had just finished *Parsifal*, and would only sit for twenty minutes; his laughing verdict on the portrait was that he looked "like a Protestant clergyman."

Renoir went back to Paris, his eyes dazzled with the colour of the south, and created masterpieces of painting of the nude. The fair-haired nude, seated three-quarters facing us, in *The Bather on the Beach*, is a superb work, showing his characteristic habit of seeking for roundness and fulness of form.

His creative faculty is restless. He pours out work. And even when his fingers have grown crippled, he cannot rest from work.

RAFFAËLLI

1845 –

Jean François Raffaëlli is concerned with the comedy of the people of Paris, as Steinlen is concerned with the more profound significance of that people. Raffaëlli does not use the broken-spectrum colours of Monet, but he has evolved a technique of vibrant touches in which black and white are used in conjunction with touches of direct colour to build up an original utterance and reveal a most personal vision.

Raffaëlli came to the front in 1875 with illustrations in colour for several magazines. His famous series of *Parisian Types* in an album revealed a genial irony, free from bitterness, interested in the life of the people of Paris, in the fascination and character of Paris herself, and of her neighbourhood. Raffaëlli has given us the working-man and the small tradesman, the poor, the wastrels, and the scum of Paris in her streets, her hospitals, in their work or shirking of work; and with what human kindliness, for all his chaffing, quizzing comedy, he brings the folk into our experience! He has done the same thing for the quaint suburbs of Paris; the picturesqueness of her very Cinderella moods he has caught and rendered with rare skill. But Raffaëlli has not been content with the workers and working Paris. He blazons her splendour, the fascination and allure of her great thoroughfares as few men have done—the glitter and splendour of her exquisite colour harmonies,

whether on pearly-grey days or when the sun bathes her in golden and silvery hues. His art is fresh and blithe as the breezes of Spring. Raffaëlli, besides being a sculptor, has invented an oil pastel pencil.

Raffaëlli joined the impressionists somewhat late. He had strange adventures in his artistic beginnings. In his search for work he has put his hand to many trades. He had known the drudgery of an office awhile; sang bass at the theatre; was chanting psalms in a church choir to keep himself a student under Gérôme at the École des Beaux-Arts; worked his way at each town at which he stayed on his wander through Europe, reaching at last to Algiers; came back to Paris to show his pictures; discovered the wastrels and the toilers of the dingy suburbs of Paris—and made a hit. Raffaëlli is basically in his art—like all touch-impressionists—a fine pastellist; he employs oil-colour like pastels. His work, by consequence, is vivid, pulsing. The State did well to give him the ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

Another of the prismatic-impressionists is ARMAND GUILLAUMIN, who, born to a linen draper, and beginning life himself behind the counter, passing to clerkdom, came to learn from fellow-students, chiefly Pissarro and Cézanne, the mysteries of his craft of artist, founding his art on Courbet, Daubigny, and Monet. But it was a lucky draw in a lottery of the Crédit Foncier of some £4000 that made him a free man.

GUSTAVE CAILLEBOTTE, the amateur painter, befriended the impressionists from the beginning. The Luxembourg has his *Raboteurs de Parquets*, with its steep perspective of the floor on which the workmen are at their task. His gift to the State of works by the impressionists constitutes the Caillebotte collection at the Luxembourg. He made it a condition of his bequest that his old masters should not be separated from the impressionists; and the academicians yearned for the old for the Louvre, but refused to have the new. A bitter war followed, in which the academicians, led by Gérôme, hotly assailed impressionism. But when it is remembered that they hotly opposed Whistler's superb portrait of his *Mother*, it is good to know that the Minister of Fine Arts overthrew them.

ALBERT LEBOURG was a landscape-painter of poetic gifts, whose tender use of blues and greens was very personal.

CHAPTER XXV

WHEREIN IS MUCH TALK OF MILLET AND VELAZQUEZ THROUGHOUT EUROPE

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRESSIONISM

Now whilst the seventies saw Broken-Colour Impressionism struggling amidst bitter enmity to herald its great revelation to art, there were two movements in painting fulfilling themselves beside it.

Inspired by the genius of Millet there arose a school of "Plein-Air Realists," who gave their art to the life of the peasant, painted in the open air. JULES BRETON (1827-1905), as Millet said, painted peasant girls too pretty to stay in their villages. LÉON LHERMITTE or L'HERMITTE, born at Mont-Saint-Père on the 31st July 1844, gave his labourers dignity, whilst keeping the reality of his reapers and husbandmen. He later employed something of the broken-colour touch in his impressions of the pastoral life. He is a master of the lithograph. About Millet also arose ROSA BONHEUR (1822-1899), who painted animals with remarkable skill; ÉMILE BRETON; AUGUSTE BOULARD; and CAZIN.

CAZIN

1841–1901

JEAN CHARLES CAZIN loved the moonlit nights by the seashore, the fishermen's hamlets in northern France. Born near Samer, by Boulogne, to a well-to-do physician, he learnt the mysteries in Paris under Boiscaudron, the master of Rodin (1840-) and L'Hermitte. He married early a wife who was herself an artist. The Salon of 1865 saw his first displayed picture; he began to make a mark about 1876, and came to the front about 1887.

A distinguished group of Dutch painters arose, also schooled in the vision of Barbizon.

ISRAELS

1827 – 1911

In Holland JOSEPH ISRAELS took up the revelation of Millet, mixed with that of Rembrandt. Born at Groningen in Holland on

the 27th January 1827, Israels has devoted a long life to the painting of the life of the people.

WHEREIN IS MUCH TALK OF MILLET AND VELAZQUEZ THROUGHOUT EUROPE

From the Academy in Amsterdam under Peinemen (1809-1861), and the studio of Kruseman (1786-1868), Israels went to Paris and worked under Picot (1786-1868) and Henri Scheffer (1798-1861). He made his mark at the Universal Exhibition of 1855 at Paris with an historical picture of William of Orange. Then his pathway seems to have been revealed to him, for, in 1857, he was painting at Katwÿk, and sent to the Salon his *Children of the Sea* and *Evening on the Shore*. The Legion of Honour came to him in 1867, the year of his *Orphan Asylum at Katwÿk*. The art of Israels concerns itself with the deep emotions of man; even in his landscapes the scene is but the accompaniment of some human mood. Israels has compelled all his gifts to the utterance of the spiritual significance of the life of the people. If he force the pathetic note to excess at times, at least he is concerned with true pathos.

Modern Dutch art is largely Parisian by training, and, as I think Henley neatly put it, "They have read their Constable in a French translation." But they have developed a subtlety of colour and of utterance wholly apart.

David Adolphe Constant Artz (1837-1890), born at The Hague, became a student at the Academy of Amsterdam, thence made for Paris, where he worked for eight years, until 1874, under several artists. His best known works are the *Orphanage at Katwÿk*, the *Chaude Journée*, and the *Moment Propice*. He gave his powers to the character and sentiment of his own people, without essaying the deeper and more sombre moods of Israels.

Albert Neuhuys (1844-), born at Utrecht, trained thereat by Gisbert de Craayvanger; went to the Antwerp Academy for four years, and developed along the lines of Israels in a more comedy vein.

Bernardus Johannes Blommers (1845-), born at The Hague, and trained at The Hague Academy under Koelman (1820-1857), owes much of his vision to Israels, and the great Dutchmen of the past.

MESDAG

1831-

Hendrick Willem Mesdag was born at Groningen in 1831, and born rich. He was thirty-five before he began to paint, went to Roelof in Brussels to learn the mysteries, and Alma Tadema gave him lessons. But he rapidly and steadily came to the front. He

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRES-SIONISM

is a painter of the sea, and of the heavy Dutch craft that roll upon the waters.

MAUVE
1838 – 1888

ANTON MAUVE, born at Zaandam, became pupil to Van Os. His subtle vision caught the glamour of the grey greens, the silver and pale blue, of Holland with a rare and exquisite sensing; and his swift deft brush uttered the subtleties in oil and water-colour with as rare power. He mastered atmosphere. He was above all a lyrical poet.

FREDERICK PIETER TER MEULEN, born at Bodegraven in 1843, began by painting cattle, but had to give up painting for a considerable time; coming back in ten years he wrought thereafter an art largely founded on that of Mauve and Willem Maris, chiefly in water-colours.

THE FAMILY OF MARIS

To a painter of The Hague were born three sons, the brothers Maris, who all came to wide repute as painters.

JACOBUS MARIS
1837 – 1899

Jacobus Maris, the eldest of the Maris brothers, and the more powerful artist, born at The Hague, after being trained by his father went to Antwerp to the Academy there, thence in 1865 making for Paris, to the studio of Édouard Hébert. His first Salon picture was of 1886, the *Little Italian Girl*, followed in 1868 with subjects like the *Woman Knitting* and the *Sick Child*; but he was soon thereafter giving himself to that landscape that was to bring him to fame in oils and water-colours, rising at times to high flights of achievement, vigorous in handling and breadth of conception. He mastered the movements of clouds, their lights and shadows, and aerial manœuvre, their mystery.

MATHŸS MARIS
1839 –

Mathÿs Maris, like his brother, born at the Hague, went from his father to the Antwerp Academy, thence in 1867 to Paris to Hébert and the École des Beaux-Arts. He was in London ten years afterwards, where he settled. Mathÿs Maris is shy or contemptuous

of publicity. A poetic and imaginative man, inclined to be morbid, he paints dreams. His melancholy concept of life is uttered with distinction, and his remote fancy wears an elfish and weird apparel; he gives lyrical utterance to a dreamy romance that is without positive passion—a far-away unearthliness. Dowered with a tender sense of colour, he weaves his blue-and-golden magic web.

WHEREIN IS MUCH TALK OF MILLET AND VELAZQUEZ THROUGHOUT EUROPE

WILLEM MARIS
1843 – 1910

WILLEM MARIS, like his brothers born at The Hague and trained by his father, unlike them stayed at home and sought his art at home. "Silvery" Maris, the youngest of the three, is the painter of cattle and haze and sunshine, revelling in the play of light upon the leafage of trees and upon peaceful streams. He loves the grassy lands with the herds loitering or resting in the heat of the noonday sun.

But the man of great genius whom Millet inspired to immortal masterpieces was the Belgian sculptor, CONSTANTIN MEUNIER. To him the torch of Millet was handed on in full flame.

But before the torch was born to further heights, it looked like being quenched in a shallow stream of photographic Realism through Bastien-Lepage.

THE OPEN-AIR GREY REALISM OF THE SEVENTIES

BASTIEN-LEPAGE
1848 – 1884

Born at Damvillers, the son of a farmer, Bastien-Lepage came under the glamour of Millet. BASTIEN-LEPAGE wrought his art out of doors without the genius and epic gifts of Millet. The *Hayfield* made a sensation, and brought the artist into wide fame; and his *Joan of Arc listening to the Voices* caught the mystical mood of the simple religion of the peasant folk of France. Unfortunately Bastien-Lepage led the way for the wide practice of photographic painting, not only in his own country, but in England.

The Russian girl, doomed to an early death, MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF (1860-1884), pupil to Bastien-Lepage, is more famous for her Diary than for high achievement in painting.

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRES-SIONISM

SPANISH ACADEMISM OF THE SEVENTIES

BONNAT

1833 –

Alongside of Manet's interest in the Spaniards, a painter Léon Bonnat was being influenced by the powerful light and shade of the Tenebrosi, particularly by Ribera. LÉON BONNAT, from Bayonne, founded his style upon Rembrandt and Ribera, if trained by COGNIET.

But even in his historical painting, the famous and much-reviled *Beheading of St. Denis* at the Pantheon, Bonnat shows vigorous qualities that compel attention, even if its realism be of the bloody kind. In portraiture Bonnat is the painter of the official caste.

Meantime Hals and Velazquez were on the town, and a marked Hals and Velazquez academism set in, producing at least some strong painters as craftsmen.

ROYBET

1840 –

FERDINAND ROYBET, born at Uzès, beginning life as an engraver, and trained under Vibert at Lyons, was given a medal at the Salon of 1866. He took to the historical anecdotal painting under the influence of Meissonier, employing gay, bright colours, and came to popularity with his academic effects after Hals and Velazquez in bright colour-schemes.

CAROLUS DURAN

1837 –

Born at Lille on the 4th of July 1837, Charles Auguste Émile Durand, or, as he prefers to call himself, CAROLUS DURAN, strongly inspired by Velazquez, began a brilliant career with Realistic mass-impressionism, giving forth the famous and masterly portrait of his wife known as the *Lady with the Glove* (1869), in which Manet's influence is overwhelming. Returning from Italy to France in 1866, he later went to Spain, thence to England, making a sensation in 1869 with the *Lady with the Glove*. His fine portrait of a little child in red, called, I think, *Beppino*, was of his good period. But his art rapidly fell into a convention, and the plush hangings brought a woolly and muffled quality into his portraits. Carolus

WHEREIN IS MUCH TALK OF MILLET AND VELAZQUEZ THROUGHOUT EUROPE

Duran has been a great teacher, and Sargent amongst others owes much to his training. He is the fashionable painter of the plutocracy.

Louis Mettling was born at Dijon in 1847 of English parents, but is French by training and in vision. Taught the mysteries at the École des Beaux-Arts, the pupil of Cabanel, he was early showing at the Salon, founding his craftsmanship on that of Velazquez.

Beside these movements, affected by the interest in light, in handling, and in style, several men were working of whom one of the most brilliant was Chaplin (1825-1891), whose portraits and pictures of French young-womanhood are painted with exquisite grace and masterly decision, in a rhythm and utterance all his own, and finely fitted to express the mood and intention desired.

CHAPTER XXVI

WHEREIN WE SEE REALISM STEP INTO GERMANY AND LEAD TO IMPRESSIONISM

MUNICH REALISM

LEIBL

1844–1900

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRESSIONISM

BORN at Cologne on the 23rd of October 1844, WILHELM LEIBL came to manhood about the time that Manet first struck for Mass-Impressionism in France. With high promise and a brilliant outlook, Leibl went to Paris. Some six years before he arrived in Paris Manet had painted his *Olympia* and *Luncheon on the Grass*. Leibl, with his keen intention of Realism, founding on Holbein and the German old masters, with an eye for the Dutchmen, came into the circle of Courbet and Alfred Stevens—he never went to see Manet or his art. He painted Realism, 'tis true; but he painted it in a hard flat manner, and all his art gives an intention of mathemathics, of science—as if he worked by triangles or curves or laws. In Paris he painted in 1869 his *Cocotte*—it is a French light-o'-love seen through German eyes. His masterly head of *Schuch* of 1866 is more modern. The *Head of a Boy* (1869), and the *Old Woman of Paris* of the same year show touch and depth influenced by Courbet; but at heart he was with the old Germans. Realism was in the air—it became his god—yet of Realism he made a sort of science. He painted with the mind more than with the senses. His sense of impressionism was so scant that he would paint in an eye before the rest of the picture; and he had a habit of cutting pieces out of a painting to make pictures.

After a brief success in Paris, Leibl passed amongst the neglected—like Feuerbach and Von Marées he became a lonely man.

About 1879 (1878-1881) he painted his famous *Women in Church*, hard, mathematical, but with power, which his few allies at Munich persuaded him to show alone at Munich in 1881, and which sold for about a quarter of what he had asked for it. The bitter disappointment at the neglect of his *Poachers* at Paris in 1888 broke the man. He cut the picture into pieces. Melancholy fell upon him and he

retired to a lonely life, from which nothing could rouse him, even the triumph of a great display of his works at Berlin. Dogged by neglect, Leibl suffered the humiliation of seeing parts of his pictures repainted by others to "improve" them. One of the finest heads he ever painted was that of a *Country Girl* in a white headdress; even in that the Holbein tradition is most marked. And his very fine etchings have the old German vision. He laid down the Munich law of painting *alla prima*—at first stroke, without inter-brushing and working over, and Nature as sole guide. His portraits of the sixties are his masterpieces.

WHEREIN WE SEE REALISM STEP INTO GERMANY AND LEAD TO IMPRESSIONISM

By 1870 Leibl had created allies in Germany—the Hungarian MUNKACSY, EYSEN the landscapist, KARL HAIDER, and HANS THOMA, with ALT, RUDOLF HIRTH DER FRÊNES, SPERL, SCHIDER, KARL SCHUCH, ALBERT LANG, and TRÜBNER.

The landscapist SPERL was the faithful ally of Leibl and went into exile with him.

MUNKACSY

1844 - 1900

The Hungarian MICHAEL VON MUNKACSY, born on 20th of February 1844, carried on the influence of Leibl in Realism. Though he called himself the pupil of Leibl, he had also owed much to Alfred Stevens, their common friend. His earlier work in particular, and his portraits, reveal his pupilage to Leibl. Like Leibl and Lenbach he remained his life long a dark painter, though following Leibl's black painting, not Lenbach's brown. His paintings of the home-life of the people, his elaborate homes of the rich, and his large sacred subjects, came to a wide vogue.

THOMA

1839 -

Born to a miller on the 2nd October 1839, HANS THOMA began under the necessity of painting signs, amongst the peasants and wood-carvers of the Black Forest. In 1868 he made for Paris to learn painting; and was the first German to discover the revelation of Manet, and to bring the news of his greatness to Munich. This produced the period of Thoma's best and most sunny art—unfortunately he afterwards painted out many of these pictures that he might not offend his public! His fine *Flower* pieces are of this time. Thereafter he came under the glamour of Böcklin; he gave himself up to hard dry pictures of mermaids and the rest of it. His journey to Italy, and the glamour of the early Florentines finished

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRESSIONISM

him. In 1877 Thoma left Munich for Frankfort, and went to pieces.

In 1877 the Leibl circle at Munich broke up. Leibl went into the country with Sperl. Hirth and Thoma left Munich. Alt was in an asylum. Schider went to Bâle. One pupil remained true to Leibl: Trübner.

TRÜBNER

1851 –

Born on the 3rd of February 1851 to a goldsmith of Heidelberg was WILHELM TRÜBNER, the colourist of this school. Beginning in the hard manner of Leibl with a couple of figures at prayer in church, which showed the young fellow of twenty a firm draughtsman, Trübner turned his strength to colour. Unfortunately he looked to the past like the rest of them, instead of looking forward, and delayed his development. There was no national tradition except Holbein and Dürer. The winter of 1872 he spent in Italy; thence going to Holland and Belgium.

It was the Dutchmen, fortunately, who fired Trübner, and he found himself. Ter Borch and Hals led to Velazquez. In 1872 his *Girl on the Sofa* showed an advance in German art towards colour and impressionism, the flirtation in *The Studio* of the same year showed increase. He advances at a stride towards Manet. By 1876 he painted his *Lady in Grey*—he had seen Hals and Velazquez and evolved a forward art—it was the year of his *Schuch* and a fine *Still Life*. The break-up of Leibl's circle at Munich saw Böcklin and Thoma in favour. Trübner fell to *Battles of Giants* and *Centaurs* awhile; but even here he was a colourist and a realist. The Germans shut themselves up in black during the eighties as though Manet were unknown. Then came Liebermann to Berlin, and Trübner broke into luminous colour. Trübner had lost time and development by trying to find art in the Old Masters; he now, under the influence of Liebermann, flung the ancients from him and made for the new adventure.

LENBACH

1836–1904

Franz von Lenbach was of the Tyrol, being born on the 13th of December 1836; and was gifted with swift draughtsmanship whilst limited in colour-faculty. He was early painting portraits, founding on the famous portrait-painters such as Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Reynolds, and occasionally showing that he had seen the work of

Hals; but employing a curious brown tone always, not free of muddiness, that refused to yield him atmosphere or luminosity; yet painting, or rather drawing with the brush, virile strong portraits of the greatest and most famous men and women of the wonderful years of the making of Germany, from the *German Emperor* and *Princes*, and *Bismarck* and *Moltke*, downwards.

WHEREIN WE SEE REALISM STEP INTO GERMANY AND LEAD TO IMPRESSIONISM

KAULBACH is a portrait-painter of this school, as is KONER (1854-).

GERMAN IMPRESSIONISM

THE GREAT SECESSION

The effect of the French display at Munich in 1869 was stultified by the war.

LIEBERMANN

1849 -

Germany, philosophic, scholarly, thorough, and running at every hand to academism and authority, was slow in moving towards vital art in painting. Her "literary" interest in allegory was hard to kill; she had "symbolism" on the brain. Fauns, unicorns, satyrs ramped everywhere. Munkacsy, the Hungarian, had brought her vigour, but sombre intention. Then came Liebermann.

MAX LIEBERMANN, born on the 29th of July 1849 to a wealthy Jewish merchant of Berlin, showed early artistic leaning, but the father decided that he must become a philosopher, and sent him to the university. Philosopher he proved to be, for he kicked philosophy out of the window and spent his time in Steffeck's studio, painting the guns and uniforms and hands into his master's battle-piece of *Sadowa*, and sketched in the streets and parks, and haunted the galleries. At last, in 1869, the youth of twenty was allowed to go to the painting-school at Weimar, and for three years under Thumann and Pauwels suffered the cast-iron classicism of the day. He then broke away and went to Nature. In 1873 he painted his *Women plucking Geese*, the black picture now at Berlin, and the "vulgarity" of it caused him to be vowed the "apostle of ugliness." The young artist shook the dust of Berlin from his feet, made for Paris (1873), and came under the revelation of Millet and Courbet.

Munkacsy was then the god of German art; and the young fellow went to seek his guidance, who advised him to make for Holland and paint massive black shadows like Ribot. Courbet

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRES-SIONISM

was in the ascendant; so to Holland the young Liebermann went, and painted his *Women preserving Vegetables* in a dimly lit barn in 1873. The execration of Germany sent him to Paris to settle. As yet Manet meant little to him. The galleries revealed to him the romance of Troyon and Daubigny and Millet; then he was to be won by Degas, whilst to a slight degree his eyes were to become slowly used to Manet and Monet. He went down to Barbizon to the aged Millet, and painted the *Labourers in the Turnip Field* and the *Brother and Sister* of the Salon of 1876. He was at the parting of the ways.

Roaming Belgium and Holland and Germany and Italy, he sought for light out of the darkness. At Venice he met LENBACH, who advised him to make for Munich, whither he went for six years; painted sacred subjects; was scowled upon by the clergy; and, leaving Munich, made for Amsterdam. To the Salon he sent in 1881 his *Asylum for Old Men*, and won a medal. His countrymen began to realise that he was becoming a force. The Society of Fifteen, of whom were Alfred Stevens and Bastien-Lepage, elected him to their body; and he lived thenceforth between Berlin and a Dutch village. In portraiture he made hits with his *Virchow* and *Gerhart Hauptmann*. The *Courtyard of the Orphanage at Amsterdam* of 1881 showed that he had shaken off the dark influence of Munkacsy; and in it he struck his characteristic use of red. Thereafter came his *Ropeyard*, the fine *Netmenders* (1888), the *Woman with Goats* (1890), the *Old Woman Darning* (1880), *The Young Shepherdess* (1890), the *Boys Bathing* (1897), in which detail gives way to impression, and colour is employed with power. His "interiors" henceforth glow with reflected light. So he emerged to the fulness of sunlight and violet of open-air shadows under the blue heavens and by the sea. He became the natural leader of revolt from the academic, and headed the great Secession. He brought the sun into Germany, and created the fine modern endeavour of Munich, which has passed from greys to the glitter and play of light. Fauns and unicorns grew dusty and moth-eaten; and pulsing life is gripped by the younger men of Germany. Slithery and minute polish and finish are passing away. Germany is free. Decadence is flung at them by the dying, as it was flung at Delacroix and Manet and Monet and Corot—they are warned of "the abyss"—the end of things.

After Liebermann came the group of landscape-painters that are done with prettiness, and paint great open spaces with haunted empty roads that lead away into an unknown Beyond, away to a

wonderful wistful gloomy Whither? even in ugliness a wonder! Poetry seeks the great mystery—Life. Intellect has killed the old gods, the old religions—there is gloom without some light to guide; the optimism of a new revelation of the godhood of man is not theirs as yet. But they march forward to the Beyond, even if the way be as yet but dark with tragic threat. Instinct guides where mere reason fails—the senses lead towards the mighty adventure. The feeble ones look back; primitive-academism lulls them. But for the forward-moving no opiates. The people, the poor, the primal man call them—the convention of the rich baffles with its smug self-content.

WHEREIN WE SEE REALISM STEP INTO GERMANY AND LEAD TO IMPRESSIONISM

A witty, caustic, and brilliant man, Liebermann rid the German genius of symbolism and other professorial gabble.

VON UHDE

1848 – 1910

FRITZ VON UHDE is chiefly famous for his treatment of religious subjects in modern dress. He brings the Christ amongst modern folk in their modern attire—thus really only doing what was done in the Italian Renaissance, but the costumes of Italy, having become old-world, do not strike us as being "modern" to their age. The curious part of this essay in bringing the Christ amongst modernly arrayed people has too often been to give the effect of incongruity, as though Christianity were out of date.

Von Uhde, born on the 22nd of May 1848, began his career with great promise in the realistic school. An officer in the Saxon army, Von Uhde turned to painting. Beginning under subjection to Munkacsy, he turned to Frans Hals, to whom Manet had owed such heavy debt, and whom alone Liebermann ever copied. But Von Uhde never wholly got free, and his intention was always intellectual.

So far the colour development of Monet in impressionism had not stirred the Germans. But GLEICHEN-RUSSWURM brought it into the land.

MAX STREMEL and PAUL BAUM were to take up the pointillism of Seurat.

BRACHT was concerning himself with Realistic landscape, and slowly evolved towards a powerful handling and sense of colour. His romantic landscapes such as the fine *Hannibal's Grave* gave way to even stronger realism, in which he shows affection for tawny golden moods of nature.

CHAPTER XXVII

OF THE ENGLISHMEN IN THE SEVENTIES

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRES-SIONISM

In England the seventies were chiefly possessed by the illustrators.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATION OF THE SEVENTIES

A group of men who were fine illustrators have most of them since become illustrators in paint.

Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., (1844-), did his early work in illustration, and concerned himself with the life of the people. His first works in painting, such as *The Casual Ward*, little more than monochromes, were of remarkable promise. A visit to Venice drew his eye to colour, and he became a fashionable portrait-painter. In the famous *The Doctor* he went back in later life to essay his earlier triumphs.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., (1849-), also made his mark in illustration, his *Danton, Marat and Robespierre* being a masterpiece. He, too, was soon painting, making a mark in portraiture, of which was his famous portrait in a white key of *Miss Grant.*

Frank Holl, R.A. (1845-1888), born in London, 4th of July 1845, to the engraver Holl, early showed the artistic bent; in 1860 he was working at the Academy schools; and in 1864 showed his first portrait and subject picture. At first working upon tragic subjects from the life of the people, he rapidly came to the front as a portrait-painter of power, and the famous *Duke of Cleveland*, and the like, gave him a leading place as a painter of men. An A.R.A. in 1878, he became R.A. in 1884; but overwork killed him on 4th August 1888.

Charles Green (1840-1898) was one of the most exquisite illustrators of this time, an ideal illustrator of Dickens, his sense of character being as fine as that of the author.

J. Mahoney (18 -1882) was another of the illustrators of this period, influenced by Mason and Walker and Pinwell.

E. J. Gregory (1850-1909) was an artist of the same group who gave a more powerful brush to the life of the well-to-do classes.

But the genius of the decade in England was Randolph Caldecott, though he belongs even more to the early eighties.

CALDECOTT
1846 – 1886

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT was a master of such significance as is scarce realised by criticism. Born to an accountant of Chester on March 22, 1846, he became at fifteen a clerk in a Shropshire bank. In 1868 some drawings by him appeared in a Manchester paper. In 1872 he went to London and worked at the Slade under Poynter, and was illustrating Blackburn's *Harz Mountains*; but whilst there is hint of his personal vision, so far he is a mere capable illustrator of no distinction. It was in a series of line drawings with colour washes in the *Graphic* and in a series of *Nursery Rhymes* that he revealed to England that a new artist of personal vision had arisen amongst us. Free from all the affectation of the æsthetic movement of Morris, Caldecott took up the pure English achievement where Rowlandson had laid it down, perfected it, and raised it to remarkable fulfilment. In 1878 appeared his immortal *John Gilpin*, and every year thereafter his books of nursery rhymes were eagerly awaited throughout the length and breadth of the land. Caldecott evolved an impressionism of line that was a marvel. His drawings with the pen line and wash, finely engraved by Edmund Evans, created colour-prints which will one day be prized as amongst the supreme works in this field. The fell disease that early threatened him and killed him in Florida whilst in the prime of life, on the edge of forty, never cast a shadow over his blithe art, which was native and sane and healthy; to Caldecott the meadows and woodlands of England yielded their fascination and their charm, his art is lyrical of England, of its romance in the fields, fresh and fragrant of buttercups and daisies and streams and the cattle in the fields. His dainty humour played with jocund delight about the village green. To turn from the affected mediæval academism of the day with its pseudo-Renaissance mimicry to the art of Randolph Caldecott is to step out of a hot-house or museum into the fresh airs of heaven. At once there is a sense of life, of blitheness, of joy in nature. And vital as was his art, produced for reproduction in colours to be scattered broadcast throughout the homes of the people, as remarkable was his craftsmanship and mastery of line. All the glory of the great British school of water-colour draughtsmen was in him. His sense of character in line had no equal in his day. It is as absolute and quick as the fine achievement of Japan, without a

BROKEN-COLOUR IMPRES-SIONISM

suspicion of alien vision or affectation or influence. So true and just is it that one does not realise its mastery for the very reason of its seeming simplicity. To this marvellous use of line he brought a consummate gift of colour employed in flat washes that was a revelation to the age. In the years to come he will be collected as men collect Japanese prints to-day. He created a wide school, and here and abroad much of the modern endeavour was founded upon him. Essentially of romantic mind, Caldecott saw romance in all God's world, in the meadows and on the highways; and his pen-drawings during his best period have a personal vision, a fascination, a charm, and an exquisite quality and sense of character that are a joy for ever. As his colour-books appeared one realised that the *Bull-dog*, the *Cow*, the *Pig*, the *Lamb*, the *Sheep*, and *Goat*, with the flights of *Pigeons* and *Rooks* and all the other dumb friends in our English pastoral life, had never been perfectly seen until Caldecott came. His line-drawings of beasts and birds in *Æsop* are masterpieces. He caught the character of horses and ponies and their movements with positive joy in the act. And in him the romance and glamour of the countryside found their supreme interpreter.

1880

COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION
AND
THE COMING OF A NEW PRIMAL-ACADEMISM

CHAPTER XXVIII

WHEREIN WE SEE IMPRESSIONISM TRIUMPHING IN COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION

Now by 1880 there were three chief streams in painting running beside each other. First, the *Impressionistic*, which was producing powerful artists who were combining mass and broken-colour into Colour-Orchestration and essaying towards a higher utterance of the imagination.

Secondly, the Scientific Impressionists who were essaying to reduce craftsmanship to painting in round regular spots, called *Pointillism.*

Thirdly, a genius arises who essays to lead back painting and life to *Savage Primitivism.*

Realism meanwhile brought forth masters.

BILLOTTE, with his charming pictures of the sea-folk, is more idyllic than Bastien-Lepage; BINET paints strong Eastern or Moorish subjects with power.

DAGNAN-BOUVERET

1852 –

BORN in Paris, 7th January 1852, to a Brazil merchant who was the son of one of the great Napoleon's officers, DAGNAN-BOUVERET has painted realism with power, and has brought a poetic vision to his survey. His religious pieces and his peasants of Brittany have made him famous. He paints religious subjects with an austere fervour and large simplicity, and has employed the treatment of Christ in modern surroundings with fine results. He began to make his mark about 1878.

ROLL

1846 –

ALFRED PHILIPPE ROLL has given his considerable powers to the interpretation of modern life, war, strikes, workmen, peasants—treating ordinary facts with force.

COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION AND THE COMING OF A NEW PRIMAL-ACADEMISM

SIMON

LUCIEN SIMON has painted impressively powerful pictures of the rude emotions of the Breton fisher-folk, in which he calls up with great force the life of the simple people.

COTTET

1863 –

CHARLES COTTET paints with equal force, but with deeper emotional sense, the tragic moods of the Breton toilers of the sea. The intense and grim type of the people, their poverty, their suffering, and their harsh life, he gives forth with dark and gloomy dramatic sense.

ÉMILE WÉRY has concerned himself with strongly painted sea-scapes and the life of the people.

COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION
CREATED BY
THE GREAT IMPRESSIONISTIC TIDE

The artists now combined the brilliant colour-music of Broken-Colour Impressionism with Mass-Impressionism, and thrust forward the range as well as increasing the gamut of artistic orchestration.

BESNARD

1849 –

ALBERT PAUL BESNARD is an artist who has combined mass-impressionism with the intensity of colour revealed to the touch-impressionists by Turner. Daring and masterly in handling, he is ever attempting fresh conquests. His sensitive sight sees the play of colour in nature about objects with intensity, and his hand's skill is trained to record his vision in an art which creates thrill and movement and luminosity. He can make objects in the flare of the sun blaze with light. He had the good fortune to come into French art at a time when the battles of the impressionists were completely won, and honours have fallen thick upon him. Born in Paris, married to a sculptor of considerable gifts, Mademoiselle Dubray, Besnard has gone from success to success. The municipal authorities of Paris—the great nursery of painting in our times—as well as the provincial municipalities of France, that are an example to the world as encouragers of painting, have given Besnard's fine

gifts full play in painting his vivid, telling decorations. The State has enriched the National collection with his splendid painting of *The Nude Woman Warming Herself* (*La Femme qui se Chauffe*), the hauntingly powerful and tragic *La Morte*, the *Port d'Alger au Crépuscule*, the *Entre deux Rayons*, and a *Self-Portrait.*

WHEREIN WE SEE IMPRESSIONISM TRIUMPHING IN COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION

Winning the Prix de Rome in 1874, Besnard soon shook off all academic training, and flung himself into the problems of mass-impressionism and touch-impressionism.

In his *Madame Roger Jourdain* at the Salon of 1884, Besnard caused a sensation with the treatment of golden lamp-light against the lilac lights of evening. So he advanced to his *Madame Réjane.*

Mauclair lays it down that it is with modern "decorative art interpreting modern and scientific symbols," as shown in the art of Besnard that the future of painting lies. This is to lower the whole achievement of Besnard, and to set up a new academism as the aim of art. Art has nothing to do with symbols—with science it has absolutely not a tittle in common. To make a sextant or a quadrant or an electric light a symbol is as bastard art as to make Cupid and Psyche a symbol, or Arethusa or the musical glasses. Art is an emotional interpretation of life, and has no other faculty whatever—indeed that faculty raises it to the next importance to life itself; all other aims lower it from its high Emprise. No man knows where the future of art lies—since no man knows where the future of life lies. Besnard's powers are of a high order; but in the range of deep and profound emotions he is not a supreme master. Intended for diplomacy, born of artistic stock, Besnard early came to repute, and has known success from the first, making a mark with his *La Femme rose* in 1868; but it was his *La Femme jaune et bleue* in 1883 that settled his reputation.

LA TOUCHE

1854 –

GASTON LA TOUCHE is a very remarkable painter of vivid impressionistic methods who has wrought figure and landscape in masterly fashion, and has also given his art to pictures of modern *fêtes galantes.* La Touche has rare lyrical utterance; his intensely sensitive vision for the play and counterplay of reflections yielding him a pulsing orchestration in colour of pure artistic force without wandering into blind alleys of science or intellect or other baleful endeavour. His decorative gifts are brilliantly employed, since he is a man of quaint and ranging imagination—a poet.

COLOUR-ORCHES-TRATION AND THE COMING OF A NEW PRIMAL-ACADEM-ISM

CHÉRET

1836 –

JULES CHARLES CHÉRET began life as a lithographic workman in London, designing, it is said, the gay wrappers for a well-known perfume manufacturer. About 1870 Chéret began to design posters in black, white, and red. His knowledge of lithographic printing stood him in good stead; he developed its capacity to superb effect in the poster that made resplendent the picturesque streets of France. From the time he went back to France he rapidly came to a wider range in art; and by 1885 he was famous. He caught the grace of the Parisian women. Chéret is a born decorative genius. His art is pure impressionism, colour being employed like music. Whilst the pompous academies were imitating the great dead, and producing still-born art, Chéret, despised of them, was ranging far above their ken. A modest man, his triumphs are a gratification to artists. A display of his works proved him a nervous telling draughtsman and a great pastellist. The State gave him large mural decorations to carry out, and he won to further triumphs. His kinship to Watteau is most marked, even to his love of the characters of Italian comedy and the old heroes and heroines of French comedy. His is the very spirit of Carnival. Watteau and Boucher and Fragonard are in him. He brought imagination, gaiety, and blitheness to impressionism, and thereby vastly increased its gamut and its orchestration.

SARGENT

1856 –

Born to American parents at Florence in 1856, JOHN SINGER SARGENT passed his boyhood in that city. At nineteen he went to Paris, already an accomplished painter, entering the studio of Carolus Duran (1875), an excellent teacher. Duran brought him to gaze at the life about him, to look upon it broadly, in the mass; and the young fellow, in the midst of the great mass-impressionistic movement created by Manet, was early essaying to create art in its most advanced form. On leaving the studio of Carolus Duran he painted his master's portrait. Thence he made for Madrid, to learn from a greater teacher. Searching into the mastery of Velazquez, Sargent rapidly came to power. When he came back to Paris—in the early eighties—he was already making a mark. In 1881 he showed a portrait of a *Young Lady*: the year of his *Smoke of Ambergris*. In 1882 he stood revealed a master at twenty-six, with his masterpiece of the dancer against the dark room, where she whirls

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LA TOUCHE

"VENICE"

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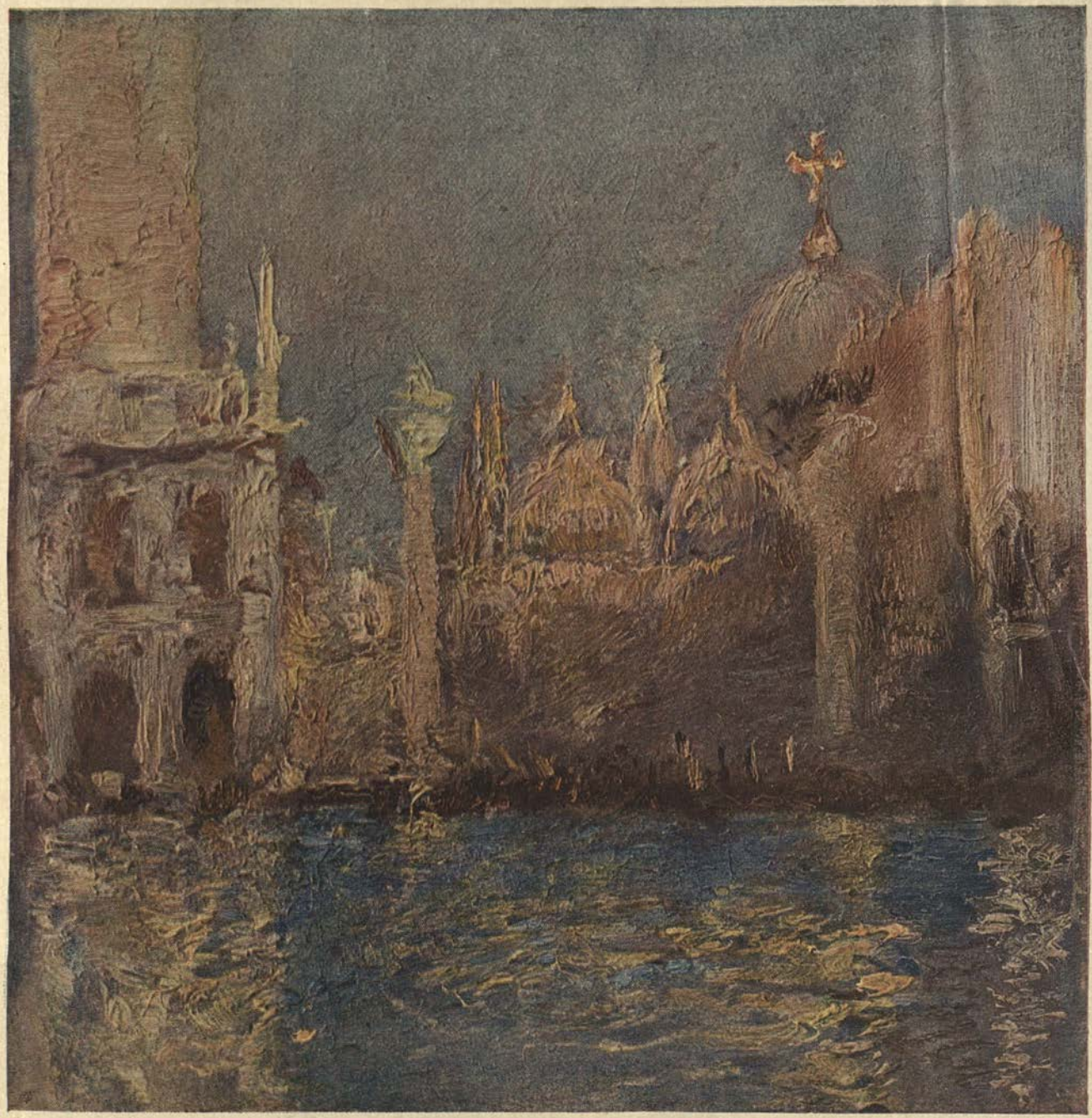

WHEREIN WE SEE IMPRESSIONISM TRIUMPHING IN COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION

to the music of the mandolinists who sit in the gloom, the famous *El Jaleo*, which created a sensation. A portrait of four children and the Manetesque *Madame Gautreau* followed. Meantime his reputation was spreading to London, which he frequently visited; and some six years after he returned from Spain he settled in London. His early triumphs at the New English Art Club were the sensations of these years—*Carmencita*, the *Japanese Dancing Girl*, the nude *Egyptian Girl*. In 1894 he was elected to the Royal Academy; in 1897 he became R.A.

The influence of Sargent has been sane and far-reaching. His healthy and searching vision has been a splendid example to his age. His superb craftsmanship has done much to rid painting of pettiness. Sargent came into art when a rank mimicry of the low-toned art of Whistler was a widespread threat to the national genius.

In portraiture his range has been astounding. His search into character is uncompromising. He stands out to-day one of the supreme masters of his age. Sane, wide-surveying, masterful, fearless, Sargent founded his technique on the mass-impressionism that is the vastest orchestration of painting yet revealed to us from the great Spaniards and Dutchmen, developed by Manet.

To essay an examination into the wide achievement of Sargent would be to catalogue the celebrities of the age. His fine scheme in grey and white and rose of the beautiful *Mrs. Langman*; the gorgeous yellow schemes of the famous masterpiece of the dancer *Carmencita*; the two handsome Jewish ladies, the *Misses Wertheimer*, so remarkably in contrast with the aristocratic atmosphere of the *Lady Elcho, Mrs. Adeane and Lady Tennant* group; he ranges from the marvellous effects of the golden lights of Japanese lanterns being lit in the lilac twilight by children in the famous *Carnation Lily, Lily Rose*, to the tragic intensity of *Ellen Terry as "Lady Macbeth"*; from the fine character-study of *Graham Robertson* with the jade-handled cane, to the great portrait of *Lord Ribblesdale* in hunting kit.

Sargent's decorations for Boston Library are famous; and he has of late given his remarkable genius to landscapes—of which are the stately *Santa Maria della Salute*, his powerful studies of sunlight, and his manifold vigorous impressions of nature.

MANCINI

1852–

ANTONIO MANCINI was born at Narni to a tailor, who moved to Naples when Mancini was a boy. At Naples the lad worked under LISTA, who trained him to paint flowers and fruit. At the Fine

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Art Institute, with PICCINI and MICHETTI for fellow-students, Mancini soon got a name for portraits. But his poverty was so intense that he would often exchange a picture for a new canvas. At last, one fine day, his work caught the eye of M. Albert Coën; and Fortuny began to buy some of his pictures. He made for Paris, and worked for the Goupils for several months. His second visit to Paris, with a friend, the sculptor Gemito, saw him get foul of his employers; and it so preyed upon his mind that on his return to Naples he had to be put under restraint. He painted the portraits of his fellow-sufferers at the asylum. Winning back to sanity, he stepped forth into the world again, going to Rome, where he was well received and made much of, and sold his paintings. His health broke down again, but on his recovery he went back to his art with all his wonted energy. He next made for Venice. Mancini is essentially, like Monticelli, concerned with colour-orchestration.

CLAUS

1849 –

The Belgian, ÉMILE CLAUS, born in Western Flanders, was the sixteenth child to parents of humble position who sold provisions to the boatmen as they worked on the river Lys. The child early showed the artistic bent; and escaping from the drudgery of the home life, essayed the offices of pastry-cook, railway watchman, and went behind the counter of a linen-draper. At last, scraping together some seven pounds from his family, he made for Antwerp, became a free pupil to De Keyser, the art professor there; worked at the Academy by day, gave drawing-lessons by night, or coloured the religious pictures of the stations of the cross, or did the rough work for a sculptor. After enduring struggles with bitter want, he gradually began to win orders for portraits of children in fancy dress. In 1879, at thirty, he made for Spain and Morocco, painting the while. He came back to Antwerp a changed man. In 1883 he completely threw over all his former craftsmanship, and leaving the city for his old home in the country, he developed a vivid art of intense and close intimacy with the moods of nature —brilliant, throbbing with light, personal, and lyrical of his native land. His debt to Turner he glories in acknowledging.

SEGANTINI

1858 – 1899

Born at Arco in Trent, GIUSEPPE SEGANTINI's first impressions

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SARGENT

1856 –

"LA CARMENCITA"

(Luxembourg, Paris)

Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1891; acquired by the French Government.

were of the mountains. As a child he knew bitter poverty; and the lad went to work as a labourer on a farm. His first essay in learning the mysteries of painting was in the studio of Tettatamanzi in Milan, who, asking the lad what he would do if he were an artist like his master, was met by the blunt reply: "Throw myself out of the window"; whereon the apprenticeship ended. The young fellow struggled on as best he could in Milan. Withdrawing to the mountains he gave his whole strength to the rendering of the life of the peasant. Beginning by painting somewhat broadly and hesitatingly, Segantini rapidly developed towards broken-colour realism. His *Woman knitting in the Sun* shows the palpitation of fierce light. Beginning life as a swineherd, living in the mountains, off the highway of the world, Segantini evolved a vibrant colour-sense and a large and spiritual aim. Segantini is from the Tyrol; where Italy and Germany meet. He has uttered the life of the humble with poetic intensity. Simply and without affectation he takes us back to the innocence of the ages, where so much modern effort is striving with affectation to lead us from London and Parisian drawing-rooms. In Segantini as in Millet is no primitive-academism, but true, simple peasant, sincere and compelling in the communion of his art. He uttered the rhythm of light, even if his atmosphere be somewhat dry, and sometimes lack depth and envelope.

VAN GOGH
1853 – 1890

The Dutchman, VINCENT VAN GOGH, employed an impressionistic craftsmanship of remarkable power. Van Gogh used an extraordinary impasto, and relied on swinging lines and masses of colour to produce exquisite moods of nature. The subtle colour-music of his *Orchard in Provence* and of his *Garden of Daubigny in Auvers* place such works amongst the unforgettable things of the time. Though Van Gogh worked in France, he saw nature with Dutch eyes; and there is a Dutch quaintness in all he did.

Born at Grootzundert in Holland on the 30th of March 1853, to a Protestant pastor, Van Gogh only began to paint at thirty (1883). He was always an unbalanced man. Going to clerking at an art-dealer's, he was with Goupil in their offices at London, Paris, and The Hague, and as a picture-dealer he was constantly seeing art. In 1876, at twenty-three, he gave up commerce and became a schoolmaster in England. The next year his religious fervour took him to Amsterdam to become a clergyman. Dissatis-

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fied with the formalities of religion, he made next year for Brussels to preach to the miners. He found that, to reach their simple, uncouth minds, he had to change his whole utterance; by 1880 he longed for some means of closer communion with his fellows. He saw that Millet had reached to prodigious range by forsaking conventional art and uttering the life of the people. By 1881 Van Gogh was in Holland again with his people in the village of Etten in North Brabant; his cousin being married to the painter, Anton Mauve, he went to him for advice, and entered his studio at The Hague. They did not get on well together; and Van Gogh's brother soon set him up in a studio, where he worked hard and studied the old Dutchmen. In 1883 he was back in his own country, painting forceful studies of the peasants—his *Potato-Eaters* being of 1885. He discovered the primal sanity of the rude toilers of the earth—he saw them without the sneer of the man of cities. To Van Gogh the peasant became the symbol of health as against the corruption of the town. He was a fanatic in all he did—he was a fanatic in this.

It was natural that Van Gogh, seeing the peasant as the Healthy Real Man, should try to utter this art in primal rude fashion. He now went further; and having begun by *developing* impressionism, he tried back and essayed to see life through the spectacles of the primitive painters. Millet made no such mistake.

In 1885 he went awhile to the Academy at Antwerp, painted scenes of jail-yards; then in 1886 he made for Paris, and found one solitary dealer, Tanguy, to take up his work. At Tanguy's little shop he met Gaugain and Émile Bernard. With Bernard he went awhile to Cormon, whom Lautrec had just left. The touch-impressionists called him awhile, and developed his colour, and his best work is a combination of mass and of touch, developed into swinging, swirling strokes that give an astounding sense of movement. Then he came under the glamour of Seurat and essayed round-spot impressionism awhile; but rejected it. We are coming to Seurat.

The nervous, silent, reserved man, of concealed fire, was soon at work again amongst the peasants of the South of France at Arles. He flung himself at the recording of scenes that only last like a breath of life. He swept his impressions on to the canvas as by magic—they pulse and move. Those pictures painted at Arles from 1887 to 1889, hundreds of them, are his master-work. Meier-Graefe even sees him essaying to give the sense of life to dead things! Van Gogh was too pure an artist to so befoul his vision;

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SARGENT

1856 –

"LORD RIBBLESDALE"

(Collection of Lord Ribblesdale)

but then Meier-Graefe sees "holy ecstasy" in a bunch of lettuces by Van Gogh.

WHEREIN WE SEE IMPRESSIONISM TRIUMPHING IN COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION

Now Van Gogh himself spoke of being misled by the Impressionists—but impressionism did much for him, as did Daumier and Delacroix and Millet.

Here let us touch awhile on the much-talked-of Symbolism of Van Gogh. Now his own talk of "symbolism" simply meant that colours created certain emotions; in other words, created art. His use of the word was mere clap-trap of the studio. It is of the whole essence of painting as an art, therefore of all impressionism in particular, that colours alter impressions or moods as colour. This has nothing whatever to do with symbolism.

Van Gogh was a genius, but half mad withal. Whether he suffered sunstroke or not, he was in the habit of flinging off his hat when painting under the fierce sun of the south until the hair was burnt off his scalp. Whether struck by sun or that the madness increased upon him, he had threatened suicide to Gaugain when with him at Arles. In a tavern at Arles he quarrelled with this friend Gaugain, and the next day with a razor tried to kill him. That night he cut off his own ear with the razor as an act of penance. The next six months of his life saw him in the asylum at Arles.

Van Gogh went of his own will to the asylum at Arles; even painted pictures there—his mad *Self-Portrait* and flowerpieces. His thoughts returned incessantly to the days of his childhood. Thence he went awhile to paint at St. Remy, but his brother who had supplied him with means and encouragement all his life was in trouble in Paris, and Van Gogh went to Paris. All the while he seems to have been dogged by the hideous ghoul that for ever whispered suicide. Afraid of himself he went to Dr. Gachet (himself a painter under the name of VAN RYSSEL), a good friend to artists (Daumier and Daubigny and Cézanne amongst others), at Auvers-sur-Oise; to Auvers Van Gogh went in the summer of 1889 and painted. But he feared decline into the long negation of an idiot. He shot himself. When Gachet found him lying with a bullet in him, he replied to the doctor's Why? with a shrug of the shoulders. The two men smoked through that night and the next day together, talking art. On the 28th of July 1890, the restless plagued fellow passed into eternal sleep.

Van Gogh essayed to develop impressionism on more rhythmical and lyrical lines, and to utter a more profound sense of life thereby. His sole mistake was playing with "primitive-academism." We

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see the difference when we compare his advanced utterance with that of the English Æsthetes, Morris and Burne-Jones, and the like, who deliberately went back to mediæval reaction, not only in intention but in handling and craftsmanship. Meier-Graefe calls this reaction Anarchism—of course it is the very opposite, it is Academism. Van Gogh is stimulative, reaches onwards; Morris and Burne-Jones led back.

In surveying the art of Van Gogh we must sharply separate his intensely lyrical impressionism from the archaic intention of his insane fobblings. Learning late, his fingers never grasped drawing with the skill of habit; yet it was his insane and feeble draughtsmanship, not his increased use of impressionism that was to become the aim of the more feeble of the group of painters, the primal-academics, of to-day. But we are coming to that, and to Gaugain between, and must defer further reference awhile to look upon the impressionism of this decade.

CARRIÈRE

1849 – 1907

EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE founded his superb impressionistic art on the poetic mass-impressionism of Rembrandt. It yielded him a haunting and powerful instrument for the utterance of the mystery of motherhood. Carrière concerned himself little with colour; he found the hauntingness of shadows a sufficient orchestration for the most intense of his moods. His power in portraiture was profound. He concentrated on character; and the figure that he limned moves and breathes—one almost senses the feelings of the sitter as well as the mood aroused in the painter. The lithograph gave him as great utterance as oils. His vast hushed theatre, in which we gaze at the audience in the sweep of the arena as they look enthralled at the play upon the stage, was a marvellous work. He is ever a poet, he is often a mighty dramatic one.

The son of a painter, and born at Gournay-sur-Marne in 1849, Carrière lived at Strasbourg until he was eighteen. At twelve he was drawing. From the Academy at Strasbourg he went to business at Saint Quentin. A visit to the Gallery there set his creative genius on fire; he suddenly felt impelled to utter art under the glamour of La Tour. He went to Paris to the Beaux-Arts to learn the mysteries. The war burst over France; Carrière was taken prisoner; was sent to Dresden; and at Dresden he lived in the galleries. Rembrandt greatly interested him. Sent back to France in 1872, he went to the École des Beaux-Arts again, and to Cabanel

for five years' hard work. Then he made the plunge, took a studio, and commenced artist. He failed for the Prix de Rome. His marriage compelled him to go to the Vaugirard for five years; and he had to fall back on his own family for models. It made him. They were five years of intense toil; but he came back to Paris an artist of mark and almost at once won to success. The Luxembourg has his *Dead Christ*.

WHEREIN WE SEE IMPRESSIONISM TRIUMPHING IN COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION

Carrière's portraits of *Verlaine*, of *Edmond de Goncourt*, his own *Family*, and the like, are amongst the masterpieces of the century.

Carrière, impressionist of mass-impressionists, has led impressionism forward by leagues from the mere superficial realism that Courbet flaunted, leagues beyond the mere outward play of light as an end in art. He has brought the inner significance of life into its utterance, and thereby at a stroke has vastly increased the conquest of impressionism, revealing how it may utter the most intimate moods of the soul.

I stand in memory but a few years back when Carrière had a show in London town. It is almost incredible that the whole of criticism practically ignored that marvellous revelation altogether. And it is one of my chief sources of comfort that Carrière, who was an utter stranger to me, wrote to me as comrade, and thanked me that I understood him.

Carrière wrought at first in subtle and exquisite colour-harmonies as revealed by Manet. He lowered his palette to black and brown and white; and he evolved out of mass-impressionism thereby a powerful and haunting musical utterance. Mauclair sees in his art the power to render "thought." No artist can do that in paint. What he does is to utter the most intimate *feelings*.

To find "absolute beauty" in the art of Carrière—nay, to seek for it—is to miss his whole significance. To find in his art a trying *back* from impressionism is wholly to misunderstand Carrière and impressionism. He has *thrust forward* impressionism to utter deeper and more subtle emotions than the earlier impressionists considered that it could utter.

Boldini (1853-) paints the portraits of fashionable people with verve, in impressionistic manner, if in low colour. De Nettis (1846-1884) was a force in painting.

Auguste Emmanuel Pointelin (1839-), born at Arbois on the 23rd of June 1839, learnt the mysteries from Maire. The name of this painter of twilight landscapes at once comes to one's mind on writing of Carrière. He too dreams in low dark moonlight or twilight moods, sombre and sad, seeking the solitudes in

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somewhat melancholy reveries amidst the wooded hills of his beloved Jura, and ever called by the darkling pools. He was a long time coming into his own, and he had to try his hand at several callings the while to earn his bread, chiefly that of a professor of mathematics! But he was to enter the Legion of Honour at last.

JOHN MACALLAN SWAN, who has just passed from us, was born at Old Brentford in 1847, and trained at the Worcester School of Art, then under Mr. Sparkes at Lambeth, and became a student at the Royal Academy. In 1874 he made for Paris, going to Gérôme for five years, and to Fremiet at the Jardin des Plantes, to Bastien-Lepage, to Henecker, and to Dagnan-Bouveret. Swan came to the painting and sculpture of animals with exquisite sense of colour and form. He died in 1910.

THE GLASGOW SCHOOL OF THE EIGHTIES

The so-called "Glasgow School" may be said to have been created by Whistler and the French mass-impressionists. The literary anecdote was to be shed from painting. M'Taggart and Wingate had shown the way in landscape—and Wintour had stepped towards the great revelation.

W. Y. MACGREGOR, a dogged man, with hard theories, had come from the Slade; JAMES PATERSON came from Paris; and from Paris also soon came LORIMER, CADENHEAD, ROBERT NOBLE from Carolus Duran's studio. By 1885 the school had forgathered, headed and led by Macgregor. In 1881 GUTHRIE, E. A. WALTON, GEORGE HENRY, and the Newcastle painter, JOSEPH CRAWHALL (the Younger), had been working together; they soon came in touch with the Edinburgh painter, ARTHUR MELVILLE (1856-1904), who was also developing a broad impressionistic style, akin to theirs. HORNEL soon joined the group; and ROCHE and LAVERY, coming back from Paris in 1884, added their force. Their first interest was with tone and values; and the natural inclination to lower the tone resulted awhile. Then they concerned themselves with vigorous handling. As with all movements, the artists swore no other was art. Rapidly colour-harmonies and decorative rhythm were added. Whistler and Velazquez and Hals and Constable were the art-gods. WILLIAM STOTT OF OLDHAM (1858-1900) created an art akin to their desire. The sculptor M'GILLIVRAY joined the group, and the poetic landscapist MACAULAY STEVENSON, ALEXANDER MANN, MILLIE DOW, HARRINGTON MANN, D. Y. CAMERON, MACKIE, GEORGE PIRIE, and the flower-painter STUART PARK, were added to the ranks, and in

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Edinburgh T. Austen Brown, James Pryde, and others were to come into the movement later.

MELVILLE
1856 – 1904

In Arthur Melville Scotland brought forth a water-colour painter of power. A son of the people, Melville was to come to high distinction.

Beginning by painting much in the manner of John Reid, Melville looked like becoming a painter of homely subjects, when in 1878 he made for France, to Gérôme and Meissonier. By 1880 he was painting much in the manner of the men who were founding the Glasgow School. In 1883, or a little later, he met Guthrie, and soon thereafter came into the Glasgow brotherhood. The water-colours of Fortuny had taught him light and luminosity; and in 1881 he had made for Egypt and the East, where he rapidly developed towards that broad handling of floating colours on to the paper which he was later to make so entirely his own. To this glowing "blob and dash" use of water-colour he brought a broad, decorative, pulsing use of paint which he poured forth in superb colour-harmonies. Spain and the East ever afterwards called to him; and it was typhoid contracted in Spain that killed him in 1904. Brangwyn, in the late eighties, also went to the East; and found colour and a broad, majestic treatment of water-colour and oils. After Brangwyn's display in Bond Street the two men met; and drawn together by like problems of painting, they went to Spain together in 1892, each impressing the other; but Brangwyn was destined for far higher flights of the imagination, destined to create a far more profound art; he was to give the floated masses a form and a significance beyond Melville's strength.

Hans Hansen has painted excellent water-colours under the influence of Melville; and Graham Robertson, who began subject to Rossetti, came under the glamour of Melville.

GUTHRIE
1859–

It is a somewhat strange fact that the grey photographic realism of Bastien-Lepage seemed necessary to free the Impressionists in England and Scotland from Academism and Æstheticism.

Sir James Guthrie got it badly. His *Schoolmates* was sheer mimicry of Bastien-Lepage. Thence he evolved a fine portraiture, gathering power and breadth and colour as he moved, under the stimulus of Whistler, to his greatest performances.

PAINTING

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E. A. WALTON

1860 –

E. A. Walton is one of the purest lyrical poets in landscape. One of the most original painters, he has evolved a personal art like music. He is a master of colour, of design, and of handling. Turning from landscape, he early proved himself as superb a painter of the figure.

ROCHE

1863 –

Alexander Roche early developed a personal impressionism. He catches the character of his sitters; and he brings the fresh air of heaven and the mystery of the night and the play of sunlight on to his canvases.

LAVERY

1856–

John Lavery, of Scottish-Irish blood, has come under many influences, and has evolved a charming type of portraiture more concerned with beauty than with character. He has come to wide honours everywhere. His portraits of ladies have brought him into an European vogue.

HENRY

1860? –

George Henry brought forth marvellously fine designs. Some of his Japanese subjects, and of his works that followed, are amongst the highest technical achievements in colour in our generation. His subjects are but veiled portraits; but of the portrait he makes decorations, and his brush has a quick sense akin to the wit of his tongue.

HORNEL

1864–

The Australian Scot, E. A. Hornel, met Henry in 1885, and was painting conventional Scottish home-life when they met. The two men greatly developed each other; Hornel was the essential decorative artist, and was soon painting those "carpet-like" paintings of children at play for which he is now famous, in which no attempt to create values or the illusion of atmosphere is attempted. Hornel makes the colour-harmonies utter the mood desired, just as a musician must; and to that he sacrifices all else. In 1893 Hornel and Henry made for Japan for a couple of years; and Hornel still further rejected mass and depth of atmosphere, and kept only pattern and colour; his sense of character not being strong, he forces the decorative intention.

CHAPTER XXIX

WHEREIN SEVERAL MISTAKE ART FOR SCIENCE, AND ESSAY TO CREATE ART ON THE MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLE

About this very time that the gamut of art was being widened by colour-orchestration, there arose a school of men who mistook art for science. Now, as a matter of fact, Monet had not concerned himself with science; he instinctively employed a palette of the seven prismatic hues. But the new group—"the Frenchmen of '80" as they are called—had given themselves over to science, and found that by using little round dots of colour, the same size, they could build up an impression of a mathematical kind, as though they employed mosaic. They were debauching impression and destroying it at its very source; and the fact that they now and again achieved a passable impression of a scene in a cast-iron way was small mitigation of their "science."

Of course they had to be Neo or Post-Something-or-Other, so they labelled themselves with the fatuous tag of Neo-Impressionists. They are also known as Pointillists. They are best called Round-Spot Impressionists.

ROUND-SPOT IMPRESSIONISM
OR
SCIENTIFIC PAINTING

Now in 1807 Thomas Young in England gave forth his discovery of the three stimulants of the retina of the eye. In 1852 the German Helmholtz published his theory of waves of colour and sound; in 1853 Dove published his researches into colour; in 1864 Chevreul published his famous *Law of the Contrast of Colours*, founded on the analysis of colour of the solar spectrum. Then in the eighties Charles Henry, a professor at the Sorbonne, who had the ear of Seurat, tried to apply to these laws a "science" of painting and colour. Seurat was soon sinking his really artistic instincts in trying to "paint on principle."

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SEURAT
1859–1891

SEURAT had sufficient power of artistry to overcome round-spot scientific painting, and to compel impressionism in a limited form through it. His woolly sketch for *La Grande Jatte* of 1884 shows him winning to impressionism; his childish *Le Chahut* of 1890 shows him baffled. He and his faithful SIGNAC taking DUBOIS-PILLET as ally, did the "original" thing, copied the Impressionists, and opened a Salon of the Refusés as the "Indépendants" in 1884. The real founder, Dubois-Pillet, soon sank, and the movement rapidly came to the end of its tether; but the society was to create a movement of another kind.

Seurat gathered to him LUCE, AUGRAND, CROSS, the young Brussels group, then PISSARRO in 1886, ERNEST LAURENT, LAUZET, and others, besides SIGNAC the best of them all. These "Neo-Impressionists" quickly found that "science" was death to "personality," and personality is essential to art.

Seurat, once admitting "science" as the foundation of art, soon fell back on the childhood of painting, and sought the early art of Egypt, under the fantastic delusion that because the mimicry was older than the mimicry of the Italian Renaissance or Greece, therefore it was more "original" vision!

But he so far mistook art for science that he added to his original bastard system an even worse theory of mathematics, whereby he created a new academism of geometrical laws for the silhouette of his figures and objects that was to mislead a later group of young painters into the bog.

Seurat was doomed to an early death. But his mantle fell upon SIGNAC, who worked much upon his lines. Both men did good Round-Spot work, and achieved atmospheric effects.

SIGNAC
1863–

PAUL SIGNAC produced a wonderful impression in spite of his "scientific" spots. He set the mood above the tricks of thumb. The peaceful luminous *Morning at Samois* of 1900, a steamer on the river, shows Signac doing the utmost that his craft can achieve, and in the doing coming near to fusion of colour!

Even Monet's touch-impression failed to create texture—the flesh of a woman is of the same material as grass or a turnip or raiment; scientific painting loses material still more.

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The activity in this so-called Neo-Impressionism and in Primitive-Academism is as wide to-day almost as in the commonplace creation of the academic potboiler of every kind. The result is a sense of the belittling of life; no great masterpieces are created; no great emotions uttered—at best little trivial moods. These men are searching for a style, thinking style to be some fixed thing in itself, forgetful that every work of art, to be great and compelling, needs a style to utter itself. They essay to make a Style, hoping to bend Art to it, instead of creating art, and forming a style to utter that art. It is as though a man thought he created music by making a new kind of piano.

Now the masters could create mighty art in black and white alone. "Give me but mud, and I will make masterpieces," said Delacroix. What shall it avail an artist to use all the colours of the rainbow and master the whole of science, if he create not the great moods of man?

Meantime, the reaction against the development of art created by Turner and Constable and the Mass-Impressionists and Touch-Impressionists of France, the reaction begun by Rossetti and the genius of Puvis de Chavannes, continued in the art of Maurice Denis, who, as Puvis had brought certain modern qualities from the Impressionists, now brought certain qualities from the later scientific painting into his decorative achievement. Denis turns back his eyes to the early Italians. But whilst his art may be more in keeping with Renaissance interiors, it is not in keeping with modern moods and intentions a whit more than was the art of Morris or Burne-Jones. Piety to-day is a very different thing from piety in the thirteen-hundreds. Denis went to Italy, and brought the Italian vision to France as definitely as any of the old Mannerists. At the same time he brings a personal colour, a certain sensuous healthiness into his religious decorations, that show him a personality in art; for in old chapels and churches he fitly employs an archaic note, compromising with the old building in which modern art would jar. It is the disadvantage and the advantage of trying to decorate an old place. And it is such conditions that fitly create the art of Puvis de Chavannes and Denis; but with modern utterance such has nothing to do. Pallid, bloodless art must result; and superb craftsmanship and a style that is departed be the chief sources of victory.

The Belgian Theo Van Rysselberghe (1862-), holds by the round-spot faith, and to it in portraiture he gives fine draughtsmanship and good colour, but the chill hand of the new academism

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is not to be repelled even by him. The seascape gives him his better utterance.

The results of the system were so indifferent that the group of painters rapidly deserted the round-spot practice. But it had turned their eyes to the old mosaics, having much the same effect when viewed at a distance; and a rot set in, which turned back the artists' eyes to primitive simplicity. To go back can never be to go forward—trite as the statement may be.

In Belgium has grown up a group employing scientific painting and primitive-academism. The creation of the "Society of Twenty" in 1884 brought forth a group to which Constantin Meunier and Rodin and FERNAND KHNOPFF and FÉLICIEN ROPS and other masters brought fame; and to the group came certain "neo-impressionists"—FINCH, VAN RYSSELBERGHE, VAN DE VELDE, LEMMEN, and ANNA BOCH. Van Rysselberghe at once fell under the glamour of Seurat. Finch has become a potter. Lemmen has concerned himself with the crafts. Van de Velde deserted.

CHAPTER XXX

WHEREIN PRIMAL-ACADEMISM IS CREATED BY ONE WHO RETURNS TO THE LIFE OF SAVAGES

WHEREIN PRIMAL-ACADEMISM IS CREATED BY ONE WHO RETURNS TO THE LIFE OF SAVAGES

THERE had been talk for some years of getting back to the Simple Life—the savage was supposed to be nearer the heart of the universe—civilisation was vowed to be rotten—and painting came forward to utter the Primal Intention in the person of a strange fellow with the savage name of Gaugain, as though some half-inarticulate fellow had arisen from the cave-dwellers and would take back mankind to sit in the branches of trees and crack nuts. Yet there is as much to be said for the mimicry of primal man as for the mimicry of any other period—if mimicry there must be. But do not let us mistake primal-academism for "originality," still less for development.

To understand how impressionism as a craft was dragged into this movement—of all things—we must go back awhile to the Café Guerbois, and look upon one man wont to sit there—CÉZANNE.

PRIMAL-ACADEMISM

CÉZANNE

1839 - 1906

Son of a wealthy banker, PAUL CÉZANNE was born at Aix in Provence on the 19th January 1839. Paul Cézanne, who wrought his art in Provence, and lived out of the world, has painted his landscapes, his still-life, and his country scenes, in his rude rough fashion, with a sort of primal vision, the hand essaying in a rude way to give the play of colour in the broader manner of the mass-impressionists, with the splendour of the broken-colour effects. A certain simplicity and old world sincerity results. Whether deliberately, or from limit of craftsmanship, he has sacrificed an innately fine impressionistic power by reaching back towards primitive intention. He strove his life long to master drawing—going to learn at studios until quite an old man—but never mastered it. We shall see this defect made a virtue in our own time—Cézanne made no virtue of it.

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Cézanne and Zola were schoolfellows at Aix; they each made for Paris; and whilst Zola became clerk in Hachette's publishing firm, Cézanne came under the glamour of Delacroix, then followed Courbet, then in 1866 sat at the feet of Manet at the Café Guerbois. Zola made Cézanne the hero, Claude Lantier, in his novel of the art-life, *L'Œuvre*. Cézanne's somewhat vague handling of landscape, his inherent sense of colour, and his badly drawn still-life, whether deliberate or not, largely helped to create the rude aim of the present primal-academism. But we are coming to this. His clumsy and brutal painting of the figure was due to lack of draughtsmanship. And these tendencies grew upon him. At times he creates work of astounding force. Van Gogh, Gaugain, and Bernard all owe much to his leadership. He did not sign his pictures. Of the sixties is his strong black Courbet period; of the seventies is his Auvers period of broad vigorous landscapes, rapidly moving to the higher keys of colour under Monet; and using thin fluid paint, he reached to his great period of the paintings of Provence in 1885.

Now we have already seen VAN GOGH, hampered by late adventure into the craftsmanship of painting, bending his will to create impressions of nature with power, but painting the figure in a crude elementary, savage fashion. But from Cézanne and Van Gogh's gropings, we are now come to a man who deliberately sought "to go back to savage times," the infancy of the world. And though the primitive-academism of Gaugain really began and belongs to the next decade of the nineties, it is best to consider it here in relation to the men who led him towards it.

GAUGAIN
1848 – 1903

There came into the art of Europe a strange disturbing influence from the Creole blood. Born in Paris on June 7, 1848, to a Breton father who was a journalist in Paris and died a young man, and to a mother who was a Peruvian Creole, the boy Gaugain early showed the adventurous spirit. Running away to sea at fourteen, on the edge of manhood he came back to Paris to enter a bank. He rapidly made money. He married, became the father of several children, then—he saw pictures, and the creative desire to paint was born in him. The friend of Pissarro and Guillaumin, he began to paint of a Sunday with them, and at thirty became an artist. In 1880 he showed his first pictures—landscapes in the manner of

Pissarro. The next year he "found himself" in a *Nude Study of a Woman* in profile on a divan, mending a chemise.

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He now forsook scientific impressionism. Seeing that spot-impressionism was feeble in its powers as against mass-impressionism, he went to Manet and Degas, and reached to power. In 1886, he met Van Gogh in Paris, and in 1886 he went back to Brittany and painted the simple peasants in simple nature as big elemental types. In 1887 he made a voyage to Martinique, and came back with his senses filled with colour. *La Baignade*, with its two nudes, is of 1887. Gaugain was now under Manet and Cézanne—he copied the *Olympia* in 1888. Then he made for the South of France, to Van Gogh at Arles. Living together, Van Gogh was driven to his violent attack of mania over one of their many disagreements. One evening in a tavern, Van Gogh flung his glass at the head of Gaugain, who left the place, and the following morning he told the remorseful Van Gogh that he would leave Arles and tell Van Gogh's brother of his act. Van Gogh grew sullen, and that evening he attacked Gaugain in the street with a razor. Gaugain held him, got him quieted, and Van Gogh went home and cut off his own ear with the razor for penance. Gaugain had gone to an hotel, and awoke the next morning to find a mob outside Van Gogh's lodging. Sending for a doctor, he left the place. Van Gogh was taken to a hospital, from which he went to an asylum.

At Arles, Gaugain developed peculiar colour-faculties that were to make his "yellow *Christ*" typical of his next development. He went back to Brittany, to Pont-Aven, and gathered a school about him. The poets gathered to him. In the May of 1891 was given the famous performance at the Vaudeville where Gaugain's pictures were shown, and Maeterlinck's *L'Intruse* was played for the first time, to raise the money to send Gaugain to his hotly-desired Tahiti. In Tahiti he wrought his new intention. He forgot to be quite sincere and dreamed the while of Paris at his feet when he came back. He came back with his pictures in the autumn of 1893, and his book *Noa-Noa*, strutting the streets in his embroidered blue and yellow waistcoat, his fingers heavy with rings, carrying a huge stick, and pride and hauteur in his mien. His pictures were a complete failure. Paris was bored. Even Strindberg, who also had "an immense yearning to become a savage and create a new world" was frankly bored, and refused to write in his honour. Gaugain pined for Tahiti and savage life again. The great-hearted Carrière helped him to go out. Gaugain shook the dust of effete Europe from his feet for ever.

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Now, whilst Gaugain essayed to interpret savage life in terms fitting to it, and did so like the fine artist that he was, employing all his skill to give fitting form to the primeval emotions of a barbaric people, and thereby achieving a superb mastery in the communion of savage life that is astoundingly original and true when compared with a European's bastard ideas of savage races as uttered by men of cities, he was wholly justified—as were Puvis de Chavannes and Maurice Denis to a far less extent, nevertheless to great extent, in employing primitive intention in the decoration of old churches. Unfortunately, the modern sophisticated artists have been led by these men to affectation, into mere primal-academism—that is to say, into aping primitive art simply as a trick of craft, without the slightest relation to that primitive life that Gaugain had in his blood. Gaugain's primitivism is one of the purest of arts in its intention, for it uttered *the life* of a savage people, of whom he deliberately became one. His art of literature in *Noa-Noa* is quite as simple and pure; and perhaps it is through its art of literary form that the ordinary man can best realise what at first seems untrue, but which is absolutely artistic and true, his astounding power to utter the sensing of life in the savage as revealed in his Tahitian paintings. The very absurdities of it, as we see it, are the realities to savage man. They themselves so express their sensing of things seen. It is to Gaugain's immortal fame that, as European turned savage, he revealed to us the sensing of the savage genius.

He early rejected European fellowship in Tahiti; rejected the half-breeds; and took a pure native girl to wife, living the native life. His contempt of civilisation he showed in that great caricature of himself listening to the idyllic conversation of the two native girls in his *Savage Legends* (Contes Barbares). He detested the French officialdom of the island. But marvellous as is his consummate tact in uttering the savages, there is something vast and massive and modern in its utterance, as in the great figures of the Farget *Tahitians*. When he died on the 9th of May in 1903, in Dominica, utterly ignored, he left a heritage, alas, from his remarkable genius, that is creating the blackest threat of mimicry to-day.

Gaugain went to the savage life, and was in his marrow barbaric, but he had already mastered a superb draughtsmanship and mass-impression. That is the inevitable paradox of civilised man essaying to return to the savage. In Tahiti he steeped himself in a primitive atmosphere of savage intention closely akin to the moods of children. Deliberately clumsy and awkward in his treatment of

the figure and of Nature, in order that he might interpret the savage man, a certain largeness in the man cannot wholly rid even his deliberate intention of being archaic from a broad massy utterance which has fine modern qualities in spite of himself. It is as though a man essayed to imitate the handwriting of a child. To try to shirk the complexities of modern life in an intense archaic simplicity may be a holy hobby, but it is to play with unrealities and to miss the significance of life. And the irony of his endeavour lies in the fact that his vision and his hand's craft are too well trained and too modern to play the primitive without the modern revealing that the savage war-paint covers a European—and a Frenchman at that.

WHEREIN PRIMAL-ACADEMISM IS CREATED BY ONE WHO RETURNS TO THE LIFE OF SAVAGES

Gaugain and Van Gogh both knew the emotional use of colour; both affected archaism to the extent of drawing askew; their followers play with deliberate bad drawing until they involve their often serious intention in farce, as though a priest preached a sermon in a fool's cap. But let us be clear, here and now—this academism founded on primitivism is not a whit more preposterous or crack-brained than the academism founded on Michelangelo or Van Dyck; at the same time it is as chill with death to art. And it is as well that the classic academic should realise that his art affects us in precisely this same way as that the bookish critic should realise that this primitive-academism is neither "post-impressionism" nor has anything to do with living art, but is more dead than classic academism—if it could be more dead than death.

It has been claimed for this primitivism that the artists are concerned with "individual expression," are not concerned with real things as they see them, but with the more real mystic things that lie behind them! It is no more "individual" to mimic savage art than classic art. The mystic significance of things is as much within the modern world as in a "faked" world of crudities. "Freedom" is not found in reversion to prehistoric boors, but in the fulfilment of our own life here and now. To say that these men are "themselves," "naked souls before the living God," is to set up an emprise for the Almighty for which there is no proof.

The tradition of the Hottentot is as much tradition as is the tradition of Michelangelo.

To understand the two opposing modern streams in art to-day, then, it is necessary to grasp the significance of colour-orchestration and of primal-academism; and the roots of primal-academism are in Gaugain. The wild rush, after dazed bewilderment, of a group of critics to embrace primal-academism is an amusing farce

COLOUR-ORCHES-TRATION AND THE COMING OF A NEW PRIMAL-ACADEM-ISM

They are little likely to grasp its essence when such a critic as the Frenchman Duret (who has come to a sort of possession of Whistler and the French Impressionists, and has lived amongst their movements) shows in his handsomely illustrated works that he has scant insight into the vital qualities and significance of these artists—indeed his estimate of the art of Turner and of modern English painting is pathetic as it is dogmatic. I should be alarmed at the size of a collection of writings I have poured forth for close on twenty years in support of the Impressionists, yet he denies all British recognition until Sir Hugh Lane—the painters themselves at least made no such mistake. If Monsieur Duret has such scant insight into impressionism, it is little likely that English critics should suddenly, at a pistol shot, as by a miracle, be given that insight. Nor have they been granted the miracle. Their vapid ecstasies miss its essential significance; and their eager worship is in large part mere intellectual snobbery. Above all, they miss the real essence of Gaugain; and their theories of primal vision being more spiritual than modern vision and "Nearer God" is about the most frantic drivel that even British art-criticism has poured forth. But I trust that I have cleared the brain of the art-lover and the student of some of the sham and confusion that are bewildering and leading astray to-day; if so, the rest of the modern achievement will appear in closer relation to its true significance.

1890

THE TRIUMPH OF IMPRESSIONISM IN COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION

AND THE

REACTION TOWARDS PRIMAL-ACADEMISM INTO OUR OWN DAY

CHAPTER XXXI

WHEREIN IMPRESSIONISM THROUGH COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION CONQUERS THE REALM OF THE IMAGINATION

WHEREIN IMPRESSIONISM THROUGH COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION CONQUERS THE REALM OF THE IMAGINATION

By 1890 *Colour-Orchestration* was being still further developed, and ranged into the realm of the Imagination.

Of the rival streams the Æsthetic alone showed force, for classical-academism may be ignored as utterly discredited. The *Æsthetic* movement of mediæval-academism was giving place to *L'Art Nouveau* (an academic *Stylism* founded on Morris and the art of the East, mingled with other primitive art), spreading from Paris throughout the whole of Europe. As the whole aim of this school is to fit design to a preconceived style, aroused by Morris and Burne-Jones from Rossetti in the first instance, we may well use the word Stylism.

The third movement, a reaction, is the wide intention of *Primal-Academism*. The scientific intention of the Pointillists was dead, giving place to the Primal-Academism of Gaugain, who has set agog a vast academic interest in the infancy of the world, which has sent artists to the museums to search out old Egyptian and early Greek and Chinese gods and utensils, and to try and bring back to life the "simplicity" and "mysticism" of the ancient barbaric endeavour of savages. It is considered "original." That such an academism should label itself Post-Impressionism or Post-anything under the sun is part of its "originality," and must not be confused with the forward intention of thrusting Colour-Orchestration onwards to utter the highest sensing of Modern Man. It were as sensible to speak of a Post-lamp-post or a Post-turnip-field as Post-Impressionism. Impressionism is not a slab of Time—it is the basis of Art, without end.

COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION

BRANGWYN

1867 –

Brangwyn has taken all that was best in mass-impressionism and the play of sunlight in touch-impressionism and woven it into a vast

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decorative intention, creating a masterly art that is hailed amongst living masters to-day as of the first achievement.

Brangwyn has moved steadily forward. He utters the life and great intentions of the race—its imperial pride in the conquest of the earth—its strength—the mighty conquests of man, with exultant voice. Massing his forms, Brangwyn relies on the absolute stroke of the brush to set down at a touch the exact value of colour as seen in its distance of atmosphere from the eye. Such mastery naturally comes to no man at once. Yet the rapidity with which he conquered this, the most difficult achievement in the whole range of painting, was very remarkable.

Of an English father—an architect of Buckinghamshire stock with Welsh blood in him—and a Welsh mother, FRANK BRANGWYN was born on the 12th of May 1867 at Bruges, where his father had set up a factory for the copying of old embroideries for vestments and altarcloths. The boy seems to have scrambled towards youth in a careless, happy-go-lucky way, early developing artistic gifts in the dreamy picturesque old city. The art of DEGROUX, who died in 1870, the painter of the poor of Belgium, a fine colourist, employing a vigorous brush, was the inspiration that roused the latent genius of the child—for child only he was, of about eight years, when he set his small fingers to the task of trying to copy some engravings after works by Degroux. Early in 1875 the child's father made for England again, and in this, his eighth year, the school days of Brangwyn were over—he entered his father's office in John Street, Adelphi. The boy came to a London that was astir with the æsthetic movement. Brangwyn was soon sketching at the South Kensington Museum. Here Rathbone found the boy at work, and encouraged him, giving him line-drawings to do in pencil from the sculptures of Donatello—he thus early won to severe mastery of forms. Thereafter Macmurdo, of "Hobby Horse" fame, rediscovered the clever lad at South Kensington, and set him to the copying of Mantegna. Then William Morris discovered the young fellow drawing, and Brangwyn was set to making full-sized cartoons for tapestries from Morris's sketches.

Fortunately the youngster was too originative to fall completely under the spell of Morris; from fifteen to seventeen he worked for him, then, fretted by the museum atmosphere, impelled by a restless desire to be out across the face of the world and to see life itself, he scraped two or three pounds together and set out for the village of Sandwich, lived amongst the fisherfolk, and painted the life about

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BRANGWYN
1867 –
"THE WELL"
(Luxembourg, Paris)

him. Supplies soon ran out, and Brangwyn leaped at the offer of a ship's captain to go a voyage with him. He took a hand with the crew in all their work, and was infected by that love of the sea-life which has ever since remained with him. These roving voyages became a settled habit, and the young fellow was soon as much sailor as artist. At eighteen Brangwyn sent an oil painting, *A Bit of the Esk*, to the Royal Academy, and it was hung. Thereafter he settled in London awhile to work for Morris again, but the payment for the great Renaissance of the Arts and Crafts was wretched, and he was painting the moods of the sea between whiles. A sea-piece in 1886, his nineteenth year, was hung at the Academy and bought by a shipowner, thereby bringing Brangwyn a personal friend who, a couple of years later, in 1888, sent him for a sea-voyage to the Levant. Two years afterwards he made a like voyage, and the March of 1891 saw his exhibition in Bond Street *From the Scheldt to the Danube*. He had been to Spain between the two Eastern voyages. But it was at that display of 1891, in his twenty-fourth year, that Brangwyn revealed to the world his superb sense of colour. Up to this time his masterly use of silvery greys and tender low tones had created considerable stir; but in his sudden outburst of colour-song he stood forth as one of the most profound masters amongst the younger men. The achievement for a man of twenty-four was a revelation.

The end of this same year saw Brangwyn in Spain again, this time with Melville, the two men having many aims in common; and the comradeship did them both good. Brangwyn has been accused of imitating Melville, just as two years later Whistler was accused of imitating Brangwyn! Brangwyn and Melville were both by this time set in their personal utterance, and, had the critics but followed Brangwyn as eagerly as we in the studios followed his art, they would have seen him set in his style in that display in Bond Street.

With the *Buccaneers*, the *Slave Market*, and the *Turkish Fishermen's Huts*, in 1893, Brangwyn created the loud uproar that ever means fame and the arrival of a master. From that year his record began to be European, and his reputation has leaped forward through triumph after triumph, until to-day he stands at the forefront of our national achievement, scarce past his fortieth year, world-famous. This man has gone on his way, careless of honours, regardless of petty things, building up the wide conquest of his art, bringing the highest distinction to every realm in which he has essayed to create art—in decoration, in oils, in water-colours, in

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etching, in the woodcut, in lithography. He stands out a giant in all his endeavour. He glories in the majesty of ships upon the waters, in the strength of manhood, whether that manhood cleave asunder the wilderness of the great forests with railways or bring life to the deserts of continents; whether that manhood, with shoulders bared to the adventure, hew its way through the bowels of the earth in the perilous work of mines, or, with the unceasing toil of industry, weld the iron from boiling cauldrons to the rigid purpose of great enterprise. He hymns the strength of the workers in the factory, at the work-bench, or the loom. And when, in the after years, the generations look back upon the vast achievement of the race of which we are a part, it will be to the art of such as Brangwyn that they will go to find the dramatic and lyric utterance of the people's splendour. The king over us is of the sea-folk, and it is fitting that his first painter should be of the sea-folk, as his people are of the sea-folk. Our might and our significance are upon the great waters and in the vast industries of our toiling people; we have spread that might across the oceans and carried the splendour of it to the ends of the earth; and the whole vast gamut of this commonweal design has found its chief poet in Brangwyn. To achieve the utterance of so large an art were beyond small talents, however exquisite; and Brangwyn came to the handsome business endowed with a wide orchestration of colour and form, of resonant darks and pulsing lights, of majestic rhythm, and of lofty design.

FURSE

1868–1904

CHARLES WELLINGTON FURSE, A.R.A., was born in 1868, the third son to the Archdeacon of Westminster, whose home was Halsden House, in North Devon. This son of Devon went to his schooling at Haileybury College. His county and school were the nurseries of military adventure on land and sea, and it is probable that the soldierly young fellow was intended for the calling of arms; but already the signs were against it, even if the desire were not. Furse early showed a bent towards art, and was soon the ardent disciple of Velazquez and Sargent. So to the unravelling of the mysteries of painting he went, joining the Slade, then under the vigorous direction of Professor Legros. From Legros he went to Paris; thence to Munich. The New English Art Club drew the young rebel to its ranks. A man of great personal charm, a soldierly fellow, not without the neat ways of the dandy, and with

much of the cultured manner of the man about town, Furse gave the impression of a man of affairs. Doomed to an early death by the white scourge, he bore himself in handsome, debonair fashion, that wholly concealed from the world the canker in his life. The consumptive is often too prone to see and record life in fantastic, unhealthy forms; but the art of Furse was robust, virile, vigorous. His first triumph came to Furse the year he painted *Diana of the Uplands*. She caught the town. Diana was the type of healthy, handsome, English young womanhood, walking the breezy downs with her greyhounds on leash. Furse married in 1900, in his thirty-second year, the youngest daughter of John Addington Symonds of Renaissance fame; but his married happiness was to know short years. Elected to the Royal Academy, on which he had led so many attacks, in 1904, death stepped across the threshold of his home on the 17th of the October of the same year, and took him, just as his powers were maturing.

CECILIA BEAUX

Born at Philadelphia, this brilliant woman began her career by drawing fossils upon stone for the U.S. Geological Reports. Pupil to Miss Drinker, she went to Van der Wielen; in Paris she joined the Julien Academy, but received her chief artistic impetus from Alexander Harrison and Charles Lasar. Coming to the front about 1885, Cecilia Beaux rapidly evolved a powerful style of portraiture akin to the art of Sargent, and stands out as one of the finest women-painters of her age.

BROUGH
1872 – 1905

The early doomed ROBERT BROUGH was reaching to high achievement when a terrible death in a railway accident, wherein the carriage caught fire, ended his career. Born at Invergordon in Ross-shire in 1872, Brough went to school at Aberdeen, became apprentice to the lithographers Gibb and Co., studied drawing the while under Fraser, painting in the early hours of the morning and by gaslight at night out of business hours. On completing his apprenticeship he went to the R.S.A. schools at Edinburgh, working meanwhile at lithography and making chalk portraits. Thence he made for Paris, worked under Laurens and Constant, and coming back to Aberdeen in 1894, at twenty-two, painted portraits. Moving to London in 1897 he steadily came to the front. His

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Fantaisie en Folie of 1897 was one of the sensations of the Royal Academy.

ORPEN

1878 –

The Irish painter WILLIAM ORPEN is more akin to the School of Pryde and Nicholson than to that of the New English Art Club which gave him his road to fame. His sense of character is his great power; and his quick eye for humour is as subtle as his sense of tone. Orpen is quite one of the most brilliant portraitists working amongst us to-day.

DOUGLAS ROBINSON

Douglas Robinson, on leaving the Royal Navy, learnt the mysteries in Paris, and coming under the glamour of Whistler and the mass-impressionists rapidly won to the front as a portrait-painter and a poetic landscape-painter.

A considerable group of figure-painters, including MOUAT LOUDAN, essay mass-impressionisms. SAUTER, though alien by blood, seems to have ranged himself with the British, and paints harmonies of subtle distinction.

LANDSCAPE

EAST

1849 –

SIR ALFRED EAST, A.R.A., born at Kettering of Northamptonshire middle-class folk, lived in a little town where there was not even a shop to get the materials for painting. Brought up to a business career, entering a counting-house in Glasgow, it was in early manhood in that counting-house that he began to feel the compelling desire to create art. He was full twenty-five, however, before he could make for Paris and learn the mysteries in earnest. Painting landscape at Barbizon, under the glamour of the men of 1830, in 1883 East showed his first landscape at the Royal Academy, *Dewy Morning*. His out-of-door work soon brought him into touch with the problems of colour that were creating the mass-impressionists and broken-colour impressionism; and he rapidly passed from grey schemes to the endeavour to utter the varying moods of Nature in colour-schemes that, whilst they held the stately compositions of the Romantic movement, were also concerned with the play and counterplay of light. His wide range in oils and water-colours has brought him honours from many countries.

XXVII

ALFRED EAST

1849

"BY THE EDGE OF THE LAKE"

By kind permission of R. Clarke Edwards, Esq., and *The Studio*

HUGHES STANTON has also founded his landscape on the majestic art of mass-impressionism, and has created a dignified and decorative art that sets him high in the modern achievement—bringing a stately measure into his decorative intention.

In PEPPERCORN landscape has found a tragic impressionist, who, if somewhat monotonously, utters the gloom and threat of Nature with vigorous brush.

WHEREIN IMPRESSIONISM THROUGH COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION CONQUERS THE REALM OF THE IMAGINATION

BRABAZON
1821 – 1896

BRABAZON, beginning as an amateur, developed into one of the most eloquent painters of blithe impressionism of the nineties. His original and intensely personal art was born out of Turner's revelation, wrought in the spirit of the broken-colour painters added to mass. He came to a luminosity and a lyrical power that mark him as one of the finest landscape-painters of the time ; and his fame will greatly grow.

Of the many brilliant painters in landscape who have founded on the practice of the modern aims, there is no room here to speak ; but the original art of MOFFAT LINDNER, of LIVENS and of MARK FISHER must be noted.

In water-colour, CLARA MONTALBA and her sisters, SIR ERNEST WATERLOW, C. J. WATSON, WIMPERIS, WETHERBEE, HAITÉ, and others who founded on the old English school have been touched by the modern flame ; whilst RANKEN, CECIL ALDIN, LEE HANKEY, LENFESTY, AUMONIER, OLIVER HALL, LITTLE, REGINALD BARRATT, LLOYD, MARSHALL, and the like, have looked upon it. WALTER BAYES' fine sense of decoration is wasted in criticism. MONTAGUE SMYTHE and HOPWOOD are both impressionistic. DAVID MURRAY is one of the best-known landscapists of the Academy.

THE PASTORAL IMPRESSIONISTS

CLAUSEN
1852 –

Beginning under the grey threat of the photographic realism of Bastien-Lepage, one day the revelation of colour-orchestration from Monet came to Clausen. There is no man living who states the moods of pastoral life with more lyrical power ; no one who is in truer fellowship with nature ; no one more intimate with her changing moods amidst the meadows and orchards and barns of the farmer folk ; no one who so exquisitely catches the lyric poetry of her mystic colours from sunrise to sundown where the labourer tills the

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fields or gathers the harvest or works in winter in the spacious gloom of barns. He takes just those exquisite ordinary scenes that are conveyed to us by the word Countryside, and he takes them in the fragrant and tender moments that haunt our whole being when we think of rural sounds and places; he sets them down for us with that colour-sense in which our memory retains them, rid of all superfluous detail, rhythmic and telling in all essential truths—so that there comes to us the whisper of familiar wayside sights and sounds. Whether he paint the night or the sunlight, the dusk or the sunset or the break of day, he utters the very music of it all in colours wrought by a lyric poet. Whether the village green or the village shop in the moonlight, or the peaceful village drowse in the wondrous shadow of the mystery of the night, half revealing the ghosts of the sleeping hamlet, a poet's voice speaks to us. With the play of the sunlight a more pulsing bravura of colour dazzles the senses.

HARRY BECKER has largely wrought his art in Holland. His blithe pastorals are rid of all taint of the weariness of toil. His peasants labour in the fields in joyous health and jocund freedom from the weariness that hangs like a threat over nearly all the modern attitude towards the labourers of the field. He pitches his harmonies in vigorously painted schemes of subtle and tender colour that form a fine orchestration for the blithe labourers, men and women, who till the earth and reap the harvest, so that his georgics are like an anthem of thanksgiving for the goodly fruits of the fields and orchards. He is one of the best of modern lithographers.

ARNESBY BROWN (1866-) has brought mass-impressionism to the utterance of the pastoral in a large decorative spirit. LA THANGUE (1860-) arouses a powerful impression of sunlight flooding a bright world. ADRIAN STOKES (1857-) employs colour-orchestration, as does his wife. EDWARD STOTT has painted the pastoral in twilight moods with tender and subtle charm and wistful melancholy. Mrs. SWYNNERTON is a forceful impressionist. FRED FOOTET is one of the British touch-impressionists who weaves poems of fancy from landscape. WYNFORD DEWHURST is another disciple of Monet.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

We now come to a society of British artists that has made a mark, if not as great as it promised, in the production of genius. As the society has more or less swallowed the Newlyn School, perhaps we had better go back to the Newlyn men.

XXVIII

CLAUSEN

1852–

"HOEING"

By kind permission of Messrs Boussod, Valadon & Co.
and *The Studio*

WHEREIN IMPRESSIONISM THROUGH COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION CONQUERS THE REALM OF THE IMAGINATION

There arose a group of Realist painters of a grey and black photographic Realism, known as the Newlyn men. At NEWLYN, in Cornwall, this English school of photographic realism founded on the Continental intention of Bastien-Lepage, brought forth a group of men, led by STANHOPE FORBES, all of whom painted black realism awhile. STANHOPE FORBES of late has developed a more colourful art. TUKE (1858-) much earlier became interested in colour, and seizes the play of light sparkling upon the waters and bathing the nude in luminosity, and BRAMLEY, (1857-) in his *Hopeless Dawn*, even whilst black and photographic, achieved work of tragic power; he has since greatly developed his colour-faculty. HALL was also of this school.

In 1886 the New English Art Club was formed as a secession from Academic ideals. It held two main streams, the Newlyn Realism and the Colour-Impressionists, of whom SARGENT was the supreme genius. The grey realists soon passed over to colour-impressionism, and CLAUSEN and LA THANGUE and others strengthened the impressionistic aim. Then came the broken-colour impressionists, headed by WILSON STEER, who may be said to be the head of the body, and the SICKERTS and other Whistlerians, like MAITLAND and ROUSSEL, confirmed the intention. Sargent, Clausen, and others have been swept into the Academy, leaving WILSON STEER as the type of the brotherhood. The Academy found in it at last a brilliant group of artists, who combined to give the last blow to that outworn institution. The Academy, by silence in public, by absorbing the leaders of its enemies, and by intrigue, had always broken all rivals. The Club used the Academy's own weapons against it, and being a more energetic and younger group of men, have at last seized every position of power and practically dominate the old enemy. Although of a fresher academism, it became inevitably a clique and an academy itself.

WILSON STEER (1860-) is the most brilliant type of the Club. With rare gifts of craftsmanship, he has flitted from style to style; now broken-colour impressionism; now the old English landscape men, chiefly Constable. One of the most brilliant Mannerists of the time he has achieved remarkable work. TONKS is one of the colourists of the school, and has done rare impressionistic works. WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN is an artist whose *Doll's House* revealed a powerful impressionism, and whose lithographic portraits have distinction. VON GLEHN, though wholly subject to Sargent, has painted good pictures. CONNARD is a fine colourist. W. W. RUSSELL is a brilliant colourist whose landscapes, interiors, and figures are

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wrought with a rare sense of the play of light and of colour under sunlight.

Several men of mark treated elsewhere have belonged to the Club, but are somewhat outside its type. In CHOWNE it possesses one of the most remarkably gifted painters of flower-pieces in Europe to-day; and in JAMES, a painter of flower-pieces in water-colours whose luminous use of colour is exquisite. PHILPOT is a portrait-painter who, if he can rid himself of mimicry of the great, threatens to reach a high position. ORPEN we have already considered. But the man of highest repute in the Club is AUGUSTUS E. JOHN, its draughtsman.

AUGUSTUS JOHN
1877 –

AUGUSTUS JOHN began his career with powerful colour-realism in the portraiture of gypsy-like women. He has hot allies to-day. Yet, in some strange way, the new-academism of the Club has cast a shadow upon his vision. His etchings recall pupilage to Rembrandt. And at present his painting is so steeped in the vision of Leonardo da Vinci that he seems ever seeking to reproduce the Leonardesque smile. Of all the Club Mannerists, he is incomparably the man nearest to genius; but whether he will shake off Mannerism, whether he will reveal original gifts, yet remains to be seen.

Now whilst the New English Art Club cannot be freed from the charge of that Mannerism that is Academism, it is a far more alive Mannerism than that of the Royal Academy. It at least founds chiefly on modern developments. It has opened its doors to men of mark to whom the Academy held out, as Americans say, "the icy mitten" instead of "the glad hand."

THE SCOTTISH PAINTERS OF THE NINETIES AND TO-DAY

By 1890 broken-colour impressionism was in full career, GEORGE HENRY and HORNEL coming to the front after a visit to Japan in 1893-5. MOUNCEY (1852-1901) in landscape, MACGEORGE (1861-), and ROBERT FOWLER and BLACKLOCK (1863-1903) were strongly influenced by Hornel.

The early doomed young painters YULE (1869-1900) and ROBERT BROUGH (1872-1905) followed; and then emerged a personality of marked individual power in S. J. PEPLOE, who has created a virile and searching colour-orchestration.

Before surveying Peploe's and Pryde's influence, however, it is well to note the exquisite water-colours of birds and flowers and

animals by EDWIN ALEXANDER, whilst CAMPBELL MITCHELL has made a mark in landscape.

STRANG (1859-) had been a fellow-student with W. Y. Macgregor at the Slade, and, under the glamour of Legros, had taken to etching. He was elected to the Royal Academy as an etcher; but why he should have been so elected in face of his equally remarkable work in painting, the Academy alone knows.

D. Y. CAMERON (1865-) paints stately landscapes and has made a mark as an etcher. Cameron is as serene and classical in spirit as Strang is rugged and brusque; both men are poets in art.

MUIRHEAD BONE (1876-) later came to the front as a draughtsman and etcher, winning to a considerable reputation upon a strangely scant achievement. Bone has felt the exquisite sense of the etched line; he is the essential etcher; the "size" of his *Ayr Prison* is marvellous as its sombre intensity of mood.

DAVID MUIRHEAD paints the home-life of the ordinary well-to-do; HARRINGTON MANN, FIDDES WATT, SHOLTO DOUGLAS, and BORTHWICK are of the portrait-painters.

By the remarkably gifted three who were destined to an early death, YULE (1869-1900), BROUGH (1872-1905), and BESSIE M'NICOL (1869-1904), so much brilliant promise had been given that we can only lament the tragedy of their careers.

BESSIE M'NICOL was one of the most remarkable women-artists.

In animal-painting WILLIAM WALLS has come to repute. T. AUSTEN BROWN is a forceful painter of country life.

Of the Scottish Impressionist landscape-painters, W. Y. MACGREGOR, painting the grandly-phrased *The Quarry*, and JAMES PATERSON (born in 1854), whose loosely handled and blurred landscape in oils and water-colours holds a personal vision, had as fellows—NAIRN (1859-1904); ALEXANDER MANN (1853-1908); the poetic MACAULAY STEVENSON, who is concerned ever with an elegiac mystical mood of nature; and the painter of spacious heavens with low horizons and low-lying foregrounds, CAMPBELL MITCHELL; TOM ROBERTSON, the lover of moonlit waters; whilst the tender pastorals of M'BRIDE and the decorative design and forceful painting of JAMIESON add to their repute. I take JACK the portraitist to be a Scot.

Of masters of pen-drawing whom Scotland has given us, DENHOLM ARMOUR should not be judged by his weak line-work for *Punch*; he is essentially a water-colour painter, and approaches the superb work of Joseph Crawhall (the younger). HARTRICK is a finer master of the pen and has romantic sense.

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ROMANTIC IMPRESSIONISM

CONDER

1868–1909

Standing in some ways in relation both to Whistler and Beardsley, but creating an exquisite art all his own, was the colour-poet, CHARLES CONDER, doomed to an early death. Conder employed colour in subtle lyrical fashion in an original way that suggests all the wistfulness of Watteau, all the hauntingness of Whistler, all the impudent naughtiness of Beardsley. His art was blown across the silk of fans like the fragile atmosphere of dreams; and in Conder the fan found its supreme master of the art. The effects of space, of aerial distances in his art are magical. His rhythmic utterance is like the music of viols and lutes in some old-world terraced garden by Versailles. Conder has also made delightful lithographs. He gives to the allure of women the glamour of the lover's vision, as when the ballroom is aglow with gay lights, and music is in the air, and there is the excitement of the dance. He brings to his art an exquisite utterance that set his colour beside the best work of Whistler in its lower register, and far above it in his higher, freer flights.

The Russian CONSTANTIN SOMOFF paints in a realm akin to that of Conder and of Beardsley.

SIME

1867–

With SIDNEY H. SIME there came into the art of England in the nineties one of her most remarkable men of genius. The Manchester lad who began breadwinning in the bowels of the earth must have already, with grim northern humour, been spinning dreams of heaven and hell before he came up to the surface at the pit's mouth to try sign-painting for a change. However, when he came from the Liverpool School of Art in 1893 to seek fortune in London, he was already master of an art that soon won him on to the illustrated papers. He came into illustration just as Beardsley, Raven Hill, Phil May, and all the brilliant young illustrators of the nineties were making the decade one of the greatest periods in illustration. His exquisite sense of line showed him kin to Beardsley on one side of his art; but he revealed a profound poetic sense, a grim philosophic gift, and a range of imagination far beyond Beardsley's ken. He early shed all influence, and developed a craftsmanship that enabled him to range heaven and hell. From a swift dexterous

caricaturist—one of the first of our generation—Sime suddenly came upon us as a poet. Sime had an intellect far beyond the artists of his time; he bent that intellect to artistry, compelling the senses to transform the idea into the experience. He felt the immensity of life. Where Beardsley laughed shrilly at Death and Doom and the Punishment of Sin, or passed it by with a gay shrug of the shoulder, Sime treats of great ideas with grim humour, hears the thunder of the spheres. Throughout his art is a grim chuckle at bogies, a large love of the human being, a deep compassion for the weak, a fierce desire to see behind the screen of the Unknown. He stands to-day in the foremost artistic achievement of our time—a poet of exquisite and subtle fancy, with a rare beauty of craftsmanship whereby to express his wide-ranging imagination. His painting is of a romantic and weird power. That this painting is not more widely known is a public loss. The large imagination of the man is wedded to a profound inquisition into the minds of men. He is perhaps the greatest living authority on Blake and Poe, as probably on Meredith.

TOM MOSTYN

1864 –

Tom Mostyn began to make a mark with glowing low-toned paintings of subjects and portraits that early won him honours in France. I next remember him as creating landscapes in the great English tradition. He has steadily developed his art, until to-day he has emerged as a poetic painter of romantic landscape in which he pours forth, as with largesse of glowing and glittering jewels, the moods aroused in the senses by dreams of the drama and romance of Nature. He is master of an art created by himself in which he has evolved a technique of extraordinary power. His sane vision has dreamed dreams founded on Nature; and his romantic spirit, at first hesitant, has rapidly found a bejewelled craftsmanship that brings forth radiant colour-harmonies. He has taken from the touch-impressionists all the orchestral possibilities of broken-colour, achieving without the disintegration of the prism what they thought could only be achieved by that disintegration.

GREIFFENHAGEN

1862 –

Greiffenhagen seems to have gone into silence of late; yet, in the nineties, his was one of the most glowing brushes that gave itself to colour-impressionism in a luminous, if somewhat low-toned

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art of remarkable decorative power; and his vision revealed a romantic essence all too rich and rare for retirement from the noble adventure of art.

DUDLEY HARDY

The son of a fine artist, DUDLEY HARDY is one of the most brilliant colourists of our time. No man has so wilfully squandered his gifts. Yet Dudley Hardy at his best remains one of the lyrical painters of his generation. If he go to Holland he paints Holland as though the whole modern genius of the land had flung him its craftsmanship. He does the same in France. He has such an innate gift for caricaturing any man's style or of repeating it at will, that it becomes a danger to him. His pictorial memory is a marvel. He will stoop to the most trivial advertisements or illustrations. Yet, when he pours forth his gifts upon a painting, when he takes himself seriously, he rises to lyrical utterance. He has dashed off lyrics of Algiers and Tangier, and made paintings of the Arabs, which for glow of colour and intensity of poetic utterance surpass the art of Fortuny and others who have given their lifework to try and create what Hardy flings off like a gesture. He is one of the great Ne'er-do-Weels of art who create by sheer genius, and waste themselves on trivialities the greater part of their lives; but his art will live, as their art nearly always lives.

MRS. DODS-WITHERS is a lyric poetess in landscape.

THE NORTHERN ROMANTIC IMPRESSIONISTS

Meanwhile a Northumbrian had gone back to the old English Chap-Books, and developed a most telling art from the broad black masses of the woodcuts of the English broad-sheet.

"OLD" CRAWHALL OF NEWCASTLE

Joseph Crawhall dips his hands into the stilted magnificence of the eighteenth century, gets a grip upon the elaborate etiquette and paste-buckled manners that held the time, and brings out in his deft fingers the discovered secret of the whole art of the chap-books, with the bluff hint of his own deeper secret of artistry added to it. And his modern eyes seeing the form of things more subtly than these Georgian folk saw it, seeing form with that deliberate grace that is the characteristic of our later nineteenth-century art, seeing it also with a full sense of its surface and body, and most of all of its texture —he gives us the art of the chap-books considerably glorified. So that you shall find amongst the geniuses of the old chap-book days —now wholly unknown, and their names altogether forgot—no

man of them all with gifts so complete and hand's skill so adequate as this Crawhall. What squidgy soft body he gives to a snail for all the limits of the wood-block's technicalities! how we almost count the slow inches of its slobby career as he sets his "demd, moist, unpleasant body" towards the vague ambition whither his protruding feelers blindly lead him—to end in the thrush's singing interior, or otherwise end in the music of the spheres!

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In none of those whimsical plays of fancy has this, our whimsical Old Crawhall, more vigorously displayed his knowledge of the sleight of hand that was in the craftsmanship of the eighteenth century, with its fine decorative sense, than in his *Dandy with the Powder Puff*; yet here again we see something of that subtlety of tone and of draughtsmanship peeping out through the breadth and rude skill of the thing. Even in his *Battle Ships*, with their laughing affectation of primitiveness, full of portholes, the artist but forced the drama a little so that he might give an inordinate threat of guns; so chokefull are they of impossible masts that there is not deck's planking enough into which to step them all, wherefore one or two are of needs almost overboard; but this exaggeration gives the desire to sail at all costs, and get the wind of all enemies, and we cannot quarrel with rigging that fouls under such virtuous ambition.

And his conventional *Sun*, is it not lit with the flare of the old broadsheets? flaming out of the days when journalism was touched with classic aspirations; when journalism, not yet being devoid of some ambition to be accused of the smell of midnight oil that is the very perfume of scholarship, always spoke of him, half-playfully, as Old Sol!

PRYDE

1866 –

James Pryde has largely, with Crawhall, created one of the strongest schools of painting of our time. Pryde took up the British achievement where the most virile effort had ended, and in the vigour and fearless vision of Hogarth, the broad art of the chap-book men, as Crawhall perfected it, he founded his utterance. He rapidly increased in power, the mass-impressionism of France not being lost upon him. The full-blooded nature of the man has found its outlet in native art, powerful and haunting, dramatic above all things, and personal. The affectation of the Arthurian romance repelled him; he is rather the heir to Chaucer, to Balzac, to Rabelais. Romance and drama breathe through his every work.

Pryde for awhile took up pastels; but he seems early to have

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exhausted the range of the pastel: and his use of oils reveals his soundness of judgment in employing the more powerful medium in which his breadth of touch is as marked as his subtlety, as *The Demi Mondaine* bears witness.

Strange to say, Pryde clings to a very low scale of colour; and though he employs it with a resonant colour-sense, his art more than hints at a rich orchestration held grimly in reserve. Perhaps it is this reserve that is chiefly responsible for that monotony of style from which he seems unable or unwilling to shake himself free.

James Pryde, with his brother-in-law, William Nicholson, first came before the public ken as the Beggarstaff Brothers, who brought art to the walls of our thoroughfares, with some of the most masterly posters that have been created. He has the artist strain in him; both Scott Lauder and Beugo were his close kin on the mother's side. But he owes most to his own romantic vision, wedded to a Rabelaisian joy in life. His work is rich in character —whether he portray the rubicund jollity of *Jorrocks* or the full-girthed stupidity of *Old John Willet*, mine host of the old Maypole Inn from *Barnaby Rudge*, or limns the sardonic humour and tragic bearing of *Henry Irving* in the finest portrait ever painted of the great Victorian actor. He does not produce quickly. His *Murder House* is typical of the haunting power of his scenes, built up with rare gifts of brushing, colour, arrangement, black and white. It thrills by its high romantic atmosphere, its threat of tragedy, its resonant colour, its largeness of spacing.

Pryde seems to be baulked by some strange sluggishness of creative faculty. He leaves the impression of genius unfulfilled, of a powerful imagination dropped to earth. Yet out of all his work there is breathed a strange, compelling, tragic sense as of the travail of a soul akin to the soul of Edgar Allan Poe.

NICHOLSON

1872 –

The younger of the famous "Beggarstaff Brothers," being six years the junior of his brother-in-law, James Pryde, is WILLIAM NICHOLSON. Nicholson, if we are to judge his art when created apart from that of Pryde, is gifted with rare distinction of arrangement, a fertile imagination, and great sense of arrangement. His blithe art, strangely enough, he utters with an almost sombre reserve in colour. Nicholson has created an art of woodcut, printed in massed blacks upon an ochre or raw umber ground, and touched with colour, which has brought forth a large school of artists.

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PRYDE

1866–

"LA DEMIMONDAINE"

By kind permission of His Honour Judge W. Evans and *The Studio*

His immortal portrait series done in this method, his great *London Types*, and his *Almanack of Twelve Sports* have brought him the world-wide fame he deserved. He is equally a man of genius with oils, water-colours, or coloured woodcuts. His still-life will one day be reckoned amongst the masterpieces in this realm ; and his *Cupids Fighting for a Rose* and the *Cupids* in a window are unforgettable. To everything that he designs he brings distinction—whether a playing card, a ball programme, or an initial letter.

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GORDON CRAIG

Edward Gordon Craig, son of the famous actress, Ellen Terry, though he has given his art chiefly to the theatre, in which he is to-day an European influence, is also one of the most poetic painters of our times. Self-trained in the chap-book art of Crawhall, and largely influenced in youth by James Pryde as he himself declares, he early developed an original personal vision of a high order. His woodcuts are amongst the finest that the age has produced, amongst the finest that any age has produced. But he has also developed an art of water-colour so intensely personal, wrought with so dramatic a power, that he is the supreme poet of this very remarkable group of painters. The dramatic intensity of such designs as some of the Shakespeare scenes, of the series for *Electra*, or the like, is of an order that defies comparison with anything else in the whole range of painting. The effect of his application of colour-harmonies to the theatre has been one of the most wide-reaching of all modern movements on the European stage. His unerring sense of arrangement, his consummate sense of design, have enabled him to give utterance to an art of the most dramatic kind, haunting and rhythmical. I know no artist to-day with such gifts for evoking majesty, tragedy, dignity.

Amidst his wide activities he has brought to the craft of printing and lettering a consummate taste that far outdistances the whole achievement of Morris and his school—showing a sense of selection and a grip of the relation of the design to the printed word.

JOSEPH SIMPSON

Founding on the art of Pryde and Nicholson, which freed him from the hard æsthetic tendencies of his pupillage, Simpson rapidly came to the front as the draughtsman of this group. His adventure into caricature, which was the rather fine portraiture in the solid blacks of the chap-book style of the Beggarstaffs, brought him

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personal utterance; and his craftsmanship in the making up of a book, from its cover-design to the arrangement of the print, has affected the modern book, based on the fine essays of the whole of this school. Simpson has of late taken to painting, in which his few essays give rare promise, and reveal him to be possessed of subtle colour-vision and a higher colour utterance than his first masters the Beggarstaffs, and more akin to the colour-orchestration of Fergusson and Peploe. Indeed, Simpson bridges the two northern schools.

Of several artists of this school, DACRES ADAMS and FLINT are coming steadily to the front. The brothers Orr are also of this decorative school, as is the young artist LOVAT FRASER.

Akin in some measure but creating an art apart is Joseph Crawhall the younger.

JOSEPH CRAWHALL THE YOUNGER
1861 –

The son of "Old" Crawhall, JOSEPH CRAWHALL was dowered with genius, Trained by one of the most original of artists, his sporting father, Joseph Crawhall came forth as one of the most original painters of our time. An exquisite draughtsman, Crawhall floats his luminous flat washes of colour over his design with marvellous decorative power. His eye for the forms and structure of animals surpasses the marvellous skill of Japan. His studentship to Aimé Morot left no mark upon his art. His favourite ground is fine brown holland, which aids the swiftly floated water-colours to render the texture of fur and feather. His *Spangled Cock* and *Black Cock* are of his highest achievement.

THE COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION OF THE SCOTTISH SCHOOL OF PEPLOE

The Mass-Impressionism revealed to England by Manet through Whistler found many pupils. In Scotland there arose a painter who founded on Whistler, but rapidly developed an art quite outside Whistler's range, into which light and blithe colour entered to rid it of Whistler's low tones. This man, PEPLOE, added the bravura of the broken-colour impressionists without breaking colour.

PEPLOE

S. J. PEPLOE has evolved a vigorous painting at first stroke, fluid and direct, which he has raised to remarkable achievement. It is true that he has been more concerned with the means of uttering

art than with the emotional range of the significance of life that craftsmanship alone serves to create. But the forerunner is often the great craftsman rather than the wide-ranging artist. Whether life has yielded him a wide gamut of its significance he has as yet given no sign. But that which he does see, he interprets with a power of impressionism which it would be impossible to surpass so far as the craft of painting has as yet been employed. The play of light upon the thing seen, the values of colours in their depth of atmosphere, the whole basic significance of the vision of things to the naked eye, are easily within this man's empire. His subtle sensing of colour has never been surpassed. Compared with him, Whistler was sombre, half-blind. For subtlety and freshness of colour-sense, there is no one to approach him and his pupil Fergusson in Europe to-day. He has thrust impressionism far beyond Manet or Monet, yet—he is also baulked by their lack of the eagle's flight by the limited imagination. It is as if the gods denied one man the All. All is delivered into his hands but the gift of song — and the song is the essential All!

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FERGUSSON

Trained by Peploe, JOHN DUNCAN FERGUSSON was soon the equal of his master, and rapidly increased his mastery of colour. Fergusson at first looked like becoming but a brilliant disciple of Whistler; but he very early surpassed Whistler in colour-orchestration. Peploe's astounding range of colour soon lifted Fergusson to as blithe and joyous an art, and as wide-ranging a faculty of uttering light, as he himself had mastered. Thenceforth Fergusson advanced to that lyrical painting that places him amongst the supreme masters of the younger group. The Marchesi *Berneval*, *The Lady in Pink*, proclaimed him a master far outside the limited realm that Whistler made his own. There is now not only a fresh virile sense of the glamour of light, but a pulsing movement of air and leafage and water. He had already painted a moonlit square in Cadiz, in which he had revealed this virile handling in the treatment of the night that Whistler had mastered. The square is possessed with the wondrous mystery that enwraps the earth when the moon holds dominion in the heavens. The figures of the woman and child flit ghost-like across the moon-flooded square with that intangible subtlety of unreality which possesses the world when the purple firmament is ablaze with its myriad stars—their very movement seems, with stealthy uncanniness, to add to the mighty stillness. Above all, the scene is bathed in the impalpable volume of the half-revealing

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light, yielding a hush into the senses, eloquent as it is of the stillness of things.

In his famous night-piece of *Dieppe*, he ventured into a far more difficult realm. He boldly attempted the vivid blues of the evening when the summer night is a pulsing harmony of rich tones. A stretch of green sward, the purple night winning to mastery over the defeated day; in front flit a few well-dressed figures of fashionable folk in evening attire; beyond are the rush and swirl of fireworks that ascend with hiss and roar into the leagues of blue, shrilly bursting into glorious rain of vivid hues, descending in a shower of coloured fire that lurches downward to earth again, then hangs for awhile in the heavens, held back and sustained by the resisting air that opposes its earthward velocity and allows the golden glory of it to come down only in slower and more sedate pageantry.

Here was an artist who had mastered the craft of Manet, of Whistler, of Peploe, and the whole modern revelation, and found an utterance for his own personal vision which is a marvel in a young painter. The vividness of his impression, the purity of tones and telling emotional sense of colour, win from Nature her gladness, and light, and mystery. The play and flicker and rhapsody of light, the swirl and eddy and glint of the waters, the fragrance of the earth, are his to create into lyrical art. His achievement is enhanced and his domain widened by his full-blooded joy in, and large interest in, every passing whim that the light of heaven reveals to him. Nothing is too exquisite, nothing too exuberant for the inquisition of his interest; and he has mastered a direct technique and a fearlessness of colour which give him quick facility to interpret what he sees. His forceful brush sweeps on to the canvas whatsoever mood the world at the moment arouses in the mirror of his senses, whether it be awakened by the haunted, subtle hour of dusk, the ghostly passing of the night, or the laughing moments when sun and breeze run riot over the land, or the thunder-laden heavens announce their lightning-loaded tragedies. From each place he filches its essential spirit, its fragrance, its savour; each of the twenty-four hours yields to him its secret. The sun-flecked waters set his brush skipping carol-wise; the twilight yields its sombre stateliness.

I have shown that Fergusson, mastering the superb craft of the mysteries of painting from Peploe, has brought to the practice a more profound art—a larger sense of life. The whole realm seemed opening to him. And just as he seemed at grips with the greatest problems in art, he has become interested in enlarging the gamut of

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FERGUSSON

"BERNEVAL—THE LADY IN PINK"

By kind permission of Madame MARCHESI and *The Studio*

craftsmanship again. He has turned aside to pattern, rhythm, and decoration. Whether it is to become his Sedan or to lead him to wider ranging I know not—we must abide the result; but there is danger in leaving the great advance in the midst of the onward charge in order to make flank attacks. For Fergusson the rest is on the knees of the gods. But he who mistakes craft for art is lost.

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Fergusson has trained a brilliant American pupil in Miss Estelle Rice. Whether it be under his influence that she is dangerously threatened with primitive-academism I know not—master and pupil are at work in Paris, and Paris rings with primitive-academism. Character, the supreme faculty of portraiture, is sneered at as subordinate to pattern. Rhythm, the essential of all great craftsmanship, is set above the sensing of life. A heavy threat lies upon the younger men. Time alone will show whether they are to conquer or to fall, as all great art falls at last, into Mannerism, and is no more. The professor of philosophy and the mathematician loom; and song is always slain by the pedants. The craft of impressionism is the vastest yet built for the utterance of great song; but where are the singers? 'Tis time they were done patching up the instrument and got them to their singing.

LINE-ORCHESTRATION

Alongside Colour-Orchestration has been evolved an impressionism of Line-Drawing whereby the line is employed in musical rhythm.

BEARDSLEY

1872 – 1898

The genius of the greatly gifted youth, Aubrey Beardsley, did not utter itself in painting. But his influence has been wide. Born of middle-class folk at Brighton, the delicate lad early displayed astounding gifts; and almost before full manhood he had created a remarkable art and was gone to his grave.

Beardsley was attacked and is still attacked for his erotic intention. To deny that intention is to deny his whole significance. But art is as justified in treating the erotic emotions as in treating any other emotions; and Beardsley uttered the sexual sensing of the human being with power. A sickly youth developing into a disease-inflicted manhood turned his art to a flippant attitude to life; but such also was the art of several giants of the Past, and we must judge him as artist, not as moralist.

A HISTORY

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The lad was a greedy student of literature, and in his teens had mastered the erotic masterpieces of French and classic literature. The erotic colour-prints of Japan he bought at a time that money needed hard winning.

Beardsley was the reaction towards the hectic life out of the æsthetic movement that created him. Beardsley was born out of the art of Burne-Jones. The whole monkish attitude is born out of an unwholesome and distorted repulsion from sex, and its reactions are inevitable. Beardsley was the crown of that reaction.

I withdraw Beardsley utterly from the primal-academism of his school, because the forms of the academism that originally interested him soon became a form only. Though he came from Rossetti out of Burne-Jones, and was subject to Botticelli and Mantegna, he early developed a style wholly his own, and fitted to utter his individual vision of life.

Born on the 21st of August 1872 at Brighton, the child, quiet and reserved by nature, early showed a liking for drawing. The disease which destroyed him showed a threat at seven; at nine he was taken to Epsom. In 1883 his family went to London, the child appearing as a musical infant-phenomenon with his sister at concerts. Kate Greenaway's art drew the young musician, and he made pocket-money with menus and other cards. In 1884, his twelfth year, he was sent back to Brighton with his sister to live with an old aunt; here the boy was soon reading books. In the November he went to the Grammar School, where he fell amongst kindly and encouraging masters. His drawings of this time are of little promise. In the July of 1888, his sixteenth year, he went to an architect in London, going thence in 1889 to an insurance office, and was very ill for a couple of years. In 1891, at nineteen, he became stronger again, and set to work on illustration, warmly encouraged by the Rev. Alfred Gurney. Then artistic friends saw the promise of the lad, Aymer Vallance amongst others. Up to this point he was working on the lines of Burne-Jones, Botticelli, and Mantegna, and his *Joan of Arc* and *Litany of Mary Magdalen* little more than show promise of his gifts. His earlier work was imitation of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and William Morris; yet even in this æsthetic mimicry a personal vision rapidly revealed itself. However, whilst in the insurance office, he went in 1892 at night to Professor Brown's school at Westminster. In the August he left the office. Dent gave him the *Morte d'Arthur* to illustrate and he left the art school.

Whilst he wrought his fine designs for the *Morte d'Arthur*, he

developed from mimicry to a personal art which sets the whole effort of Morris's book-illustration in a second-rate position. The gulf between the earlier designs and the later designs is so vast that another man might almost have been thought to have created them. The restless, feverish spirit of the lad tired of the task before it was completed. Then came Pennell as ally and hotly fought his cause. Beardsley haunted the British Museum and National Gallery. With the idea of illustrating *The Shaving of Shagpat*, he met Mr. John Lane. A certain deft gift of literature of a meretricious kind he was persuaded to abandon, fortunately for his art, though he wrote two or three poems with skill. Intensely secretive about his work, it seemed a miracle that he did any, for one was soon meeting Beardsley everywhere. He destroyed early examples of his work with rare forethought; and would exchange fine later works for earlier ones amongst his friends. Yet, many hid away early efforts that he desired to destroy, and after his death published them!

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Some drawings in the *Pall Mall Budget* in February 1893 showed feeble powers; but for the newly founded *Studio* he drew a passable cover in the style of the *Morte d'Arthur*, and Pennell introduced him to the public with some fine designs. Beardsley now came under strong Japanese influence, and produced the much lauded work of his career—the Japanese imitation threatened to destroy all his great gifts. At the end of 1893 he was at work on the illustrations for *Salome*, in which he evolved this style founded on the Japanese—his second phase. In the April of 1894 appeared the *Yellow Book*, the first four volumes containing illustrations that revealed to the world that there had arisen a new artist of personal and impudent vision. He became famous. He was widely assailed as well as praised. In the January of 1896, Beardsley showed enormous strides in his art by his superb contributions to *The Savoy*, published by Leonard Smithers. This was his great period, the third period that brought forth *The Rape of the Lock* and the superb masterpieces that made *The Savoy* one of the greatest illustrated works ever produced. The *Lysistrata* designs, though necessarily privately printed, show Beardsley at his highest powers —those designs that in one of his last letters he adjured his friend "in his death agony" to destroy, and he is said to have destroyed the most obscene. Unfortunately, a chill at Brussels brought back ill-health, and his disease got a firm grip of the blithe, witty young fellow. His last works, the drawings to *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, in which he employs wash with his line, and the marvellous pencil

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designs for the *Volpone*, to say nothing of its glorious cover-design, on which he was at work when death struck, prove his power. In 1897 he went to Paris, and was never to see his native land again. At the end of the year he was taken to the Riviera, dying at Mentone on the 25th of March 1898.

A charming personality, witty, dry, and brilliant in converse, Beardsley knew early fame. He feverishly packed a long life into his few short years. Coming early into the glare of London society from a modest home, he acquired an affected manner; but it covered a really gentle spirit.

Beardsley mastered a line of such exquisite quality that it affects the eye as the perfect notes of a violin affect the hearing. Whilst he was not an illustrator in the sense of interpreting the text, the subjects of literature gave him the motives for his rhythmic art. That he owed much to the Greek vase-painters is obvious. But it was when he mastered all that was greatest in the engraving of the eighteenth century, and utterly beat it, that he revealed his greatest gifts. His invention was limitless. His industry as enormous as it was secret. He never mastered colour, except in the low tones of his fine *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, an exquisite thing; and his self-sufficient talk about painting proved that colour meant little to him. In Turner he could only see "rhetoric"! Think of it! this lad at twenty-five was one of the world's greatest masters of one of the most difficult mediums known to the artist—the pen line. And though at first he seem but an illustrator of books, at bottom his art is an utterance of life. He took subjects from literature, and in the crucible of his genius they became new things; he gave them a pulsing life. Beardsley was a poet in every fibre. He took the Japanese line—and surpassed it. He took the great eighteenth-century engravers—and surpassed them. He took Morris's mediæval designs—he put them into a mediocre class. He did more—he took the superb achievement of Greece in its vase-painting—and he surpassed it. Yet he was dead at twenty-five.

Beardsley created schools on the Continent and in America.

The American, W. H. BRADLEY, is one of the best gifted of the school. In Germany HEINE and MARCUS BEHMER found their black and white work upon Beardsley, Behmer without disguise.

PHIL MAY
1864 – 1903

Born to an engineer at Leeds in 1864, and left at nine to fight his way in the world, Phil May was twelve when he began to earn

a living. Drawn to art from boyhood, he taught himself from LINLEY SAMBOURNE's cartoons in *Punch*. An assistant to the scene-painter of the Grand Theatre at Leeds at fourteen, he made pocket-money by drawing portraits of the actors and actresses. For three years he toured with theatrical companies. In 1882 he came to London without a shilling, and for a couple of years he wellnigh starved. But the personal charm of this lovable man soon won him friends. Lionel Brough got him upon the staff of *Society*, thence he went to the *St. Stephen's Review*, thence to Australia to the *Sydney Bulletin* until 1888, when he again made for London, and won to ever-increasing fame on the illustrated papers—making his mark on the *St. Stephen's Review*, on *Pick-me-up*, on the *Graphic*, and the *Pall Mall Budget*, at last reaching to *Punch*. He reduced the superfluous line. He employed line to utter the life of the people in immortal fashion; and during his great decade he is the supreme master of the life of the people.

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Penwork to-day is the essentially democratic medium of our age; etching is a technical harking back to a means of utterance that had the same intention in Rembrandt's age—the reduplicating of works of art.

First as to ETCHING: of the British genius BRANGWYN stands out in the European opinion as the supreme etcher. LEGROS at times reached to great heights. WHISTLER, in a narrower realm, was very exquisite, but the great emotions of life were beyond him, and he wisely employed small plates. SEYMOUR HADEN was a good if somewhat commonplace etcher; COLONEL GOFF is a brilliant amateur. STRANG has made some excellent plates. ALFRED EAST is a fine decorative landscapist. C. J. WATSON, BURRIDGE, MARTIN HARDIE, TRISTRAM ELLIS are good etchers. The Scots D. Y. CAMERON and MUIRHEAD BONE and FRANK SHORT have done excellent work.

England's pen's draughtsmen have been remarkable since Pre-Raphaelite days; and SANDYS, LORD LEIGHTON, HOLMAN HUNT, MILLAIS, ROSSETTI, MAHONEY, CHARLES GREEN, HARRISON WEIR, BIRKET FOSTER, CRUIKSHANK, HABLOT K. BROWNE, FRED WALKER, FILDES, HERKOMER, SMALL, PINWELL, TENNIEL, BOYD HOUGHTON, RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, SIR JOHN GILBERT, SHIELDS, DU MAURIER, KEENE, RAVEN HILL, BRANGWYN, BLAKE-WIRGMAN, CRANE, PARSONS, LINLEY SAMBOURNE, PHIL MAY, BERNARD PARTRIDGE, CHANTREY CORBOULD, BROCK, HUGH THOMSON, AUBREY BEARDSLEY, ANNING BELL, RAILTON, MANUEL, DULAC, MISS HAMMOND,

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PEGRAM, NEW, LAURENCE HOUSMAN, MISS PITMAN, MILLAR, TOWNSEND NELSON, CARTON MOORE PARK, E. T. REED, HASSALL, GALLACHER, GRIGGS, ELEANOR BRICKDALE, BYAM SHAW, SIME, GARTH JONES, SPARE, CARTER, CHARLES ROBINSON and the Australian NORMAN LINDSAY, have raised it to the foremost achievement.

ARTHUR RACKHAM employs a quaint and charming fancy in inked line upon a brown ground, into which he floats low-toned colour. E. J. SULLIVAN has poetic gifts which he employs in the inked line, in water-colours, and in lithography, his fine draughtsmanship being the handmaid to a wide-ranging imagination. EDGAR WILSON is one of the most original decorative artists with the pen line that this country has brought forth, and deserves a far higher place in art than is granted to him. HARTRICK is a master of several methods, water-colour, pencil, lithography and oils. MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN is one of the most delightful of living illustrators. BELLINGHAM SMITH is a poet, as he reveals in his water-colours of old English castles. JACKSON is one of the most masterly of the lithographers, and SPENCER PRYSE has made his mark, as has BECKER in this province. Painters of the sea and shipping are DIXON and WILKINSON.

MODERN IMPRESSIONISM IN FRANCE

French impressionists are labelled with different tags as the "Intimistes" and the "Peinture-claire," and the rest of it; but this is mere docketing.

BESNARD and GASTON LA TOUCHE continue to develop colour-orchestration with power.

LE SIDANER

1862 –

HENRI LE SIDANER, one of the most exquisite poets in painting, was a son of fisherfolk from St. Malo. Born in the Ile Maurice, where the little fellow passed his life until ten, thereafter his home was at Dunkirk, the greyness of the North Sea overwhelming the Creole blood of the youngster. His father was given to painting and sculpture for recreation, and taught the lad. At fifteen he left school and entered the École des Beaux-Arts at Dunkirk, being brought up under the heavy tradition of the Antwerp School. When he went to the École des Beaux-Arts at Paris he passed under Cabanel for five long years, sketching animals at the Parisian Zoo, and copying Delacroix and Jordaens the while. It so happened that in 1881 Manet showed the *Slayer of Lions* and the *Rochefort*,

and the young fellow stood before them in wonder. Here were things that were scorned by his studio, they were against all his teaching, yet they profoundly impressed him. The *Bar des Folies-Bergères* still more moved him. It so chanced that he went to Étaples for his holiday in 1881. At Étaples he settled from 1884 to 1893, nine eventful years that made him a poet. Here he made comrades of VAIL, THAULOW, DUHEM, ALEXANDER HARRISON, and other impressionists.

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A visit to Holland revealed to him the mastery of Rembrandt, De Hoogh, and Vermeer. A third class medal at the Salon gave him the chance to go to Italy, and he copied Fra Angelico. He turned his back on Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto. Perhaps it was this visit that sent him to the deserted thoroughfares of peaceful Flemish towns. So he always paints, with a vision and lyrical melancholy like our poet Gray of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," the haunts of men in which the departed humans are felt but as ghosts. With a wizard power of invoking subtlest impressions, he yields into our senses the silent streets of old-world Flemish cities or the glittering twilight and nights of Venice, with intense power, and a handling of masses built up by touches of colour that thrill and vibrate in the senses. One of the purest mystics of our day is perhaps Le Sidaner, who never employs a trick or symbol, but arouses in our senses the mystery of things above symbol, and wins from us a sigh such as twilight evokes. The Luxembourg possesses the exquisite *La Table*, spread with a white cloth on which glows a lamp mingling its light with the dreamy lilacs of a moonlight evening that holds possession of the courtyard of a country house. He is a very poet who compels Nature to sing her intense moods with lyrical tenderness.

Of the more dreamy creators of impressionistic poems in France are ÉDOUARD VUILLARD, whose art is closely founded on the Japanese vision, painting with tender colour the home-life of the people, seamstresses, children, flowers; EUGÈNE LOMONT, with his interiors in which women play music; MAURICE LOBRE, who makes the old rooms at Versailles haunted with their ancient perfume; ARMAND BERTON, who brings smiling women into his dreamy world; SIMON BUSSY; LOUIS PICARD, who sets blithe, slender women in gay gardens; EDMOND AMAN-JEAN, who with exquisite colour paints the subtler moods of women; and ERNEST LAURENT, who paints the fascination of the home-life. Somewhat akin to Conder is RENÉ MÉNARD; his nude maiden, *By the Sea*, is a fine type of this poetic sensing. HELLEU, best known as an

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etcher of the portraits of beautiful women, is also a fine colourist, a brilliant impressionist.

MAXIME MAUFRA, born at Nantes in 1861, learnt something of painting from a teacher of the town, Le Roux; but his commercial father compelled the lad to take up a business career. Being sent to Liverpool, the young fellow copied pictures in the galleries there. Making some money, he broke with commerce and devoted himself to painting, to the consternation of his family and friends; but five years' hard toil saw him without patrons. He collected his works and had a one-man show in Paris. The famous dealer Durand-Ruel walked into the show, sent for Maufra; and thenceforth the artist knew no neglect. Turner and Constable were his art gods.

Born at Toulouse in 1864 to an editor of the town who was interested in art, the young DIDIER-POUGET was encouraged from early days to paint Nature, and after local training he passed into the studio of Lalanne the famous illustrator. Local encouragement spurred him on to Paris, and success came to him early. Honours have fallen thick upon him. The Salon has shown his works since 1886. BELLEROCHE (1864-) is a fine artist, as his famous *Tea-Table* proves. LUNOIS (1863-) is well-known for his impressionistic methods.

HENRI MARTIN
1860 -

HENRI MARTIN has combined the decorative intention with realism and the flicker of sunlight to an extent that suggests Puvis de Chavannes set afire—peasants and pastoral life set amidst glorious landscapes. Born at Toulouse on the 5th of May 1860, Martin was born into impressionism of which he is one of the colour-poets to-day.

B A I L
1862 -

JOSEPH BAIL, born at Limonest on the 22nd January 1862, of artist stock, came to the front in the late eighties and made his mark in the nineties as one of the most forceful painters of the home-life and of still-life. His woman pouring vinegar from a large bottle amongst pickles, called *La Ménagère*; his fine paintings of cooks'-boys in kitchens, of which he is so fond—*gatte-sauces*, as an old French nurse used to call them—of which is the famous *La Cigarette*, all prove his power.

GEORGES LÉON DUFRENOY is a brilliant painter amongst the younger Frenchmen. CHARLES LACOSTE of Bordeaux has national

vision. The French-Canadian, WILSON JAMES MORRICE, has learnt his craft in Paris, and French he is in artistry; he paints Canada as he sees Canada with the French vision of his race, and he has all the subtle colour-sense of France.

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NOIRÉ

France has given a voice to North Africa in impressionism through the art of Noiré. MAXIME NOIRÉ has bathed his senses in the atmosphere of Tunis and Algiers and the desert until he pours forth vigorous utterance of the sunlit land. He hymns Morocco, the desert, Africa of the Mediterranean Sea.

The impressionist movement has brought forth some very fine painters of the portrait, though the tendency is to be low in tone.

JACQUES ÉMILE BLANCHE (1861-), strongly influenced by Whistler and Besnard, has become not only an excellent portrait-painter, but a good painter of interiors.

LOUIS ANQUETIN paints good Manetesque portraiture.

ANTONIO DE LA GANDARA, founding on Velazquez, with the subtle vision for colour of Whistler, though he of late developed a somewhat brown and dry style, has painted portraits of remarkable power, and his landscapes of the years gone by were exquisitely sensed.

HENRI CARO-DELVAILLE is an interesting painter of French-women in their drawing-room life, and of nudes. Of his portraits of ladies with their children, the fine *Grandmother and Little Girl* has perhaps brought him widest repute; his style is akin to that of Boldini and the other society painters of Paris, and inclined to be low in tone. His *Madame Rostand* is one of his successes.

But the modern achievement in French art of most vital power has arisen largely in illustration.

FORAIN
1852-

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN, pupil to Degas, has brought forth a prodigious mass of social satire upon the middle-classes of France, chiefly in line-drawings for the press. The art of Forain is remarkable for its powerful shorthand of draughtsmanship. Forain employs a quick nervous line, used with the utmost selection and reticence of handling, sometimes adding a dash of wash with marvellous skill. But the larger qualities of the man are to be seen in his less-known paintings, in which he reveals himself a sombre follower of Degas. But Forain runs even here to exaggeration of type and consequent caricature. He has his master's taste for the wings of the theatre and the night cafés. His pictures of middle-

class France, of financiers, deputies, and the like, will live; but the impression received from them alone will give but a sordid estimate of his great country.

JEANNIOT is a powerful painter and illustrator of the life of the day.

VIERGE
1847-1882

DANIEL VIERGE, a Spaniard by origin, wrought his art under Impressionism in France, though that art chiefly concerned itself with the literature and habits and atmosphere of his own land. Vierge was a superb artist; and great as he was as illustrator in line, his wash-work and water-colours are even greater. His *Turkey-Market* and *Pig-Market* are masterly impressionism.

LOUIS LEGRAND
1864 –

LOUIS LEGRAND, pupil to Félicien Rops, is an etcher and draughtsman as well as a painter, formed in the development of the mass-impressionism of Manet and Degas. Legrand is an artist of power. His masses and his vigorous and tuneful line are of a personal utterance that set him in a foremost place in the modern endeavour. Dijon brought forth a master in Louis Legrand.

LEPÈRE

AUGUSTE LEPÈRE, painter, pastellist, and wood-engraver, is most famous as one of the impressionist wood-engravers of our age. His use of black and white to create contrast is of rare musical sense.

PAUL RENOUARD has given his career to the illustration of the life of the day in the illustrated press, largely to the *Graphic*. He is not only a fine draughtsman in chalk, but an etcher.

LAUTREC
1864 – 1901

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC-MONFA was born at Albi to the Comte de Toulouse-Lautrec, a wealthy scion of the Counts of Toulouse, one of the great historic families of France; and from the sporting father (a fine horseman, something of a sculptor), young Lautrec inherited a wild spirit. Unfortunately, whilst an infant, he had both his legs broken, and, the legs being badly set, he grew up a misshapen dwarf. The lad's high spirit and proud nature made him shy of being seen amongst his fellows. The family came to live in Paris in 1883, the young fellow's nineteenth year, and Lautrec went first to Bonnat, then to Cormon's studio in 1884 for a year; then in 1885 he met Degas. His student work caused no

stir, but he was sketching the types of the street the while; and when Steinlen came to the front with his astounding studies of the people and made his mark, Lautrec with a dwarf's bitterness would vow that Steinlen had stolen his ideas. A wide gulf separated the vision and the art of Steinlen and Lautrec—the gulf that separates the great humanist and the bitter mocker. Lautrec had the fierce conceit and the bitter egoism of a stunted man. A witty fellow, caustic, strident and shrill of voice, gesticulative, he was well liked by his fellows. He came to wide repute chiefly through his posters, which revealed an astonishingly original vision, a quaint unconventional arrangement clearly founded on the unsymmetrical symmetry of the Japanese genius, and always giving the strident and gesticulative essence of the man. Founding on Degas, above all influencing IBELS, the artist nearest akin to him, Lautrec's repute is constantly increasing—and will increase. His decorative sense, his compelling use of line and mass, and his simplification of colour-masses have all created school. His famous poster of *Aristide Bruant* shows the poet-landlord of an artists' tavern in Montmartre. Lautrec found his most congenial field in the music-halls of Paris; and for their singers of genius he created masterpiece after masterpiece—of which were *La Goulue* (the dancer of the Moulin Rouge); the many fine caricature posters of *Yvette Guilbert*; *La Vache Enragée*; *Babylone d'Allemagne*; *L'Artisan Moderne*; the fearsome *At the Foot of the Scaffold*, and the like. Lautrec's wonderful use of the head of a great 'cello or of an orchestra beyond which the figure moves upon the stage, is most original and decorative, as in the famous monster hand that holds the head of a 'cello beyond which the slender *Jane Avril* performs a high-kick dance, or the as famous *Divan Japonais* or *La Gitane*.

Of the music-hall Lautrec caught the whole flare and glitter and racket, the strong scents and powder and paint, the gorgeous crudities. He saw that all that was vital in the dance had left the false toe-pirouetting of the ballet at the opera, and had flown to the far finer dancing of the music-halls. Lautrec journeyed to Spain, to Holland, and to England, but his art wasever of Paris.

In HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC the flame of rare genius burnt fervently in the body, ill-treated by Nature, afflicted with constant ailments. And Lautrec with fiery energy and restless wilfulness revenged himself on Nature by revealing her in her vicious moods. His bitter spirit boldly charged her with her fantastic vulgarity. His masterly line and his powerful artistic utterance flaunted her grotesqueness. He delighted to show the painted faces and the

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frenzied life of her underworld in her cafés and night haunts. Descended in vision from Daumier, mastering and adding force to the handling of Degas, Lautrec boldly proclaimed the vulgarity of the "women of pleasure" and all that with them frequent; their crudities of conduct even when they paint their faces to strut it as ladies; their sloven habits and their untidy and disordered dwellings and wayfaring; the pathetic brutalities of the caress they endure under the grim name of pleasure; their shabbiness and their shame. Lautrec never mistook Art for Beauty. He accused the whole social fabric of civilisation through these poor women. His inquisition was deep and penetrating. It was a bitter intent that made sordid, vicious faces leer above splendid attire. He, like Degas, confined his great powers to the portrayal of a narrow class in Paris that gives but a small and sorry impression of life as a whole; but like Degas he came to supreme fulfilment and mastery in his chosen realm. All he did was compact of genius. Free, his life long, from all cares of bread, he could create what he willed. Proud and sensitive, shrinking from the stare of the curious at his strange body and disfigurement, Lautrec shrank into his den, making riot there with his boon companions; and in that workshop he kept fiery spirits and liquors from which he mixed wondrous brews for the entertainment of his friends, and drank deep when they were gone. His body and nerves, already strained by his fiery energy, could not stand this devildom; he began to show an undue interest in the gruesome, to gloat in watching surgical operations—then madness fell upon him. He was taken to the ancient home of his race, the old castle of Albi, and there died—and with him ended the long line of a great feudal French house. In portraiture he developed great power.

Out of the brilliant group of men who forgathered at the old "Chat Noir," where Salis was artistic tavern-lord—GUILLAUME, LÉANDRE, and the rest—stepped a man who was to be one of the supreme geniuses of the age, his name STEINLEN. Rodolphe Salis had founded the tavern in 1882; from it emerged CARAN D'ACHE (1858-1909) as EMMANUEL POIRÉ christened himself, coming to fame with his silhouettes of Napoleon and the Grande Armée flung upon the circular white sheet of the puppet-show at the end of the tavern; here also WILLETTE's delicate line invented his Pierrots; RIVIÈRE made his shadow-silhouettes.

STEINLEN
1859 –

Just as BOUTET DE MONVEL sings the children and people of

fashion of the parks and great houses, so the Swiss Protestant Steinlen, son of humble folk of Lausanne, hymns the poor and has created the immortal picture and record of the Paris of our age. The grandson of a painter, Steinlen married at twenty, and came to Paris to earn his livelihood. His depth of vision, his vast tragic powers, and his marked pictorial sense are supported by a battery of great capacities in craftsmanship that render his art and work of epic value to France. If you possess the reproductions of the large output of Steinlen, you know your Paris and your France as no other artist can reveal Paris and France to you. His range is prodigious —Paris, her streets, her colour, her allure, her people, her moods, from sunrise to sunset and through the night. His large humanity and his insight into the life of his day are uttered in a deep, tense, and haunting art. The passing sneer of the great satirists is not for him ; when he lashes his age his art takes on an anger that is Miltonic in its deep baying music. When he joys in the gaiety of life, he utters that joy in lyrical fashion. And he has produced this great art, not in elaborate "historical paintings," but in the pages of *Gil Blas Illustré* and other periodicals, in lithographs of which he is a supreme master, and in drawings, so that his art is within the reach of every man. The revelation of Degas would seem almost to have been but a guide to a vaster utterance in the hands of this great poet of the people. He catches something of Manet's grandeur and force, of the forthright draughtsmanship of Degas, of the intensity of Daumier ; but he has a range of human passion and emotion, a depth of pity, and an anger against injustice that leave the achievement of his great forerunners in a parish compared with his vast realm.

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Whilst the academic have been building their chilly canvases for public displays, this man has winged his flight through the vastnesses. Whilst the studios have been squabbling over this and that trick of thumb, and producing scant art with it all, this man has been building such an achievement as the coming years will realise to have been one of the greatest in all France. Whilst the dealers have been manipulating for the market this small achievement and that, there has been living and creating his profound art a man who stands head and shoulders above all their traffic. Mauclair gives a volume to the Impressionists ; and patronises Steinlen in a paragraph.

Steinlen is one of the most lofty geniuses brought forth by mass-impressionism, which has produced no greater draughtsman, no finer grip on character, no deeper tragic poet.

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He who only knows Steinlen by his designs for Aristide Bruant's *Dans la rue*, or his book of cats, knows little of the genius of the man, realises its vast range still less. The illustrations that brought fame to the weekly *Gil Blas Illustré*, during the nineties, are enough to have made a supreme position for any artist in the achievement of his age.

Steinlen realised that art was not Beauty. The anger that he feels against tyranny, and injustice, and cant, rouses in him a mighty passion that his fingers have been gifted to utter with deep tragic power; and the chalk and stone yield in answer to his call a dark and solemn wrath, as though a mighty voice sounded forth the anger of God. He lashes the military and clerical vices of his time, the cant and vice of miscarried justice, and the black villainies of commerce. His heart is with the toilers; their sufferings have found in him their august poet. The blithe life of the students in café and at carnival time sends his pencil jigging to a gayer refrain. The shop-girls, the milliners, he reveals in all their cheery way-faring. The streets of Paris give him an ever-shifting change of glorious scenery for his comedy and tragedy of life. Steinlen is the voice of Paris—of her boulevards, her cafés, her home life, her busses, her cabs, her cabmen, her big, powerful workmen, her girls, her harlots, her wastrels, her thieves and scoundrels, her rich and her poor—Paris in all times of the day, in all hours of the night—Paris sad, Paris gay, Paris sombre with threat of rebellion, Paris laughing carelessly.

His superb spiritual work has avoided the clap-trap of symbolism; he has uttered the ideal through frankest realism. He is one of the great Rebels. No human emotion is beyond his reach. He stands forth in his art one of the giants of his age, a man who has bettered the world, lifted his generation, and brought honour to his great people.

Of all the men who have taken up coloured etching, a few have avoided its unpleasant tintiness. One of the best of the Frenchmen is De Latenay. Then De Monvel, Michl, Godin, Ranft, Béjot, Maurice Taquoy, and others have also done fine work in this realm. Robbe has made the immortal coloured-etching of the old woman at the funeral; Leheutre, Huard, the fine etcher Bernard de Monvel, Lepère, Steinlen, Dupont, Lafitte, Bracquemond, have all come to fame.

Of the etchers, Helleu is famous for his musical line in portraits

of beautiful women, CHAHINE is best known for his etchings of Parisian types.

In pen-drawing, France has produced VIERGE, STEINLEN, RAFFAELLI, IBELS, LAUTREC, WILLETTE, FORAIN, RENOUARD, SEM, GRASSET the mediævalist, SCHWABE the mystic, WILLETTE the wit, BOUTET DE MONVEL the primitive humorist, RIVIÈRE the silhouettist, CARAN D'ACHE the caricaturist and silhouettist, HUARD, GERBAULT a master of line, RENOUARD, LELOIR, DE LATENAY; all brilliant men. Roubille combines colour with line in fine decorative designs.

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IMPRESSIONIST COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION IN SPAIN

The Spaniards to-day are showing power; and have taken up the art where Velazquez laid it down: ZULOAGA, CASAS in Barcelona, RUSINOL, SOROLLA, and other remarkable men.

ANGLADA
1872 –

An artist of genius in Spain is HERMEN ANGLADA Y CAMARASA. Anglada employs the full orchestration of European painting, to utter life as he sees it, fearlessly, nay recklessly. His quick magnetic gifts raise the desired impression with force. He catches the passion, however subtle, complex, or grim, of the human. He bends every faculty of his craft to state the essential mood. A draughtsman, he will elongate an arm or leg, to force all to utter the intention. A gaunt-soul'd money-getting harlot passes into the street into the flare from the café; Anglada catches the whole devilry of the thing in a wonderful pattern, quick with life, frank, fearless. From high treble to deep bass, he knows the potentialities of his whole orchestra of painting. His capacity to state movement, the flip of a skirt, a stealthy glance, the mad whirl of a dance, is consummate. He gives the flexible movements in dance and walk with rare skill. The riches of his palette splendidly serve his arrangement and his decorative sense. He catches the mystery and glamour of the night.

And the same virile power that he displays in *Dance of Cordova*, his *Dance of Alicante*, his *Champs-Élysées*, and *Fleurs de Paris* he reveals, in his *torso* of a man, to be founded on superb draughtsmanship.

ZULOAGA
1870 –

IGNACIO ZULOAGA, a blunt, rugged man, downright and fearless, has carved out a personal art of power. Born of artistic stock at

Eibar in the Basque country, he had to fight his way to fame through poverty. He came of folk who for generations had been workers in gold and silver, sword-makers. The father, Placidio Zuloaga, rediscovered the secret craft of damascening, being decorated by the French Government for it. Young Zuloaga, after a visit to the Prado, hungered to become a painter; his father denied him, desiring a business career for the son, who was then a lad in his workshop. The young fellow stayed out his apprenticeship; the father, touched, gave him at eighteen some colours and allowed him to essay his hand in art. Zuloaga had come under the glamour of Velazquez and Goya and El Greco at the Prado; they became his idols. From some kink of the brain he denies impressionism; but his hand's skill makes no such mistake—he is to-day one of the greatest living mass-impressionists. He began in open-air impressionism; he has discarded it. Mere realism holds him no longer. "Art," he soon discovered, "is not the literal transcript of nature." The accurate painting of an apple he soon saw to be little better than coloured photography. He realised that art was the interpretation by the individual of the moods felt in life. He is moved by the old grandeur, the rags, the splendour and the dust, the heroic essence and the misery, of his people. He utters what he sees fearlessly. Whether he paint a nude dancer, a landscape, or a subject from the life of the people, he reveals powerful dramatic gifts—force, originality of vision, personal insight, passionate humanity. His *Lady in Green*, his *Mot Piquant*, and his *Dwarf of Eibar* are well known.

SOROLLA
1862 –

Sorolla paints realism, the play of sunlight on the figure or object in all its fulness, realistically, faithfully—a far different art from that of Zuloaga. Sorolla shows the surface of life, without any deep dramatic insight. SOROLLA Y BASTIDA began to make a mark in Paris with his dazzling open-air paintings of the sea with large boats thereon. In 1905 he made a sensation with his *Oxen pulling a Boat out of the Water*. His *First Communion*, and his *Girls bathing in the Sea*, prove him a marvellous interpreter of sunlight.

The fine pen-work of FORTUNY has had a wide influence both in Europe and America—it is the employment of line like paint as distinct from line as line. VIERGE combines the two; but is greatest of all in his superb wash drawings. CASANOVA Y ESTORACH is a brilliant follower of Fortuny.

OF PAINTING

GERMANY'S AWAKENING

GERMAN ROMANTICISM

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With the Impressionistic movement in Germany ran a Romantic intention, sometimes classical in subject but modern in feeling.

KLINGER

1857 –

Max Klinger was born at Leipzig on the 18th of February 1857. He is a sculptor, a painter, an etcher, and a musician. In sculpture his promise is very remarkable, but with that we are not here concerned; he shows therein a vision for the modern revelation of impressionism that is strangely lacking in his painting and etching, in which, like Böcklin, he founds his craftsmanship upon the past, and he relies on older methods, which, by sheer power, he bends to his will in remarkable fashion. In his etchings he comes to high emotional utterance, as in the unforgettable babe, with eyes of wonder, as it sits upon the breast of its dead mother, or the *Prometheus* borne by Mercury and the eagle over the far tide of the surging sea below. The *Rivals* who fight with daggers for the Spanish girl reveals his homage to Goya, and there is something strangely suggestive of Goya in the trousered legs and the feet of the dead man seen beyond the steps in the moonlight where the avenging husband has shot him from an upper window in *Caught in the Act*, whilst the guilty wife shrinks into hiding.

The *Christ on Olympus* and the *Crucifixion* prove his limitations. He is at his best in painting when modern, in spite of his classicism, as in the pathetic and dignified *Death*.

STUCK

1863–

In Franz Stuck, Germany has an imaginative and poetic artist, who, steeped in the classic vision of Böcklin and Klinger, whilst he revels in fauns and satyrs, has treated them in a modern and realistic spirit which almost makes them live things. He brings to his art a feeling for line, for decoration, and for colour, which he employs in mass-impressionism combined with broken colour in dramatic fashion. A fine etcher, a very German in his power of pen line, he has a quaintly humorous imagination, and ranges through tragedy and comedy, as seen in his *Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise*, his *Lucifer*, his *Sphinx*, his *Pietà*. He joys in sending centaurs galloping

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through the woods, and in showing fauns at play. His three furies in *Murder* make a grim design; and his *Bacchanalians* dancing on a low horizon with great trees to the side, massed into the heavens, is one of his masterpieces in movement, design, and colour.

IMPRESSIONISM

Ludwig von Hofman (1861-) is chiefly concerned with the nude in the sunlight, painting decorative realistic designs that give him free play in this realm.

In Samberger, Germany has a portrait-painter of remarkable force, who is all too little known amongst us.

ZÜGEL

Born in 1850, Heinrich von Zügel early made a mark with his fine pastorals, painted with realistic power. By 1870, his twentieth year, he had painted remarkable pictures of sheep. He rapidly developed a forceful style of pastoral, moving towards breadth of handling and colour and ever-increasing interest in the play of sunlight.

BARTELS

1856–

Hans von Bartels paints sunlit figures in water-colours and oils with realistic power, composing finely, and equally at home on sea or land, on sand-dune or in the fields or garden. He combines mass-impressionism and broken-colour impressionism.

Of the Dachau men of the Munich Secession were Dill, Hölzel, Langhammer, and Koenig.

DILL

1848–

By 1878 Ludwig Dill, an officer in the war of 1870, trained by Piloty at Munich until 1874, was concerned with sunlight upon river barges in Venice. The nineties saw him painting his fine landscapes, broadly impressionistic, decorative, and rhythmical—woodlands by streams, and villages amidst the trees.

HÖLZEL

Adolf Hölzel in the late eighties was still playing with costume; the seventies had seen him influenced by Menzel's intention. By 1890 he was painting the life of the people realistically;

and in 1891 he painted his fine *Stacks of Corn* in the field under sunlight. Of the next year was his glittering picture of a lady seated at a breakfast-table in an open-air restaurant, which showed that impressionism was his aim, and his peasant and woman at a table was of the same year. His poetic landscapes are broadly handled and finely arranged.

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ARTHUR LANGHAMMER's broad impressionistic style is given to the home life of the people and to fantasies.

Art in Germany to-day is astoundingly alive—restless—inquisitive. It is shedding academic emptiness, and is becoming the weapon to reveal to the people higher aspirations and deeper emotions of life. It is in art to-day that Germany gives tongue to the call of duty of the Haves towards the Have-Nots. Young Germany has realised that street riots go to the ranked battalions working under a stern discipline. One shrewdly suspects that the German Emperor, amongst his other endowments, has a sense of that humour that was given to his great collateral Frederick the Great, who, on seeing a gross caricature of himself hung high in a shop in Berlin, walked into the place and told the frightened print-seller to put it lower in the window that the crowd might see it better! But there are fussy officials about the Court who do not share the family wit. There are seizures and prosecutions from time to time, and prison for the editor. The German, being a droll at heart, invented a Sitting Editor, whose business it was to go to prison when the Government struck at the journal.

The Germany that is created for us by our morning papers is a far different Germany from the land that is revealed by her satirists and artists. Behind their biting wit and trenchant humour lie vast problems that are as much our life-problems as theirs, and none utters a hoarser note of passionate resentment than that all-compelling indignation which is with us now, and looms large and dangerous in the immediate future—the resentment of the toilers to the tyrannies of capital.

Of the two great satirical papers, *Simplicissimus* is the most daring—the Sitting Editor has, I fancy, held no sinecure. Here the political satire is fierce, mordant, European—it attacks the whole of modern civilisation—what there is of it. The German working-class families set up a boycott against the drinking of Schnaps (Hollands gin) and took to tea owing to the manufacturers increasing the price to relieve themselves from taxation. A biting satire by THÖNY shows the working class fretted by the new drink, tea; and the gin-making plutocrat appeals to them "to be patriotic," and

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pay the tax on gin, or he cannot afford to keep his son in the Guards! . . . Well, not so very far from home, after all. HEINE is another fine artist of this group.

By far the most artistic paper in Europe to-day is *Jugend*, thanks largely to Dr. Hirth.

In the realm of imagination, JULIUS DIEZ stands out; his fantastic and picturesque mind rouses to any subject, and turns it into a whimsical form that is as remarkable for its decorative pattern as for its innate poetic whimsy. Take his giant figure, that lies like a vast incubus in the moonlight upon the sleeping town, leaves a haunting impression. In the pale moon's light that bathes the drowsy world, the purple heavens a-glitter with a myriad blinking stars, the city amongst the mountains lies hushed in its many hundred beds, but not to sleep, or, if to sleep, to toss in restless disquietude—a sleep, if indeed sleep it be, but neither ease nor oblivion—whether half-sleeping or half-waking, a galling self-reviling and heavy self-contempt in which the vexed body tosses fretfully, unable to escape from the indictment of some unseen accusing finger that ticks off, as mercilessly as every tick of some monotonous clock in the shadows, a long series of charges that bring back from the Past miserable pleas of guilty, which make the brow damp with the cold and clammy dew of a hundred vulgarities, meannesses, hideous mistakes, bitter humiliations, cheap snobberies, petty unkindnesses, that bite into the soul with far more vitriolic contempt than any crime or heavy sin, which at least had needed some courage or daring for their committing. And, it is not the least galling part of such a night that we cannot come to grips with the damnable accusing devildom. The accused thing lies like a mighty uncouth giant upon the silent bridge that, in sleep, parts our souls in diurnal death from our poor exhausted bodies; lies with all its vast weight upon our thinking, careless that its oppression is a cruel burden of tyranny which irks us, half-bereft of sense, but wholly alive to our littleness—separating us from what little pride and strength we have, and weighing us down under the clumsy load of its galling incubus—until some god-sent chanticleer, shaking drowsiness from his handsome be-feathered body, arises a-tiptoe and with shrill voice announces that the night is dead and a new day is born. Perhaps amongst the best known of Diez's designs are the exquisitely wrought *Stage-Box of His Most Serene Highness*, in which an old *roué* gazes down upon the stage; and the fine decoration, *His Most Serene in His Garden*. He drew a series of *The Favourite* from the days of her questionable sway in the bed of kings to her

last grim payment upon the scaffold, which hold an immemorial truth.

EICHLER gives utterance to the pathos and joy of life in fine designs, of which were the *Girl with the Green Apples*, and the *Cupid and the Man with the Ladder*; and his joy in flowers, and in flower-sprent meads whereon folk lie gazing at the breezy heavens, and his frolics of snow and winter games are best known.

ENGELS strikes the more grimly German lyre.

ERLER takes the more grandiose note, though he can employ a dainty and charming fancy and exquisite touch, as in his fine colour-harmony in red and gold of the *Girl with the Geraniums*, his *Girl with the Roses*, his *Frau Anna*, his *Girl with the Candles*, and his *Young Mother*.

FELDBAUER and JANK are much concerned with the troops, the movement of horses, whether in camp or field, and with action. Both men, besides, have revealed a quaint and sometimes tragic fancy—particularly Jank. GEIGENBERGER will give you a drollery or a poetic landscape with equal skill.

RIETH is concerned with the social satire of the pretty "Miss," wealthy and fashionable; and does it wondrous well.

GEORGI is at his best in pictures of the life of the people; or in such a haunting design as the two lovers in the moonlight under the chestnut tree; or in the grim humour of the tethered goat which eats the funeral wreath that the mourner has left outside the tavern door whilst he enters to refresh himself.

MÜNZER, founding his craftsmanship on that of Steinlen, utters the charm of Germany that her artists have too long neglected. Through Münzer we realise the gaiety of Germany, that she does not always wear the spectacles of the professor; that she is not always ruining her eyesight with the philosophies peered at under the light of the midnight oil—that lovers kiss because 'tis moonlight, and folk dance for the jollity of the thing. He catches the fascination of children, their whole-hearted joy in their games. He notes the grace and coquetries of women.

PUTTNER paints landscape in poetic fashion; as does REISEN. PUTZ was gifted with a rare sense of colour, the joy in which he uttered with delightfully whimsical brush. Leo Putz went from grave to gay, from fantasy to fantasy. He was one of the laughing philosophers. His peacock-women created a vogue. He loved to frolic amongst sea-monsters. He had his grim days. PRESHUN has a quaint imagination and good decorative sense. SALZMANN is a painter whose ranging fancy and decorative gifts have made him a

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considerable reputation. SPIEGEL is another artist of fancy and colour-faculty with strong decorative sense, and a rich gift of irony. WEISGERBER wields a poetic brush, and his *Dream-Wife* is a haunting example of his poesy—that design in which he has caught with genius the mystic hunger of youth for the ideal woman that is Nature's most compelling craving in man ; that desire, or as the cynics have it, that illusion, that makes youth glorify womanhood until he sheds from him all dross of selfishness and wills himself to sacrifice if need be, for the love of her, a dream-thing it may be, but a lamp to his stumbling feet, and a beacon-light to his virility. Weisgerber has also a brilliant gift of satire which WILKE shares—Wilke turning his satire more upon the people. KLEY's deft line loves the human figure ; and PRELLAR sends fauns skipping across his design.

FRITZ MACKENSEN connects the older German vision with the new ; his paintings of the people have something of the old German severity. The two women drawing the harrow, along a low horizoned land, shows him in his best poetic vein. OTTO MODERSOHN's landscapes and inhabited landscapes have something also of this old-world air. HANS AM ENDE's peaceful landscapes again hold this old-world vision.

HEINRICH VOGELER's weird and fantastic imagination has brought forth quaint designs innumerable ; he is an exquisite illustrator.

FRITZ OVERBECK is an artist of poetic utterance, his sombre tragic landscapes being grandly designed, his superb etching of the trees by the little wooden bridge lashed by the *Storm* being perhaps his best known work, rhythmical and sonorous.

In etching the Germans can show the powerful work of LEISTIKOW, the somewhat dry art of HANS THOMA, the pastorals of KALCKREUTH, the broad poetic handling of GRAF, the fine fancy of STUCK, of KLINGER, UBBELOHDE, WOLFF, KÄTHE KOLLWITZ, LIEBERMANN, the poetic HEGENBART, the rhythmic wind-filled landscapes of OVERBECK, and the art of FISCHER.

In illustration remarkable work has been done by HUGO STEINER-PRAG, by WEISGERBER, by HORST-SCHULZE, by CORINTH (1858-) and by HEINE (1867-). Whilst with pen-work we have SCHLITTGEN, MAROLD, STUCK, VOGEL, the powerful GREINER, KLINGER, SATTLER, OBERLAENDER, WILKE, HEGENBART, THÖNY, CASPARI, and BRUNO PAUL (1872-).

OF PAINTING

THE COMING OF THE MODERN VISION INTO AUSTRIA

WHEREIN IMPRESSIONISM THROUGH COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION CONQUERS THE REALM OF THE IMAGINATION

Austria had risen to artistic utterance under the Baroque. Rubens was lord of painting. WALDMÜLLER (1793-1865), concerned with landscape and the life of the people, fell foul of the Academy by painting in the open air! and ROMAKO (1832-1889) was also a rebel, as was the landscape painter HÖRMANN, who forestalls the Secession with his fight for "truth," and his realism as against the studio.

RUDOLF VON ALT (1812-1905) fought sternly for nature, and was a great inspirer—he was the painter of street scenes—and a thoroughly original and native artist; he was at his best in water-colours, and developed with each great European movement, ever interested in luminosity, in the sun, and the play of light. He was the recorder of the Vienna of his age.

HANS CANON (1829-1885) founded on Rubens; then HANS MAKART (1840-1884) more influenced by Paolo Veronese, burst into gorgeous colour. These old "gallery artists" lived into the great modern endeavour, and were to see the painters going to nature.

PETTENKOFEN (1822-1889) saw Hungary as a sort of sunlit East; whilst SCHINDLER (1842-1892) essayed the lyrical landscape of Barbizon vision. We have seen MUNKACSY (1846-1900), the Hungarian, bring Realism into the land from Paris. HOROVITZ (1843-) and ANGELI (1840-) were the old type of portrait-painter.

KRAUSZ is a frank realist. RESS is a landscape painter who has caught the poetic vision of Segantini. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS has thrown in his lot with Austria. Of the impressionists are SIMON; STRETTI, who painted a fine *Amsterdam*; PREISLER; SVABINSKY; BAAR; ROTH and the like.

HAMPEL

Walter Hampel of Vienna employs colour orchestration, and his lyrical painting, whether of an interior as in his *Quiet Corner*, or of a *Dancer*, or a fantasy in the meadows, is one of the most exquisite achievements amongst the Europeans to-day. His picture of *The Dancer* (Miss Tanquay) was painted with rare sense of rhythm, of movement, and of colour.

CZOK (I am not sure even of the spelling of the name) was to

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me, however, a revelation of a modern painter of remarkable power. His sense of values, his colour-harmonics, and his masterly brushing, are as powerful and subtle as the work of Manet. His *Vampire* should belong to the State as an example to our youth as regards flesh-painting.

I do not know whether Austria claims SEGANTINI (1858-1899) from Arco in the Southern Tyrol as Austrian; if so, she has a right to claim one of the supreme painters of the age. He was a power at any rate in the Secession.

ENGELHART (1864-) is a brilliant artist interested in the life about him in Vienna. But the large group of Austrian painters of the Secession in Vienna it is impossible to describe here—Nowak, Hofman, Offner, the vibrant art of STOITZNER, WACIK, ROUX, TALAGA, GROM-ROTTMAYER, WIEDEN, KRUIS, ZERLACHER, ECK, SCHMOLL, LENZ, TICHY, FREIDRICH, MÜLLER, LIST, MYRBACH, KASPARIDES, MEDIZ, EMILIE MEDIZ-PELIKAN, SCHWAIGER, UPRKA, DELUG, and the rest. ANDRI's woodcuts are as fine as his brilliant paintings of the peasants in their handsome apparel. CARL MOLL (1861) is an excellent landscape-painter. KRÄMER is the idealist of the group, painting religious subjects in the open air.

The Pole JOSEF MEHOFFER (1869-) is a powerful colourist, who has developed from broad impressionistic portraiture, giving himself up to gorgeous harmonies of colour.

After Schindler came JETTEL (1845-1901), in landscape influenced by the men of Barbizon. STOHR (1865-) is best known by his romances of the night, above all by the beautiful nude asleep in the *Moonlight*. GRAF (1868-) returning from France, brought back broken colour; HEJDA (1868-) affects simplicity; LEFLER (1863-) and URBAN are best known for their illustrations of fairy tales; GERMELA paints the life of the café and the parks.

MAROLD (1865-1898) made his mark in painting the home-life; MUCHA (1860-) is famous for his arty posters.

Of the portrait-painters are KOPPAY, FERRARIS, STAUFFER, CANON, TEMPLE, SCHMID, JOANNOVITS, SCHATTENSTEIN, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the Whistleresque SCHARFF, and the Hungarian László.

LÁSZLÓ

1869 –

PHILIP LÁSZLÓ is to-day one of the most famous of European portrait-painters. Employing painting at first stroke, without intermingling the brush strokes, he has evolved a quick vibrant method which leaves his whole attention free to concentrate on the character

of his sitter. Psychic in vision, he seeks out the soul of his sitters, about whom he weaves the atmosphere of their rank and calling and manner of life with remarkable force. The princess needs no label of her rank any more than the soldier, the man of action. From the Pontiff, and the subtle diplomatic Cardinal, to the Society Beauty, the Courtier or the bluff Admiral, the personality is marked with unerring brush. Whether he paint a state-portrait of the *German Emperor*, the dignified age of an aristocratic old lady such as his fine *Lady Wantage*; whether he limn the beauty of a *Lady Ancaster*, or the handsome *Lady Northcliffe*, László shows himself always a consummate painter of the portrait. His famous *Comte de Castellane* in the splendid uniform of the Cuirassiers of the French Garde, his haunting *Baroness Dierghardt*, his portrait of his own *Wife* playing the violin, are amongst the deftest, most masterly works that his gifted fingers have produced. He has been fortunate in his subjects, since the greatest celebrities of the age have sat to him. His sitters have been equally fortunate in their painter.

Of the remarkable etchings and drawings of JETTMAR, of HOHENBERGER's "Chinese Woman," of ENGELHART, of LIEBENWEIN, of the etcher SCHMUTZER, of the pointillist STOHR, of TICHY, of KONOPA, of GERMELA, of ZOFF's landscapes, of ETHOFER's somewhat photographic realism, and the several brilliant women-painters I have no space here to speak.

In etching and in pen-drawing and illustration, Austria has besides: UNGER, COSSMANN, WIERUSZ-KOWALSKI and ORLIK. Hungary has OLGYAI, RAUSCHER, ARANYOSSY and SZEKELY.

MODERN IMPRESSIONISM IN BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

Rops has influenced RASSENFOSSE. Impressionism has brought forth in Belgium a remarkable group of painters, eager, poetic, daring, close at grips with life—HENRI EVENEPOEL, best known for his *Spaniard in Paris* and *Ball at the Moulin Rouge*; RODOLPHE WYTSMAN and JULIETTE WYTSMAN in landscape; BAERTSOEN in street scenes; FERNAND KHNOPFF (1858-), who utters haunting art of mystical power; and ENSOR, who is a powerful mass-impressionist whose still-life has a force no whit less remarkable than his figure-subjects. The character-painting of WAGEMANS, the decorative painting of the old market-women by OPSOMER, the vibrant pulsing art of MORREN are all to be reckoned to the honour of Belgium.

CIAMBERLANI represents the modern classical decorative intention.

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Émile Claus we have seen; Cassiers has painted scenes from Holland. Gilsoul is another lover of canals and harbours; and Marcette of the sea-shore and its life. Eeckhoudt is one of the most vivid and virile painters of the play of light upon meadow and orchard. He is a force in modern art. Donnay and Delaunois are well-known for their dramatic sense of landscape; Delaunois' *Interior of a Church* has brought him repute.

Charles de Groux painted the humble; Henri de Braekeleer was master of vibrant light; Léon Frédéric (1856-) is wholly concerned with the people, with their swarming, teeming life; he sees abundance, and he joys in the abundance.

LAERMANS

Eugène Laermans has an even earlier simplicity than Frédéric, and is realist rather than impressionist. Even his *Evening of the Strike* has something mediæval in its atmosphere. He hits the tragic note.

In etching, we have Cassiers with his windmills, the realism of Wauters, Gaillard, Romberg, Meunier, Wytsman; the fine work of the great limner of the houses on canals—Baertsoen; Khnopff and Laermans.

In pen-drawing Belgium can show Khnopff, Middeleer, and Gaillard.

In Holland, besides Rever's water-colours, and Mesdag van Houten's paintings of flowers and still-life, there has been the fine art of Breitner, and the masterly painting and etching of Bauer. In etching also Holland has brought forth Zwart, the decorative canal scenes of Witsen, the superb romantic etchings of Bauer, the spacious designs of Nieuwenkamp; Van Houten, Reicher, the nervous intense work of Toorop; Koster, Becht, the sombre interiors of Van Gravesande, and the art of Bosch. I know not whether Pietschmann, the remarkable mezzotinter of the famous *Bather*, be Dutch or German or Belgian.

In pen-drawing Holland has Nieuwenkamp, and Wenckebach, and Morel, and Van Papendrecht, and Koster.

MODERN ITALY

In the north, Giani, Ciardi, Bezzi, Mariani, Alebardi, Alciati, Selvatico, Angelo dall'oca-Bianca, Laurenti, Carozzi, Gignous, Chiesa, Delleani, Grosso, Maggi, Zanetti-Zilla, Scattola, and others reveal the new vision; whilst of the more southern artists, Majani, Discovolo, Lori, Lionne, Casciaro,

CAPUTO, MITI-ZANETTI, GRAZIOSI, DE MARIA, GIOLI, TOMMASI, NOMELLINI, NOCCI, INNOCENTI, MIGLIARO, to say nothing of MANCINI, nearly all are moved by the new inspiration. But the supreme genius of Italy of modern times was GIOVANNI SEGANTINI.

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MORELLI
1826 – 1901

Morelli brought a forceful realism to Italy, of which his powerfully lit *Temptation of St. Anthony* remains the most brilliant example.

In etching Italy can boast CHESSA, VEGETTI, ZANETTI, NOMELLINI, FATTORI, and the younger FORTUNY. In pen-drawing RAFFAELLI is really a Frenchman; but Italy has produced a good pen-draughtsman in FABRÈS, whom I gather to be an Italian. RICO has penned good street-scenes, and trained TITO.

MODERN PAINTING IN SCANDINAVIA AND RUSSIA

SWEDEN

To the north the æsthetic-academism came as an impetus. Its idea was rooted in the rugged ideals of the Norsemen. The pastellist LUNDBERG (1695-1786), the portraitist ROSLIN (1718-1793), the painter of social life NIKOLAUS LAFRENSEN (1737-1807), better known as LAVREINCE, the famous miniaturist PETER ADOLF HALL (1739-1793), the painter of social life called HILLESTRÖMS (1732-1816), and the fine Nattieresque portrait-painter PILO (1711-1793), had all wrought in the French vision with rare skill. VON BREDA (1759-1818), painted the portrait in a Reynoldsesque style. Then the Swedes had gone to Germany, and MORNER (1794-1837) and the portraitist TROILI (1815-1875) followed, with men of the type of FAGERLIN (1825-1907), and HÖCKERT (1826-1866), creating the home-life anecdote in the German style. With the landscapist WAHLBERG (1834-), the French romantic landscape painters influence a fine design; and NORSTEDT (1843-) proves that he has seen the work of the men of Munich. Then Realism brought forth the vigorous portrait-painter VON ROSEN (1843-); whilst Munich trained KRONBERG (1850-). CARL LARSSONS (1853-), the decorative poet of the home-life, continues the movement. Bastien-Lepage brought forth SALMSON (1834-1894). Realism created BIRGERS (1854-1887) and JOSEPHSON (1851-1906), a strong painter, and the portraitists BJÖRCK (1860-) and BERGH (1858-). The royal house produced an artist in

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PRINCE EUGENE (1865-). Landscape found a poet in JANSSON (1862-); and birds in landscape another in LILJEFORS (1860-). Then stepped forth the great Swedish master ANDERS ZORN (1860-); SAGER-NELSON (1868-1896); the painter of the people WILHELMSON (1860-), and a clever group ending with AROSENIUS the painter of fantasies. Nor should the remarkable work of ANNA BOBERG of Norse vision be passed by, nor the haunting imagination of OLAF LANGE.

ZORN

1860–

The Swede ANDERS ZORN is a powerful mass-impressionist trained in Paris. Not only a painter of genius, he is also an etcher of genius. His art is more Parisian than Scandinavian, it must be allowed; but as a European he stands in the foremost rank to-day.

DIRIKS

I remember a picture of boats at anchor tossing restlessly on the incoming tide by Edouard Diriks, which caught the action and atmosphere of the thing so truly that one listened for the creak of the boats straining at their cordage. And this kind of epic simplicity runs through all his art.

In Norway the Germanic art of TIDEMAND (1814-1876) made place for the poetic art of FRITZ THAULOW (1847-1906), and the romance and realism of PETERSSEN (1852-), of WERENSKIOLD (1855-) and MUNCH (1863) and others.

DENMARK

Denmark has evolved a style that fulfils itself in the haunting and spacious art of HAMMERSHÖJ (1864-). The painters of the home-life are MARSTRAND (1810-1873), KÖBKE (1810-1848), KRÖYER (1851-1909), JOHANSEN (1851-) and PAULSEN (1860-)

FINLAND

In Finland her art culminates in a superb master GALLEN (1865-) or Gallen-Kallela. I recall a painting of a boat on a great lake in which the stillness of night is uttered with compelling force.

RUSSIA

VERESTSCHAGIN (1842-1904) created a realistic impression of warfare in his detestation of war, that was without restraint; and it

was a strange destiny that slew him at Port Arthur. All that is vital in Russian painting to-day is due to impressionism. BORIS KUSTODIEFF produces remarkably fine portrait groups. MALIAVINE (1869-) paints the women of his race in decorative schemes. SEROFF (1865-) known best to us by his portrait of the *Czar in the Uniform of the Scots Greys*, is one of the finest portrait-painters, as his portraits of *Korovine* and *Count Sumarokoff-Elston* prove. JUON (1875-) is a mass-impressionist.

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GRABAR
1871 –

GRABAR's still-life, as seen in his *Breakfast Table*, pulsing and glittering under the sun's flood that breaks through the leafage of the shade from the trees under which the table is set, reveals him one of the most lyrical masters of broken-colour impressionism of the age.

KOROVINE's fine *Café in the Crimea* is a powerful modern piece of painting that pronounces the complete triumph of mass-impressionism in Russia. The realist RIABUSKINE is best known for the Russian family at *Tea*. Of the romantic school is SOMOFF. And the most modern problems of Impressionism are tackled by TARKHOFF.

TARKHOFF

NICOLAS TARKHOFF's paintings of mothers and babes in their impressionism are fragrant of life, as is his vigorous and masterly work of the gathering of *The Harvest*. Coming to Paris he caught the allure of the city and the land. The fêtes, carnivals, and streets of Paris brought out his innate sense of colour, which is joyous and blithe.

PRINCE PAUL TRUBETSKOJ (1863-) is a fine impressionist portraitist best known for his sculpture.

In etching, Scandinavia has brought forth the Danes KROYER, NISS, and MONSTED; the great Swede ZORN; the Fnns MISS, FLODIN, SPARRE, GALLEN, and EDELFELT.

In Scandinavia, pen-drawing has produced DE JOSSELIN DE JONG; HANS TEGNER, a master of line; the Danish HANSEN; the poetic Finn BLOMSTEDT; the powerful Finns GEBHARD and JÄRNEFELT, and SPARRE. Switzerland has BURNAND and ESTOPPEY.

AMERICA

America was born under astounding promise of greatness; her people were founded in greatness, for she drew to her shores the

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freeborn and virile. That such a people must walk in a sublime wayfaring is inevitable, and create a vast art as inevitable. And what holds for America holds for the colonial born. STUART, and JOUETT (1788-1827)—who came of famous fighting stock, fought against Britain, then became pupil to Stuart—founded on pure English art. Thereafter painting in America passed through waves of foreign fashion; but a strong native art has persisted, above all in the genius of HOWARD PYLE and the illustrators.

In the mid-century Düsseldorf was the Mecca of the American student; this accounts for a certain German vision difficult to understand otherwise. This "brown" school loved candle-light and hard moonlight scenes. There was a trying-back at the same time to Flemish and Italian tradition; and a native landscape school arose, if of no great power.

In 1863 the Century Club was formed, and a Pre-Raphaelite trend manifested itself. Some ten years thereafter a group of students returned from Europe, and figure-painting and atmosphere in landscape began to dawn. Up to this, GEORGE INNESS and EASTMAN JOHNSON had alone shown high gifts in landscape. INNESS was a man of genius and made a great mark. The men of 'seventy seceded and formed the Society of American Artists; and SHIRLAW, CHASE, EATON, THAYER, GEORGE INNESS, LA FARGE, LATHROP, DEWING, LOW, DAVENECK, FULLER of Boston, WHISTLER, J. S. SARGENT, and WEIR made their mark. The Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876 enlarged interest in art. For the most part, Munich was the Mecca, but French art began to struggle for the American homage. Meanwhile the Water-Colour Society brought forth ABBEY, HOPKINSON SMITH, COFFIN, BRICHER, BECKWITH, CHARLES PARSONS, FARRER, FENN, EDWARDS, PALMER, HAMILTON GIBSON, DIELMAN, CHILDE HASSAM, JONES, KAPPES, LIPPINCOTT, the MORANS, MISS NICHOLLS, PLATT, SMEDLEY, STERNER, COLMAN, TIFFANY, WOOD, WYANT, and GIFFORD. The Art Students' League, founded in 1875, brought excellent leaders to the front—SHIRLAW, CHASE, FREER, BRUSH, KENYON COX, WEIR, BECKWITH, MOWBRAY, METCALF, and others.

Besides INNESS, a truly native painter is WINSLOW HOMER, whose art is racy of the soil—impressionist before the word was coined. LA FARGE has painted religious pictures. BRUSH came from Gérôme, and painted the Red Indians. SHIRLAW came from Munich. CHASE flung aside his Munich manner and rapidly developed a mass-impressionism which places him amongst the foremost artists of his time. F. D. MILLET has kept his Antwerp

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training and Belgian old-master's vision. BLASHFIELD came under the glamour of the mediæval; Low has interested himself in the seafaring folk and in decoration; KENYON COX is given to imaginative compositions; KAPPES painted the negro folk and New York beggars; BLUM is famous for his pen-line; PICKNELL is a realist landscapist, as is WARD.

Of the great portrait-painter J. S. SARGENT I speak elsewhere. WILLIAM DANNAT, whose fine *Lady in Red* is at the Luxembourg, is a good painter. THAYER makes portraits in lower key. BUTLER and WEIR and CHASE treat the portrait with distinction, as does BECKWITH. J. W. ALEXANDER has made a decorative style of portraiture all his own.

From their early grey habit, WEIR and TWACHTMAN developed into the impressionist movement, seeking light and colour above all things. OCHTMAN also and ROBINSON and ALLEN became prominent interpreters of it.

ELIHU VEDDER and RYDER and CHURCH have ranged into the land of mysticism and faery. BOUGHTON wrought his charming art in England. BRIDGMAN came to fame in painting Algerian subjects of Arab women.

CHILDE HASSAM came from Boston, worked at Paris, mastered broken colour-impressionism in fine fashion, and went back to America to develop a rare art which has given us such masterpieces as the seated nude called *Pomona*, the pulsing *Sunlight on the Lake*, and his well-known painting of *Children* seated at a table in a luminous room the windows of which are hung across with sunlit muslin curtains. He has caught the glow and glitter of the streets of New York, as in his *Seventh Avenue*.

ALEXANDER HARRISON, like Whistler, began his artistic efforts on the United States Coast Survey. He worked in Florida for four years; got to dabbling in water-colours; made for Paris; went under Gérôme; sent his *Castles in Spain*—a boy lying on the sands dreaming—to the Salon; spent ten years painting the nude in the open air, greatly under the influence of his friend and companion Bastien-Lepage; and thus settled in France, and developed the French vision, under the glamour of Manet and Besnard. His *In Arcady*, nudes in a sunlit orchard, and his poetic sea-pieces are typical of his art. *In Arcady* belongs to the French State, which has honoured him—he wears the ribbon of the Legion.

GEORGE HITCHCOCK has created idylls of Holland in such masterpieces as *The Annunciation* (or *Our Lady of the Lilies*). MOSLER, REINHART, PEARCE, MELCHERS, WALTER GAY, KNIGHT,

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have painted figure-subjects, and DAVIS landscapes, of alien peoples. STEWART has painted remarkable portraits, as in his *The Baronne B.* MAXWELL ARMFIELD creates dramatic scenes.

Of every forward movement American artists take advantage.

Besides Whistler and Sargent, J. J. SHANNON has come to European fame as a portrait-painter.

REMINGTON, ZOGBAUM, and THULSTRUP went straight to the frontier life, and painted Red Indians, cowboys, and the soldier folk.

HOWARD PYLE

In HOWARD PYLE America brought forth her greatest illustrator and one of her truest and purest artists. Pyle with unerring instinct founded his art in the British genius. The Revolt of the American Colonies was the most British act since Cromwell died; an act struck against the parent state when the parent forgot her mighty destiny, her significance, and her majesty. Whilst other American artists of remarkable gifts have sought alien inspiration, Pyle has made no such mistake; he is a son of the great Revolution. His art breathes the triumph and the glory of it. His whole vision is concerned with his race, from its island home to its great adventure across the seas. He hymns the Buccaneers and old Sea-Dogs, the Boston tea-ships, the crackle of musketry at Lexington, the old New York taverns, the frontiersman at grips with the Red Indian, the whole splendid adventure of Britain grown beyond her island beginnings.

Mastering a fine craft, with the pen-line and in painting, Pyle has uttered the romance of the race as no man has sung it. The illustrated magazine has carried the splendour of his achievement to the four ends of the earth. His art has been an inspiration in scores of studios. Meier-Graefe has poured himself forth like a pump upon modern art—as far as I remember, Howard Pyle's name does not once occur in his work! But Howard Pyle has been content to be a remarkable and original artist, and a man of genius.

EDWIN ABBEY

1852 – 1911

Edwin Abbey founded his pen-line on Fortuny; but his native vision also drew him to the art of the people that bred him. Abbey later came under Sargent's glamour, and developed a style of painting in which delicacy takes the place of Sargent's force. Though one or two of his huge decorations for the Arthurian legends were of distinction, he has not achieved his greatest art in his larger decorative work, which lacks something of those majestic

qualities so abundant in the art of Brangwyn. But he has created a school that stands midway between him and the Pre-Raphaelites, of whom the Englishman FRANK CRAIG is a type. With the pen-line Abbey has qualities of poetic intensity, and in his easel-pictures he produced an art to which his rare gifts were better suited than to his larger decorations, which are really elaborate illustrations.

In etching, WHISTLER, BAUER, STEPHEN PARRISH, SHAW MACLAUGHLAN, PENNELL, HOVENDEN, DAVENECK, PLATT, HACKER, MORAN, LATHROP and STETSON are all men of mark.

America has produced marvellously fine pen-draughtsmen in BLUM, EDWIN ABBEY, HOWARD PYLE, STERNER, REINHART, SMEDLEY; the humourists FROST, KEMBLE, NEWELL, MAXFIELD PARRISH; the social satirist DANA GIBSON, HUTT, REINHART, CHURCH, PENNELL, DRAKE.

Of other genius, thoroughly native to America, I have surveyed the art of MARY CASSATT and CECILIA BEAUX already; and now go to the three ladies of pure native gifts who paint the American child with consummate power. SARAH STILWELL, ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN, and JESSIE WILCOX SMITH, are amongst the foremost American artists of our day.

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CANADA

The British Colonies are showing remarkable artistic vitality in painting.

In CANADA the portrait-painter WYATT EATON (1849-1896), after training under Gérôme in Paris in 1870, spent his summer at Barbizon, where he became the friend of Millet, and showed at the Salon fine paintings of *Harvesters* and the like subjects. MORRICE and GAGNON came under the glamour of Whistler. BLAIR BRUCE (1859-1906) worked under Julien in Paris, and became a strong realistic painter interested in light and action. PAUL PEEL (1860-1892), made his mark in painting the nude. Taking up the Barbizon ideals and developing towards the latest movements in impressionism, the Canadian painters reveal poetic gifts. HOMER WATSON paints the landscape of Canada with power; WILLIAMSON also, as well as painting the portrait with distinction. BROWNE is a poetic landscapist of lyrical gifts; of the portrait-painters are HARRIS, WYLY GRIER (who may also be claimed as an Australian), DYONNET, PATTERSON.

In landscape BROWNELL has painted some fine pieces; BRYMNER also, and GAGNON; EDMUND MORRIS, who has also painted the types of Indians, has revealed a sense of the moods of Nature.

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HOPE, ATKINSON who loves Dutch scenes, CULLEN and BEATTY, are all good painters. Cruikshank's grand-nephew, W. CRUICKSHANK, is an illustrator and painter; RUSSELL is a figure-painter; WALKER has done remarkable pastorals; and BROWNELL's *Winnower* was a fine work. CHALLONER has done a good deal of decorative work. JEFFREYS and GEORGE BRIDGMAN are both Canadians.

The Canadian Art Club has done much to create a strong brotherhood of painters. The Canadian painter MRS. STANHOPE FORBES is one of the most poetic women-artists of our time—she paints in all mediums, and has mastered all.

AUSTRALIA

Australia promises as fine achievement in painting as in song. A virile breed, her people seem to be thrilled with a virile sense of art. RUPERT BUNNY in his sea-idylls; STREETON in his impressionistic poetic landscapes; LAMBERT in mass-impressionistic portraiture; QUIN, FULLWOOD, TOM ROBERTS, and MINNS, are all artists of mark. In illustration Australia has brought forth the masterly art of NORMAN LINDSAY, who ranks with the best living illustrators, and has achieved a memorable work in his fine edition of *Petronius*, which stands out as one of the most prominent works in modern illustration. Lindsay is also an exquisite writer of prose. His sister, RUBY LINDSAY, is one of the most remarkable women-artists with the pen-line now living; and DYSON, his brother-in-law, has lately come to the front.

CHAPTER XXXII

WHEREIN WE SEE THE ÆSTHETES MAKING THE STYLES OF THE DEAD THEIR GOD, AND CREATING THE NEW ACADEMISM

THE second main stream in painting that has flown alongside the Colour-Orchestration of Impressionism is a development of the English Æstheticism into the European L'ART NOUVEAU—the mediæval-academism becoming an academism of all ages and climes essaying to fit a Style.

The basic falsity of all academism is that it looks upon Style as the tradition of the dead. Style being just the reverse of this, a vital personal quality whereby to utter art, *the most fit employment of the craftsmanship whereby to utter the impression desired by the artist*, it is therefore the personal utterance of the artist, and of the artist alone, which only brain-thieves steal—and it is nothing but that. Yet it is precisely this theft that critics and professors *call* Style!

The academic artist therefore puts the cart before the horse. He takes a style, say of Michelangelo or Botticelli or the Egyptians or the Primitives, which superbly fitted the work of art that these artists created, and he tries to set up a work of art so that it shall look like that style.

Perhaps if I take a man of fantastic genius in letters as a parallel, I can explain this better to the man in the street. Oscar Wilde is typical of the school. In the years gone by, we were chaffing about artistic movements. I accused the æsthetes of academism and he was genuinely shocked. I pointed out that to play with pretty words and quaint ideas was not art, and had no relation to art—that pomegranates and peacocks' feathers and "feet twinkling like doves, like silvery doves" were not necessarily artistic utterance, and I asked him bluntly why men of real artistic power did not cease from milking unicorns? He brooded long in his delightful way upon the sudden attack, but so inherent was his stylistic academism that he proceeded to play with the phrase "milking the unicorn," until I reminded him that he was "at it again." This was typical of him. *Salome* is typical academic-stylism—even the sentries talk pomegranate and milk the unicorn. But Wilde, with cynical instinct,

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knew that that the critics would mistake this for "poetry," and they did—and do.

THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT CREATES L'ART NOUVEAU

This academic-stylistic aim of Morris and his group has created a wide industry on the Continent called "L'Art Nouveau." All relation to modern life, and all attempt to develop the arts and crafts have been overwhelmed by a mimicry of mediævalism. Where the home is not a museum, it is a quaint effort to provide a stiff mediæval background to trousers.

In PARIS æstheticism was set up by Bing, who added to it the Eastern element which gave it an increased range. We have here no space to survey the contorted and restless lines which were applied to architecture, sculpture, painting, illustration, and all the crafts, from jewellery to the fire-irons. The nearest painter to the intention, though not wholly of it, was the delightful illustrator of the life of children treated in an old-world manner, BOUTET DE MONVEL. Indeed several illustrators, such as GRASSET, wrought their art in this old-world spirit.

BOUTET DE MONVEL

1850 –

A primitive artist emerged as an exquisite illustrator in the person of Maurice Boutet de Monvel. Born at Orléans in 1850 of the old French noblesse, and of artistic forefathers (the grandfather was an officer in the army of the American Colonies in the War of Independence), in 1870 the young fellow joined Cabanel's studio in the École des Beaux-Arts—had to shoulder a musket instead of painting—and after the war went to Julien's studio. In 1875 he went on to Carolus-Duran. His marriage in 1876 sent him to book-illustration for a living, and he "found himself" in that quaint and fascinating art that has made him famous. The eighties saw him famous. Boutet de Monvel has had a wide influence, especially in American illustration.

In HOLLAND the Reaction has brought forth brilliant works.

TOOROP

1860 –

Into Holland came TOOROPS or JAN TOOROP, born in Java, and creating amongst the Dutch an Eastern vision, brought from her

far possessions which has had a wide effect upon her modern art, and with that of Segantini largely influencing the craftsmanship of a whole School.

Toorop, coming from Borneo, began in Realism; at the end of the eighties he left dark Realism for brilliant Impressionism; he followed Seurat into Pointillism; and thence made for a sort of Eastern intention.

Joan Thorn Prikker, born in 1870, appeared in 1892 as an Impressionist; rapidly made for Symbolism; and went back to the Primitives; he revels in hideous martyrdoms in confused masses without perspective. The art of both men is steeped in the East.

Der Kinderen and Dijsselhof are also affected by the East.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE ÆSTHETES MAKING THE STYLES OF THE DEAD THEIR GOD, AND CREATING THE NEW ACADEMISM

In BELGIUM the English Æsthetic movement settled. With Finch and Van de Velde and Lemmen decoration soon became the whole aim of art; that is to say that craftsmanship became the aim. Van Gogh and Gaugain had a wide influence, and created a school of primitivism. Cézanne has become a god. Van de Velde is Art Nouveau in its most restless form.

The nomenclature of all this school betrays its academism. Decoration is Neo-Gothic, Neo-Japanese, Neo-Assyrian, Neo-Impressionism, Neo-everything.

AUSTRIA

In VIENNA the Æsthetic movement created quite a marked L'Art Nouveau. Klimt and Oldbrich and Moser evolved a new house for the Viennese to live in. Hoffmann and Loos and Roller became the vogue.

On the 3rd of April 1897, nineteen young artists founded the Vienna Secession, and Alt was chosen as their leader. The Secession broke the embargo on foreign artists. The Glasgow School was welcomed; and soon Segantini and Dettmann appeared in the city's displays. The applied Arts arose in the land. And the genius of Gustav Klimt dominated the movement, creating a force in Austrian art unknown since Makart. The stylists of Austria so often essay impressionism that they are difficult to classify.

In Austria the vitality in painting is remarkable. A freshness of vision, mated with a rich colour-sense, is at conflict with an uncertainty as to how to utter the modern spirit, and Primitive-academism is incongruously rampant hand in hand with modern impressionism and colour-orchestration. Klimt, Jettmar, and Arpad Basch seem to be the most famous men of this phase.

PAINTING

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KLIMT
1862 –

GUSTAV KLIMT is an artist of large range; his imagination is limitless; and in spite of an archaic craftsmanship he creates poems of haunting power. His consummate and exquisite gifts are the handmaid to a poetic utterance, such as it is difficult to find elsewhere in Europe. His sense of rhythmic line is like music. The tenseness and vitality of his vision produce a pulsing, nervous impression. He is essentially a decorative painter.

JETTMAR
1869 –

RUDOLF JETTMAR is a richly endowed artist, whose slightest drawings, flung off for almanacks or any decoration desired, reveal a large design, fitted to be carried out in vast wall-decorations. Like Klimt, his imagination ranges free and without limit. His mastery of form and his gift of arrangement are coupled with a superb draughtsmanship and grip of form which, added to his beautiful line, set Jettmar amongst the most notable of the Austrians.

In GERMANY, initiated by RUNGE, the movement went ahead. The Greek intention was carried on by STUCK; whilst the primitivism of ECKMANN, HEINE, VON HOFMANN, STRATHMANN, LEISTIKOW, and others, did various work. The superb woodcut-work of SATTLER was founded on Dürer.

In SCANDINAVIA the Æsthetic-academism of Morris turned back design to early Norse traditions. There at least it rid the native art from southern bastard designs, and is more fittingly employed. Primitive-academism is the vogue.

In NORWAY, whilst WERENSKIOLD brought back Impressionism, and GUNNER BERG painted the sea-folk, GERHARD MUNTHE created a tapestry-like art.

In DENMARK WILLUMSEN is master of a rugged rude art in sculpture and painting of primitive Egyptian intention.

In SWEDEN, like the rest of the Scandinavian countries, the new movement is all towards a rugged national primitivism, if we omit ZORN.

In AMERICA LAFARGE and TIFFANY made the home into corners of cathedrals, and a religious air was diffused. Probably there were many conversions.

CHAPTER XXXIII

WHEREIN WE WALK WITH THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE THAT TO THE INFANCY OF THE WORLD WAS GRANTED THE FINAL REVELATION

To-DAY, whilst (1) Colour-orchestration advances Impressionism to a fuller and ever-increasing utterance, and whilst (2) alongside of it the Æsthetic-academism seeks for the fantasies of style, there has also arisen (3) reaction from Impressionism which seeks to combine these two antagonistic aims in what is suspiciously called "Post"-impressionism. Its essential basis being Primitive-academism, it is difficult to see how it can be "new" or "post"; but the critics, in their confusion, have so labelled it, whilst the artists themselves are frantically trying to invent a new name every month. Let us call it what it is, and be done with it: *Primal-academism.* Its aim is to go back to the art of very early peoples and bring back their simplicity, their "innocence," their crudity.

To judge an activity that is in a state of confusion and creation were impossible. But such achievement as has so far been reached has as yet brought forth no wide-ranging genius.

Cézanne, as we have seen, on the one hand, and Gaugain on the other, largely turned Impressionism towards the rude childhood of the world.

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THE INDEPENDENTS

Of the men whom we may account in some measure of Cézanne's school are VUILLARD, PIERRE BONNARD, and ROUSSEL, who, born in the mid-sixties, emerged in the nineties. These men have been drawn towards Japanese art. Vuillard paints interiors and still-life. Bonnard is wider ranging, and his racecourses and nudes show mastery of colour and design. Both men make fine lithographs. Bonnard is a born decorator; and his master was rather Lautrec than any one. K. X. Roussel, brother-in-law to Vuillard, has won repute with his poetic landscapes with nymphs bathing.

CHARLES GUÉRIN is a brilliant colourist. PIERRE LAPRADE is another promising young painter.

A HISTORY

PRIMAL-ACADEMISM, OR SO-CALLED "POST-IMPRESSIONISM"

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Gaugain trained his school at Pont-Aven to use only indigo, yellow, and red—to avoid black or grey, since nothing is black, nothing grey—to have a model but never to paint from it, always painting from memory—never to seek contrast of colours but harmonies—to paint from light to dark, not from dark to light—only to paint repose—always to use an outline—never finish, never use details—to paint by instinct, not by theory—never to use broken colour. The school brought forth a group of artists. There is no maddest prophet who will not find disciples just as sincere as the disciples of a great genius; so we had best not accept a school simply because it has disciples, until the school creates great art; nor condemn a school merely because our ears are deaf to its artistry. But to leap to homage of any fool because great prophets have been aforetime stoned is to be drunk with the milk of asses.

Émile Bernard had found Gaugain in Paris in 1886; he joined Van Gogh the same year, and went with him to Cormon awhile. Bernard footed it to Pont-Aven in 1888, paying his way by making portraits for food and bed; Gaugain refused him as pupil, fearing the Paris taint in him. Van Gogh's brother brought the two men together a couple of years thereafter, Bernard being then about twenty. His facile gifts soon made him an imitator of Gaugain, as he was an imitator of Cézanne and Seurat and others. So he became primitive-academic. Then about 1893 he made for the East, and painted his water-colours of Constantinople, getting away completely from "scientific painting."

Laval went with Gaugain to Martinique; Moret, the landscapist, also, and Paul Sérusier.

Paul Sérusier, born in Paris in 1864, came of well-to-do folk. Beginning to show art leanings, he gave them up at twenty to go into business. But at twenty-four he declared boldly for art; went to Julien's academy where were Denis, Bonnard, Ibels, and Valloton, whilst at Boulanger's were Vuillard and Roussel. Showing at the Salon of 1888, Sérusier then went to Port-Aven and saw Gaugain at work, and did not like the work. But on going back to Paris he was bored with the conventional picture-making, and came under the glamour of the planes, strong lines, and intention of Gaugain. He carried the revolt to Julien's.

Then Pont-Aven becoming fashionable, the group made in 1889 for Pouldu, where they were joined by the Dutchman Verkade,

FILIGER, SEGUIN, and others. Then they began to look to religion to give them motives, because the early Renaissance men had so done. With Denis, Seguin and Verkade became religious painters. They all wore romantic brigand dress, red cloaks were donned. Most are dead or scattered, or have gone to other idols! Their detestation of Monet has vanished.

VALLOTON, the Swiss, has turned to remarkably fine woodcuts since 1891.

Now let us make no mistake. Several men of this school are essential impressionists; several are most skilful draughtsmen. If they think that by deliberately debasing their fine craftsmanship and drawing as crudely and badly as they can, and by striving to make their colour mimic crude essays in the vision of children and savages, they thereby advance the art utterance of the race and come into more spiritual communion with their age, they are as feeble and childish as they are ridiculous in the delusion that they can capture again the savage and infantile vision. Such must be at best an affectation—and an affectation is a lie. It is vain for a brilliant draughtsman like HENRI MATISSE to try and hoodwink himself into the delusion that he can return to the infancy of the world—even if that return increased the genius of modern life. The very gifts of such men forbid it; they have mastered modern craftsmanship, have learned to speak a modern tongue; a door has been opened to them by which they may never return; their eyes have looked upon modern life and upon Impressionism. To essay to speak like a little child or primal man were a vain thing, wholly without relation to art—a mere academism. To give to art the aim of science, and to essay adventures in geometry like PICASSO, is to bemuddle art with science, and art has nothing in common with science. It is for art to reveal the soul of man through the senses—a prodigious and eagle flight next to the wide adventure of life itself. By what means we reach to the utterance of this mighty revelation matters nothing, so that the artist create majestic art.

But one thing is sure—he who would utter the vast and complex life of our age will not do so by going back to outworn instruments, nor by essaying to dissect the brains of infants or savages.

WHEREIN WE WALK WITH THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE THAT TO THE INFANCY OF THE WORLD WAS GRANTED THE FINAL REVELATION

CHAPTER XXXIV

WHEREIN WE STEP ON TO THE HIGHWAY AND PART

THE TRIUMPH OF IMPRESSIONISM IN COLOUR-ORCHESTRATION AND THE REACTION TOWARDS PRIMAL-ACADEMISM INTO OUR OWN DAY

I HAVE tried to show that the gamut of artistic utterance ever increases—that the realm interpreted by art ever widens. It follows that an artist to-day, if he would interpret life, must take up the conquest of art at its last forward tide, if he would advance and not be content with mere mimicry. Mimicry is the signal of distress of all bastard art. All academism is mimicry. But—and here is the threat to art to-day as it has been through all time—*it is just as much mimicry to ape Primitive art as to ape Michelangelo or Phidias.*

It is a part of the essential significance of art being the sensed communion of life that art can only be rendered by the personality of a temperament. What the artist can alone give is life seen through his temperament; all else that he essays to give from the temperaments of others is a lie, a falsity, a deliberate deceit—he becomes a brain-thief. To-day the brain-thief abounds, as he has always abounded—the filcher of the robes of the mastery of others. To-day he thinks to hide his theft by avoiding filching from the classics, filching instead from the earlier than classics, from the rude barbarians of the childhood of man.

The overrating of craftsmanship was bound to lead to disillusion. But it is obvious that the complex and more profound emotions of developed man must be uttered in the art of developed man, and not in the accents of infancy. The gurgling and cooing of infancy are fitting and right for infancy, they become the dribble of idiots in man.

It follows that art, to go forward, must proceed from the points where great art has left off—not go back to points before development. Primitive art was great art for its day; it is incapable of uttering the vast significance of modern life.

Impressionism, mass and broken colour, having developed a full orchestral power, created, as was inevitable, a reaction. This reaction was due to the fact that the lesser impressionists found the orchestra so vast a thing to handle, that it looked to them like a

life-work to master it. So they, not greatly gifted enough to utter mighty song upon colour-orchestration, yet desiring to find "originality," have turned back beyond Renaissance Italy, beyond classic Greece, and have tried to win back to the infancy of the world. They call this vile insincerity Sincerity.

They are trying to deceive themselves into speaking of the "virginal simplicity of infancy." These artists deliberately try to draw badly, because children draw badly. They think that this is sincerity. They stand off and discover something "mystical" in this endeavour. Others who are not "infancy-academics" are trying to be "Primitive-Egyptian-academics," others "Chinese-academics." But they are all intensely "sincere," intensely "virginal," intensely "original."

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Now Criticism, from its very essence, is always a generation behind artistic intention. By the time that Criticism has refreshed its statutes and written its new book of the law, to keep up with the latest achievement, art has moved forward. Criticism never led, nor will ever lead, to artistic fulfilment. Yet the tyranny and power of Criticism to-day is a threat to all art. The schoolmaster's work is done the day we pass out of the school gates.

I therefore say to the student, to the lover of art, and to the man in the street, never approach a work of art through criticism. Yield yourself to the work of art—if it communicate its significance to you, by so much are you the richer; if it fail to communicate its significance, it is outside your sensing, and no amount of outside explanation will aid you to its communion. Be sincere; by no other road shall you enter the garden of the arts—no man may forge you the key to it.

I realise to the full that these volumes must have taxed the patience of many who have written upon Painting their lives long. I have ruthlessly flung down the laws and the authorities upon which they have founded their standards. I have been deeply moved by the sincerity and honesty of a large body of men who have given their full and deliberate hearing to what must have been to many a harsh uprooting. But I myself had to go through that uprooting. And if I have brought them towards the truth at last, or even to doubt false laws—if I have brought them closer to the soul of the artist—my reward is a rich one.

That several pompous dullards have refused to understand, and cling to that intellectual snobbery that bows them flunkeywise to the great dead, right or wrong, I foresaw and forestalled. They

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matter nothing. But, a twelvemonth after I began this huge task, and had wellnigh completed the bulk of it, there came to London town a display of a jumbled collection of works by the later men alongside of whom I was working in the nineties; and, like bolt from blue, this bewildering thing fell amongst the critics and scattered them—as Whistler baffled them some thirty years ago. The would-be Up-to-Dates rushed to embrace the New Thing—flinging into the gutter the laws that they had been teaching during their whole lives up to the month before! Sides were violently taken. And already they are rushing to write books, and to publish magazines. That display has not caused me to blot a line of what I here publish. The researches I here put into print cover this ground and, so far as I have been able to test it, all the arts. They were originally for my own guidance; I give them to youth to save youth wandering in the desert, whether pasteboard or arid desert of false aims.

By pompous academic men, I say, I have been flouted, as I was bound to be flouted. But there are men of eager sincerity who hesitate and linger upon the edge. One of these accepts, then assails—my friend Lewis Hind has written a book in which he denies my definitions. Let us close with him, since he is a fine type—and a type worth convincing. Lewis Hind boldly rejects my definition of Art as "the emotional or sensed communion of Life." At the same time he as frankly rejects his former law, and admits that Art is not Beauty. Well; we are getting on. Art, says he, is Expression. Well, 'tis clear one could not create Art unless one could express it. But are Euclid and Blue-books therefore Art? I can imagine no more egregious statement than that all Expression is Art. However, let us grant that Art is Expression. But at once comes doubt, and Hind qualifies. Expression, it would appear, is always decorative and emotional! Hoho! we come nearer. But quite apart from the absolute falsity of this statement, it will be noticed that Art has now become "emotional expression" plus decoration. *Hamlet* it would appear is "decorative"! Then comes a somersault. "Art is the expression of personality." Well; Art cannot be uttered except through a personality—this is implicit in "Art being the sensed communion of life." But Art is not by any means merely the "expression of personality." A personality might utter a thousand expressions that would not be Art. But Hind soon suspects that the expression of personality need not create Art—suspects there is some essential lacking in the definition; so, even whilst he denies me, he adds "an emotional personal expression" plus decoration. Now "an

emotional personal expression" sounds not unlike "a sensed or emotional communion of life," somewhat lamely put, since it does not say what is expressed. However, having practically acknowledged what he started by denying, except that he adds "Decoration," which by the way has no essential part in Art whatsoever, Hind, having denied with me that Art is Beauty, proceeds to say that Beauty is in everything, particularly in Ugliness, "which really does not exist"! In other words, there is Beauty in Lack of Beauty! But thereafter comes complete surrender: "The world that is *felt* is greater than the world that is seen" (he clearly forgets that "seeing" *is* a part of feeling). Hind really means that the senses are more profound than the Reason—which is an essential part of my teaching.

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But I wonder if Hind has really thought out what he does mean. He proceeds—and mark you, he has written a whole book upon this business; it is not after-dinner smoke—he proceeds to vow that *Art is what an artist does.* But if an artist fall down a well, or commit bigamy, or talk like a fool, how in the doing does he differ thereby from one who is no artist yet guilty of these things? Hind has caught the catchpenny about "rhetoric" too—he abhors rhetoric. I tell him that the greatest masters have employed rhetoric, Shakespeare without hesitation. But—what is this? "That avenue of Freedom, opening out, inviting the pilgrim who is casting off the burdens of mere representation, and of tradition when it becomes sapless . . . it seeks synthesis in the soul of man, and in the substance of things; it lifts mere craftsmanship into the region of mysticism, and proclaims that Art may be a stimulation as well as a solace . . . it is as old as ecstasy . . . it has been called by many names . . . it informed the work of Botticelli when he expressed the gaiety of spring, Rembrandt when he expressed the solemnity of a Mill (*N.B. before they cleaned the Mill!*) . . . and it would have glided on, coming unconsciously to the initiate, uncatalogued, unrecorded, had not three men—Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gaugain—flamed its principals abroad," and so on and so forth. So that, though "the founders of Post-Impressionism were Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gaugain," they really were not the founders, but Botticelli and Rembrandt and Cozens and Swan.

Then Hind proceeds to belittle Art by saying that it is "but an episode in life." If Art were what the critics take it to be, that would be so. But I tell him here and now that life without Art would be a madman's realm, a blind man's parish. He seems to demand of Art that "its profound vision" shall be "clothed in cheerfulness and gaiety." But he who looks upon the Christ crucified or

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upon the tragic emotions of life only "with cheerfulness and gaiety," is made of strange stuff. Ah, yes—suddenly Hind finds himself before Gaugain's *Wayside Christ*; his essential need of Art that it shall be "clothed in cheerfulness and gaiety" departs and "it brings tears"! Yet I have read somewhere that he vows that painting "never moves to tears." Then Hind exults over the three great founders of Post-impressionism. "What did these three men do?" he asks. And he answers: "*They desired to express the sensation an object presented to them.*" So he accepts, after blunt rejection, my definition at the opening of these eight volumes—"Art is the emotional communion of life." Hind holds that Art should go back to the virginal utterance of infancy—yet he denies to the People the understanding of it; and he confesses that he himself had "to educate himself to it"! But I will hint to him that what he really did was to be led to it by reading the suggestions of others. I prefer Hind's own impressions. To reconcile bookish falsities on art is an impossible task.

Now I ask in all solemnity, what can the ordinary man learn from contradictions? I ask this eager and sincere searcher after life, I ask Hind, what good can come of all this vague talk about Art, that is founded on mere tradition, without sense, without cohesion, without foundation? If Hind (who has mastered the art of literature) stands thus bewildered, can we wonder that the average critic, who is without his artistic gifts in literature, clings to bookish falsities and "laws"?

No, I say to Hind what I say to every man, Let us be done with all this intellectual snobbery. Be done with this approach to Art through books! Go straight to the works of Art themselves, whether painting, or literature, or the drama, or music! And if these enter into the communion of your soul, they have been created for the enlargement of your experience and the enrichment of your life. If they do not, then to you it has not been granted to feel their essence and their significance, and by so much are you the poorer.

And before I blot the last line of this labour of my hands, I would add as my last word to youth as youth stands perplexed before many teachers: Once you have won to the facile hand that creates the craftsmanship at the will's ordering, so that the will can concentrate upon the achievement of its desire, unshackled by hesitations of craft, then be rid of the studio squabbles as to this school or that school, as to this method or that method; and fearlessly use every tool of craftsmanship that will create or enhance the impression you would achieve. The road to fulfilment in the creation of the masterpiece

is lonely and harsh enough. The whole vast realm of life is for the conquering; and the artist, once he has done with his pupilage, must walk the splendid wayfaring alone. No man may give him aid. Sincerity must be his weapon, and fearless truth his whetstone. Take of the vast gamut of craftsmanship just precisely the vastest instrument that your strength can handle; and if that strength be limited, take the lesser instrument. But we are weary of this eternal tinkering with the instrument. Be done with the rattle of the workshop, and get you on to the high road of Art. It leads to the immensities; and if you have not the courage for the heights and a wide conquest, at least there are pleasant places by the roadside where fainter hearts may gather flowers. It is time to burst into song. We await the singer. We are weary of the chips of the workshop—of rhythm, and this and that. 'Tis time for the song. The poet achieves by his song. Are there singers amongst you? If so, for the love of heaven, sing!

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THE END

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